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THE

MODERN PYTHAGOREAN;

A SERIES OF

TALES, ESSAYS, AND SKETCHES,

BY THE LATE

ROBERT MACNISH, LL.D.

WITH THE AUTHOR'S LIFE,

BY HIS FRIEND,

D. M. MOIR.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.—LIFE.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, EDINBURGH:
AND T. CADELL, LONDON.
MDCCCXXXVIII.

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THE EDITOR.

MUSSELBURGH,
1st November 1837.

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LIFE

OF

DR MACNISH.

SEVERAL years ago, as will be seen in the sequel of this memoir, my departed friend entertained the plan of bringing before the public, in a collected shape, the greater portion of the tales and essays of which the following volumes are composed. In the vigour and maturity of manhood, with an extending medical as well as literary reputation, dreaming bright dreams, and forming high resolves for the future, little did he then think, that another hand than his own was to arrange the materials, or that the publication was destined to be a posthumous one. Such, however, in the unseen course of events has been the case!

The more elaborate treatises of Dr Macnish, more especially the Anatomy of Drunkenness and the Philosophy of Sleep, had not only gained an extended popularity in this country, where they have been re-

peatedly reprinted, but had carried his reputation to the American Continent, whence the degree of Doctor of Laws was sent him; and each had been translated into the French and German languages. These circumstances were, doubtless, highly flattering to his literary feelings, and he could not be insensible to the honours, which they were calculated to procure him; yet, with a very natural partiality, originating in early associations, he preferred to all his other writings those tales and essays,—the first fruits of his genius,—in which he had freely allowed scope to the bent of his imagination; and whose favourable reception by the world had given him something of a confidence in his own tastes and talents.

Robert Macnish, the subject of the following biographical sketch, was born in Henderson's Court, Jamaica Street, Glasgow, on the 15th of February 1802. His infantile days afforded few materials for record, or if otherwise, these have not been preserved. The following minutiæ, however, communicated by his sister Frances, may not be reckoned uninteresting. She thus writes me on the subject:—"Although he was some years my senior, we were more constant associates, than he and his elder brother; and I can recollect how slow he was in picking up information. He required many, many lessons before he

could be made to comprehend the hours on the watch, nor could he understand how I had come to learn them, it appeared to him such a wonderfully difficult matter. Nothing annoyed him more, than to hear it remarked that I was taller than he, and his face used to flush with disappointment whenever this was told him. He seemed to feel the circumstance as a real degradation, nor did he ever heartily laugh at his distress upon the subject until he had fairly overtopped me.

"When quite a child, he was anxious to ascertain causes; and my mother has told us, that even before he could well speak there was no putting him off with an unsatisfactory reply to any question. He was a great favourite with his mother, and her attachment to him was repaid by reverence and love for her memory. He always spoke of her as a person of superior ability, and possessing much wit. Perhaps he was indebted to her for the humour he possessed. She was the only child of Captain Ker, a military gentleman, long dead. Robert was, when at school with me, one of the *bullies*, always ready to fly to the aid of any of the girls when quarrels arose. But it does not follow from this, that he entertained an exalted idea of our sex; for I remember, when he and I were walking, that he regularly ordered me behind him,

whenever any of his companions appeared; and at last, I began to know my part so well, that I fell behind without orders."

After receiving the elements of English in his native city, he was taken thence, when between the years of seven and eight, and placed under the charge of the Rev. Alexander Easton of Hamilton, an excellent classical scholar, and at that time, at the head of a flourishing and extensive academy. For this gentleman he always continued to have a great regard, although his fancies, by following out something of the same process of mental alchemy, which led him in after years to find mathematical symbols for men and things, led him to dignify his preceptor with the title of Homer. When pushed on this subject he never could give a better answer, than that he was sure, somehow or other, that the immortal poet of the Iliad must have been exactly the personal prototype of Mr Easton. There was no more malice in the appellation, than in the feeling which prompted Dr Johnston to christen Goldsmith Goldy, or the boyish companions of Sir Walter Scott to hail him under the *soubriquet* of Colonel Grogg, from his corduroy breeches.

It does not appear that, at the former of these institutions, he exhibited the slightest precocity of ac-

quirement, nor at the latter did he particularly distinguish himself among his fellows. His memory, however, was an exceedingly retentive one, and he was diligent in storing it, both by reading and observation. A subject once known was seldom if ever forgotten by him.

As was customary at the time in classical seminaries, the principal, nay almost the exclusive attention of the pupil was directed to the acquisition of the Greek and Latin languages, and in these he made fair progress; but, in after years, he has been known to lament that so much time and study were expended on what,—even making allowance for the profession which he eventually followed,—he could not bring himself to regard otherwise than as merely secondarily useful. In this I never agreed with him; nor, without these acquisitions, which he appears to me to have very much undervalued, could even he have done what he did, or have been the writer which he proved himself in after years. But this is not a proper place to enter into any disquisition regarding the utility of classical attainments; and I am rather inclined to think, that this view of the subject was never strongly taken up by my friend himself, until he had half-linked himself, in the latter years of his life, with that section of the literary community, who look up-

on all subjects with a jaundiced eye, beyond the narrow pale of direct and immediate practical utility,—a view which would at once, if carried to the extreme, nullify painting, poetry, and music, destroy many of the finest feelings of the heart, and throw into the shade a great part of whatever tends to beautify or embellish human life. Certain it is, that he looked back upon his school years as to a dark season of drudgery and labour; and although pride might stimulate his exertions to keep pace with his class-mates —and it did so—yet the accomplishment of the labour afforded little pleasure; and very probably the original elasticity of his mind was injured by the forced assiduity with which he pursued tasks, which to him must have been in a great measure pleasureless and mechanical. Certain it is, that, in his boyhood, he gave no indications of that mental enterprise and curious felicity of thought, which afterwards characterized him, and which showed him, when shuffled among the plain shillings of mankind, to be one of the very few on whom nature has stamped the impress of genius.

It might not have been expected of him, that he should have entered with a keen relish into the athletic sports of his young companions, and that he should have been among the foremost in these; yet such appears to have been the case, notwithstanding

the natural reserve and quiet of his disposition. For bird-nesting, pistol-shooting, and other roysterings, so generally fascinating to boyhood, he seems to have had little penchant; but, although the description of the external beauties of nature form no very prominent feature in his writings, the scenery of such a district as that of Hamilton was not lost upon him. While his companions were pursuing the angler's "solitary trade," by the margins of the Clyde and Avon, his steps took delight to wander amid the magnificent forests by which their banks are overhung; and there he dreamed sweet dreams of what had been, and what was to be,—of human life, and the world of sea, earth, and sky. I have more than once heard him revert with boyish admiration to the glen below Millheugh Bridge, where, like a spectre of antiquity, the ruins of Cadzow Castle, perched on a lofty rock near the centre of the chasm, smile gloomily on the still loftier precipices which irregularly girdle them around, tufted with the remains of old oak forests gnarled and fantastic,—the rooks like restless imps of darkness cawing above, and the stream brawling through the copsewood below.

The acquirement of the French language principally engaged the period between his leaving school at Hamilton, and his entering upon the study of medi-

cine. His grandfather and his father were then associated in practice; and, under their auspices, he underwent initiation into the Esculapian mysteries, which were afterwards to form the main business of his life.

His grandfather's name was John. He is said to have been a person of austere manners, but of high principle and sterling integrity. He had practised for many years in the Island of Antigua, and returned to this country about fifty-three years ago, when his son and future partner was a boy only eight years old. He died in 1822, at the age of seventy-four. As we may not have occasion to refer to him again, we may here mention, that Robert, his young pupil and grandson, was an especial favourite with him, and that he took great delight, not only in unbending himself to him in conversation, but in communicating the results of his reading and observation. Those who remember him will, we doubt not, agree in thinking, that with him this could be no common mark of love and partiality; for, although the worth and uprightness of the old gentleman gained or rather commanded the respect of all classes, he was a man who never trifled with others, nor ever permitted himself to be trifled with.

At this time Robert had only reached the age of thirteen, but from the then existing rule of the prin-

cipal colleges in Scotland, a certain term of apprenticeship, not less, I believe, than three years, was the only way by which university studies could be abridged; and thus, besides the many other benefits resulting from the fulfilling a term of indentures,—in the acquirement of business habits, and the knowledge of practical details,—the student was enabled, at the earliest age at which diplomas were granted, to enter upon the duties of his profession.

The great continental war, together with the nautical service, had afforded, for many years, a ready employment to all young men, possessed of the certificates of due qualification; and thus a strong incentive was given for the early commencement of medical studies. These views, however, do not seem to have had any share in influencing the friends of Mr Macnish; as it appears they had destined him for a domestic sphere; and having, at the early age of eighteen, undergone his examination before the College of Surgeons, he obtained from the University of Glasgow the degree of *Magister Chirurgiæ*.

His life had now commenced in sober earnest, and, almost immediately after this, arrangements having been made with Dr Henderson of Clyth, the well-known author of the General View of the County of Caithness, he proceeded to the north, in the capacity

of assistant to that gentleman. Those who know the tear and wear, the fatigue of body and mind attendant on extensive country practice, need not be told what our poor novice in the healing art must have necessarily undergone at this period; and, when it is remembered that even Mungo Park, that man of iron frame, after experiencing the hardships and difficulties of the African desert, declared that its miseries and privations were not comparable with those of a country surgeon in Peebles-shire, we can readily imagine that such a life could have few charms for the unformed frame, or for the ardent and imaginative mind of the young practitioner,—whose difficulties and anxieties must have, doubtless, been increased by his inexperience. We must also out with it,—that the senior's manners were not of the most forbearing; and our hero, on one occasion, not only determinedly resented the supercilious way in which his opinion had been treated, but expressed at once his power and willingness to defend it. This had the desired effect, and the worthy Doctor and he remained on the best of terms ever after. His superior talents and acquirements Robert never disputed,—and we think he was quite right in extorting some testimony of respect for his own, even though at that time unacknowledged, and perhaps little known even to himself.

After eighteen months of "the weariness, the fever, and the fret" of a life of this sort, so harassing alike to the powers of body and of mind, and withal so sadly unsatisfactory,—for patients scattered over a large extent of territory must be necessarily only half-attended, and as every conscientious physician must take a deep interest in the patients committed to his care—it is not to be wondered at, that his health began gradually to be undermined, and he was compelled to relinquish his situation, and return home. From his allusions to this period of his life—and I have heard him but only once or twice refer to it, as if seemed not to be a pleasing subject with him—it could not have been one of much enjoyment. It is quite evident, however, that the growing powers of his fancy and intellect here found scope, not only in the contemplation of nature in its most majestic features, but in the quiet, every-day observation of mankind. The solitude of his rides and perambulations were productive of meditative thought, and professional circumstances taught him the necessity of reflection and self-possession, as well as of punctuality in action. With his then feelings regarding the healing art—its fatigues—its difficulties—and the endless varieties of human sufferings and frailties, which it must have been daily exposing to his view—we may readily form some sympathizing

idea; and, more especially, when we consider the character of his mind, and his extreme youth. Add to this, that, however nerved by pride and principle to combat the labours which his profession required, his health proved unequal to the struggle; and, ere his departure from the north, the future of life must have scowled gloomily before him, strewed with the same thorns, and overhung with the same melancholy clouds. But the darkest day has its streaks of sunshine, and Robert formed in Caithness more than one friendship, which terminated only with his life. We here more particularly allude to the affectionate intimacy then formed with Dr Mackay Gordon, * and with Lieutenant Gunn, to whom he afterwards dedicated the volume of "Aphorisms."

It was during his sojourn here that our young author formed the plan of his essay on Drunkenness; and it was sketched out before his return to the capital of the west. His materials, even at this time, were selected from a pretty extensive course of reading; nor were his connecting remarks, although occasionally savouring of juvenility, at all deficient either in acuteness or sound sense.

* In the Literary Melange (Glasgow 1825,) Camera Obscura, No. 3, the Doctor is characterized under the initial of S. He is now in South America, and continued to the last a correspondence with Dr Macnish.

It is the fate of some books,—witness Sir John Sinclair's Code of Health, Goldsmith's England, and Washington Irving's Life of Columbus,—to be afterwards cut down by the authors themselves, to accommodate them for more general perusal. It was otherwise with Mr Macnish's essay, which, originally consisting of some thirty or forty pages, was afterwards expanded, in the course of future editions, to a portly volume. Nor is it unknown, that he here took opportunity occasionally to cultivate his poetical vein; and several pieces have been preserved referable to this period of his life. In these the faults of inexperience are but too observable, yet the tone is far from common-place, and much of the imagery is forcible and striking. From the general character of these, as well as from the style and diction, it is pretty evident that his poetical idols at the time were Campbell, Byron, and Moore—the last in a perhaps preponderating degree. This, we own, is to be inferred only from the love of oriental imagery traceable in these little effusions, and which there is little doubt must have been caught from Lalla Rookh, —being most apt to imitate what we are most given to admire—and as they have little or no resemblance to the orientalism of Southey, as exhibited in Thalaba and Kehama.

This we intend to make evident by a few extracts

from a poem contemplated at this period, and indeed in a great measure written. The plan was as follows —as we have been able to glean from a manuscript of his own. If it be thought abundantly imaginative, reader, in kindness remember, that it was drawn up at nineteen.

" Pharem, the enchanter of India, in love with Ima, daughter to the Khan of Shiraz, transported her, while asleep, to a magnificent bower, which he had raised by magic at the foot of Jamautri, one of the Himalaya mountains. He converted a frightful glen into a most beautiful valley, infinitely surpassing the vale of Cashmere, or any other on the face of the earth. He exhausted the whole of his art in clothing it with the utmost magnificence ; with bowers, and groves, and fountains, and birds of exquisite plumage. When Ima awoke in the morning she was amazed at the unaccountable splendour around her; and, while she looked in utter bewilderment, she heard the voice of music from a grove of palm. She entered in, and there saw the enchanter in the shape of a beautiful youth. He desired her to drink of a certain fountain, assuring her that she will thereby know where she is, and how she came there. She drinks of the spring, and her recollection of all past events vanishes in an instant, for this was 'the Fountain of Oblivion.' While in the as-

tonishment produced by this occurrence, she is saluted by five spirits—'the Spirit of Flowers,' the 'Spirit of Waters,' the 'Spirit of Music,' the 'Spirit of Light,' and the 'Spirit of Zephyrs.' By their songs she is lulled into a profound slumber. This was the contrivance of Pharem, for at her birth the maiden had received from the Angel Heli, the power of resisting the malice of enchantment, unless she could be thrown into a sleep which should continue for a year and a day. Before the fatal period arrives, Heli descends, and waving his wand, the magnificence of Pharem vanishes in an instant, and Ima is transported back to Shiraz."

We shall confine our quotations to some of the songs, above-mentioned.

Extract First.

SONG OF THE SPIRIT OF THE ZEPHYRS.

As I sat beneath the amrita tree
To sing the setting sun to rest,
And thought on the lands that he would see
Ere mortal eyes again he blest.
And how the deep would boil beneath
The fiery glories of his breath,
And the starless sky lament and mourn,
Through her dismal vaults, till his return.

As I looked to the moon—behind a cloud—
Hanging over Bhagirath's foaming stream;

And struggling to send, through her dusky shroud,
On the waves below one gladdening beam,
Up I raised my harp, in a glow of delight,
To salute with a welcome the Queen of Night—
But the chords, all unstrung, refused to swell;
And I knew they were bound by some mystic spell.

Then, from the shadowed lands of the east,
Where the curtain of eve was earliest hung;
Where the golden beams have soonest ceased
To shine upon, a bulbul sung—
"O! beautiful is the vale of Cashmere,
And beautiful thy dominions here,
But there is a spot more lovely still
In the flowery lap of Jamautri's hill.

And I raised my stubborn harp once more
To hail the bulbul's lovely strain,
But the strings were silent as before,
While thus the invisible sung again.
"Thy harp is subdued by the power of a spell—
From its quivering chords may no murmur swell,
Until they are touched in a land, more divine,
With the spirit of Love and of Music than thine—
And there is a land more beautiful still
In the flowery lap of Jamautri's hill."

So I called for a zephyr to carry me up,
In its fragrant embrace, through the kingdom of light;
And sitting alone in its ambient cup,
Through the regions of space I took my flight
To the vale of Jamautri, where I beheld
A land which all spots on earth excelled—
A region whose bower was a bright diadem,
And the virgin, within it, its loveliest gem.

Then I raised in rapture my harp again,
And, as if the fingers of Israfil
Were laid upon its strings, the strain
Flew wildly over Jamautri's hill—
And made all the beams to dance with mirth,
And a thousand perfumes to start to birth,
And a thousand visions unfold from above—
(Such is the power of Music and Love.)
Then I thought on the words that so sweetly hung
Upon the invisible bulbul's tongue—
"That my harp was subdued by the power of a spell,
From its quivering chords no murmur might swell,
Until they were touched in a land, more divine
With the spirit of Love and of Music than mine;
And there was a land more beautiful still
In the flowery lap of Jamautri's hill."

Extract Second.

SONG OF THE SPIRIT OF THE WATERS.

I'M from the dwellings of the sea,
The briny waves belong to me;
My palace is of coral shell;
I love its glittering lustre well.
My dwelling is beneath the wave
Where ocean's waters wildly rave;
But though they roll in proud array
Their mistress I, they must obey:
Yet, even when they rush and swell,
I love my coral palace well.

I dwell upon the mountain stream,
And bless its waters with my beam;
Yon fountain, clearly filled for thee,
Is morn and evening blessed by me.

Yon river, that doth glide away,
Is hourly brightened by my ray.
'Tis from my hall of coral shell
I come, because I loved thee well.

Thou light of joy—thou star of even,
Look to yon gilded vault of heaven,
Where thousand airy spirits glow;
And burn and shine on earth below.
Look, Ima, to each gilded shrine
And ask if they can vie with thine
If their Queen, throned on boundless ether,
Can match thee—Queen of smiles—beneath her?

If the soft lustre of her eye
With thine, imperial maid, can vie?
If her dome built with heavenly power
Is equal to thine earthly bower?
'Tis from my hall of coral shell
I came, because I loved thee well.

Extract Third.

SONG OF THE SPIRIT OF THE FLOWERS.

I.

Where young Summer reposes on bowers of bloom,
Where the vales of Canara are rich with perfume,
Where the dew-drop is sleeping within the blue bell,
Where the rose-bud bursts forth from the womb of its cell;
There, cradled to rest by the hum of the bee,
I sleep in the vineyards of fair Ulalee.

II.

Where olive, and citron, pomegranate and vine,
And gardens of incense, and forests of pine,
And garland-clad mountains of glory abound,
There, Queen of Jamautri, am I to be found;

There, the nightingale's music, obedient to me
Swells over the bowers of the fair Ulalee.

Song.

I.

Like midnight music on the ear
I heard the voice of Moina here,
Within her harem tower she sings
" O ! Love is borne on seraph wings,
And love is graced with brighter eyes
Than glitter from these moonless skies ;
And finds his way, at any hour,
To Moina, in her harem tower.

II

" My father's home is guarded well ;
And the tumultuous clash of zel
Shall fling alarum to the sky
If midnight danger lurketh nigh—
But what doth lover care for this ?
He flies upon the wings of bliss,
And finds his way, at any hour,
To Moina, in her harem tower.

III.

" Harsh was my sire's command to me,
As tempest on the wintry sea ;
When he required me to forsake
The serenader of the lake :
But still I love at eventide
To see him quit his bark of pride,
In peasant sheen, to pass the hour
With Moina in her harem tower.

IV.

" The lake is ruffled, and the spray
Glances beneath each starry ray;
And bounding o'er the waters dark
Sweeps on its way, Love's faithful bark:
And silent is the silver deep,
And evening lays the guards asleep,
While my true love, at midnight hour,
Seek's Moina in her harem tower."

Before having proceeded to this notice of Ima, we might have remarked, that Mr Macnish had made the Inverness Journal the medium of more than one communication to the public. The longest of these " The tale of Eivor, a Scandinavian Legend," contains some really good lines. The opening is picturesque.

Beauteous as star upon the sea
To the sons of men was Unnaee,
Brilliant was her eye of blue,
Her yellow hair of sunny hue,
And stately as the bounding deer,
Her step upon the mountain sere—
She was born of Innistore,
The rose-bud of her native shore,
A lovely flower upon the wild
To him, who had no other child.
But Unnaee forsook her bower
And native land in evil hour,
Left the green islands of the deep
And all their fair-haired sons to weep;
None knew by what lone rock or stream
Might shine this sweet departed beam,

And mournfully, from sea to sea,
Echoed the name of Unnaee.

Although with something more than mere casual resemblance to the exordium of Campbell's O'Connor's child, the lines which follow have intrinsic merit of their own.

Eivor—the waves of Innistore
Shall pass their triple barriers o'er,
Ere I forsake that little turf
Whose flowers are watered by the surf:
Thou knowest not who sleeps beneath,
But thou shalt know—it is a tale
Which thy sad harp may fitly breath
To autumn's moaning gale,
Or haply to some warrior chief,
When feels his soul the joy of grief;
And gray-haired Eivor looked at me—
Nay, do not weep for Unnaee,
For heart-deep sighs, and dewy tears,
But ill become thine aged years;
I have but one request to make,
And thou wilt grant it for my sake;
Oh gentle Eivor; when the cloud
Of gloomy death o'erhangs my head,
Let this white garment be my shroud,
And 'neath that turf my quiet bed,
Nor raise the monumental stone
To tell that Unnaee is gone—
She will not slumber there alone;
And why thou mournfully shalt know
By listening to her tale of woe."

Rurick, a stern Dane, having sailed over to demand the hand of Unnaee from her father, she flies into the wilds of Glencoe at the solicitations of her Highland lover, Gwynel,—who was there sought out and slain. The fire of the following quotation has been apparently lighted at the same shrine of inspiration as the preceding one. Still, however, it is strongly indicative of poetical feeling.

" Now Eivor, in this lonely mound,
I laid my Gwynel's corse to rest;
I planted flowers upon the ground
That lay above his wounded breast;
And there was borne the draggled crest
He wore upon his dying day,
For why? It was the last bequest
Of him who moulders in the clay.
And when the eagle screams at night,
And howls the red fox on the hill,
His form gleams forth before my sight
Of pallid hue, but beauteous still;
The voice is weak, and unlike his
That made the echoing hills reply,
He waves, to let me see I wis
That soon my wraith to his shall fly.
Then, Eivor grew I sad and pale,
Pallid as lily of the vale,
And by my Gwynel's slumbering clay
I kneel, and weep my heart away."

From the same poem, which seems to have occupied his attention more deeply than a merely fugitive piece could be supposed to do, and which must have

cost him not a little reflection and reading, we could give several other specimens of quite equal merit. But, for variety's sake, as well as to show that other modes of thought were at this time equally within the compass of his poetical powers, we prefer selecting the two following lyrics. The former is entitled,

THE VISION OF IONA.

I.

Iona, Iona,
The prophet in his sleep
Hath seen a vision from thy shores,
Upon the stormy deep.

II.

Iona, Iona,
Upon thy beach he stood,
And heard a voice of misery
Uprising from the flood.

III.

Across the deep he cast
His dim prophetic eyes,
And saw, in vision, o'er the waves,
A glorious bark arise.

IV.

It bore within its bosom
A lady and a chief,
The last a savage mountaineer,
Who mocked the other's grief.

V.

O'er the waters of the sea
And the mountains of the shore,
A sudden gloom descended down
And he saw the bark no more.

VI.

Yet still he heard the cries—
While to his mystic sight,
The waters round the holy isle
Were canopied in night.

VII.

But soon the darkness flew away
From the bosom of the sea;
And the wide ocean clad with light
Was fair as fair could be.

VIII.

And the bark, like any dolphin,
Athwart the sea hath gone,
And the lady, full of gladness,
Is sitting there alone.

IX.

Iona, Iona,
The prophet looked again,
And saw a bloody chieftain
Down, in the foaming main.

X.

Whitely the waves closed o'er him,
While the lady in her flight,
Sailed swiftly to her father's isle,
And reached it ere the night.

We find here more strength and precision, both of thought and language, than in any of the preceding short extracts; but good as several of these stanzas undoubtedly are, still better, on the whole, is the following little poem.

The Harp of Salem.

I.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
Thou wert of earth the fairest gem,
But who, alas! may strive to tell,
Thy starry splendours ere they fell,
Or, steeped in inspiration's hue,
Thy prophet songs again renew?
Who may recall the parted strain?
Wake, Harp of Salem, wake again!

II.

Deserted queen of Palestine,
What peerless beauty once was thine,
Ere on thy stately turrets came
The wrath of the Avenger's flame?
Thy diadem was placed upon
The cedar tops of Lebanon,
And Carmel with her groves of bloom
Around thy borders shed perfume.
All desolate and faded now,
The dazzling lustre of thy brow,
Dimm'd is the splendour of thine eyes—
Is there no gifted voice to rise,
And bid a second life be spread
Around the relics of the dead?
Who shall recall thine ancient strain?
Wake, Harp of Salem, wake again!

III.

Deserted city of the Lord,
Who heard the echo of his word,
To slay the victim at the shrine
Of the Invisible was thine,
And spread the pomp of sacrifice
Before the Ruler of the Skies:
But now the harp is all unstrung;
The censer down to earth is flung;
The clouds of incense cease to spring,
The psaltery forgets to sing,
And silent now as Chilminar, *
The Prophets raptured voices are,—
Who shall recall their parted strain?
Wake, Harp of Salem, wake again!

III.

Deserted pride of Israel,
How beauteous ere thy glories fell!
But they are furrowed with a trace
Which sternest time may not efface.
Look to yon mountain—is it thine,
Dark-fated queen of Palestine!
Look up, and blight thy lustrous eye—
That mountain ridge is Calvary;
Look up—then hang for aye thy head—
And see, where heavenly blood was shed,
And say, if Salem's harp may deign
To chaunt thy glories o'er again!

IV.

Away, away—thy claim hath fled,
Its strain is all unmerited;

* The ancient Persepolis,—now in ruins.

But Oh! if Justice may not bring
One tone of that enchanted string,
Which with Isaiah's voice arose,
Or echoed Jeremiah's woes.
Yet harp of Salem deign to wake
Thy choral voice for Pity's sake.
Thou wert not silent, when the words
Of inspiration smote thy chords.
But ah! heaven's accents breathe not nigh
To wake thee now to ecstasy.
Yet to the last and piteous cries
Of pleading Nature deign to rise.
Time was when, o'er Judea's land,
The musicians smiled at thy command.
And silent Jordan paused to hear
Thy mystic spirit murmuring near;
Awake as at that early hour,
When Nature owned thy sweet power.
And shed upon the world again
One echo of thine ancient reign!

Sir Walter Scott, in his "Legend of Montrose," Professor Wilson in that wildest and sweetest of his poems, "Edith and Nora," and James Hogg, in his story of the "Widow of Loch Kios," have all admirably succeeded in depicting, by scene and situation, the intense solitude pervading the more remote districts of the Scottish Highlands, and the subduing impression on the mind, caused by the absence of everything appertaining to man and life. Several pieces by Mr Macnish, referable to his sojourn in Caithness, seem deeply impregnated with the same mystic feel-

ings. In the progress of civilization, refinement, and knowledge, and long after superstition has fled from the cities of the plain, it will be found in every other country, as well as in our own, to linger among the mountain fastnesses. Nor is this difficult to be accounted for. The character of the scenery, its grandeur, its gloom, and consequent solemnity, together with its seclusion, naturally impart a colouring to the mind of the inhabitants, and give a prevailing tone to their character. This tone and bias is only to be got rid off by communication,—a thing nearly hopeless, when we consider the scattered population of really mountainous districts. Mrs Grant of Laggan, whose authority on this subject is paramount, has admirably supported similar views in her Letters from the Mountains; and, to that work we refer the reader, for a full exposition of the arcana, we have now barely opened up.

From what we have already said of our young friend, it may readily be supposed, what impression the vastness of the physical world, and the influence of superstition and local associations would have on a mind so imaginative and susceptible. His sympathies were all enlisted on the side of the olden time; and the *genius loci* held dominion over him. In a beautiful little poem composed many years afterwards, upon re-

visiting these scenes, he has given vent to his recollections in fitting words. A little essay on Ghosts and Dreams, written at this time, and under the hallucination of these impressions, is exceedingly curious, not only from the downright earnestness and sincerity of its tone, but from the freshness of the examples by which it is illustrated. Let the following specimen suffice.

"In the year 1819, I was in a quarter of the kingdom about three hundred miles distant, and I dreamed that a relation of my own had suddenly died. In fact, I conceived that I saw him approach my bed dressed in the pale and ghastly habiliments of death. I awoke in a state of inconceivable terror, similar to that produced by a frightful nightmare. I recollect the circumstance at this moment, as well as it had occurred yesterday,—nor while the current of life freshens my veins, shall the slightest trace of it be erased from my memory. Though not naturally timorous, I found myself excessively agitated, and in a cold perspiration. I fell asleep, however, again, and the same dreadful apparition was presented before my eyes. No language can depict the horrors of that night. It was certainly the most perfect picture of agony imagination can conceive. The same day, happening to be writing home, I mentioned the circumstance in a half-

jesting, half-earnest way. In fact, I was afraid to be serious, lest I should be considered a fool for putting any faith in dreams. However in the interval between writing, and receiving answer, I remained in a state of most fearful suspense. I felt a presentiment that something dreadful had happened, or would soon happen,—and although I could not help blaming myself for a childish weakness, it was impossible for me to get rid of the conceived idea, which had taken such rooted possession of the mind. Three days after writing, what was my astonishment when I received a letter, written the day subsequent to mine, and stating that the relative of whom I had dreamed, had been struck with a fatal shock of palsy the day before,—that is, on the very day on the morning of which I had beheld the appearance in my dream. My friends received my letter two days after they had sent theirs away, and were astonished at the circumstance. It excited much attention at the time, and the coincidences were so striking, that no one ever attempted to impute them to chance. I may state that my relation was supposed to be in perfect health when the fatal event took place. It came upon him like a thunderbolt at a period when no one could have the slightest anticipation of danger. "*

* The Emmet, Vol. ii. p. 297.

With the freshness and bloom of juvenility these impressions of the grandeur and the gloom of national superstition were gradually effaced from the mind of our young enthusiast, as they are wont to be from that of others; and the stern realities of life, notwithstanding the perennial buoyancy of his imagination, helped, year after year, only to disenchant the visions created by poetic feeling, and fostered by the musings of solitude. But even to the termination of his too brief career, Robert Macnish had less of a mere worldling in his disposition, than almost any person I have ever met with. Hazlitt, among his occasional brilliant things, has somewhere thrown out, that in fact, after all, the poetry of life is the only thing worth living for; and perhaps, although not theoretically aware of it, my friend was practically a staunch adherent to the doctrine; for, despising mere selfishness and personal aggrandizement, all his heart was with the affections and charities that ennoble our nature, and all his intellect and sympathies with the power and the splendour of genius. He had an utter abhorrence for the current gossip of the day, whether relative to persons or to politics.

After eighteen months residence in Caithness, Mr Macnish's health proved unequal to the fatigues of his situation, as we have before-mentioned, and he

was compelled to return home. Having remained in Glasgow, until his strength was recruited, it was resolved upon by his friends, that he should proceed to Paris,—where the double end might be gained of concluding his medical studies, and re-establishing his constitution. He accordingly set out for the French capital, where he remained for nearly a year. With the medical prelections of Broussais, and the surgical ones of Dupuytren, he was much delighted; saw Cuvier; and formed an aquaintanceship with Gall—the germen of his future conversion to Phrenology.

That this extension of the sphere of his observation did his mind much good, there can be no doubt. With the French, as a people, he had no great cordiality of feeling; and, admiring as he did their hilarity, their enthusiasm, and their bonhommie, he weighed these, in a just balance, with their pseudo-sentimentality, and heartless politesse. Sunshiny as always was his own mind, the dare-devil levity of the south was less congenial to his disposition than the Calvinistic austerity of his own country. Many things, however, were to him, in Paris, the fountains of real gratification. In the Louvre, not yet much stripped of its riches, he beheld, as it were tangibly, the glories of ancient art; and a love of painting and sculpture was thus awakened in him, whose freshness

and fervour were sufficient for the remainder of his life. His knowledge of the great masters was far from being limited; and his taste and feeling made him a judge no whit inferior to many, who pretend to more accurate connoisseurship. The only localities, referable to this sojourn, that I have any remembrance of his particularly alluding to, were the Cemetery of Pere la Chaise, and the Palace of Versailles. The former was a favourite haunt; and must have awakened in his mind many grand and deep associations. With the design and architecture of the latter he was filled with admiration. He looked upon it as one of the very noblest specimens of human art; and, taken together with the lovely parks and grounds which encompass it, as the nearest approach, which reality had ever made, to the paradisical scenes of Eastern fiction.

In a quizzical article, entitled Autographography, furnished to the Scottish Annual (1836,)* he has given us the following outlines of some of the Parisian lions:

"I knew Dr Gall well, and venerated him not more for the wonderful perspicacity of his intellect, and the vastness of his knowledge, than for that modesty by which, in common with all men of the higher order of genius, he was distinguished."

* The Scottish Annual, edited by William Weir, Esq. Advocate. 8vo. Reid and Co. Glasgow. 1836.

After some details, probably fictitious, or at least coloured, he goes on to add, that he was invited by the father of the phrenologists to dine with him the next day, and that he accepted the honour proffered. This was in the autumn of 1825.

"At the hour appointed I was in his *salle à manger*, and had the felicity of meeting not him only, but his eminent colleague and disciple Dr Spurzheim, Baron Dupuytren, Surgeon to the King, Cuvier, the illustrious naturalist, and two other eminent men of science, whose names at this moment escape my memory. Spurzheim struck me as a man of a ponderous, solid, Germanic intellect, without fancy or elegance, but very learned and profound, and very amiable. He was a tall, heavy-looking, powerful man, with a great pile of forehead, a long flattish chin, a dull eye, and an expression of countenance generally inanimate. Cuvier was rather under the middle size, but his head was one of the noblest I ever saw. I remember attempting to draw him into a discussion on the Mosaic account of the creation, but he seemed afraid to enter upon the subject, and amused himself with *punning*, a habit which I thought strangely at variance with his great scientific reputation. Dupuytren was a tall, stoutish, gentlemanly person, whose finely formed face was somewhat disfigured by an appearance of asperity lurk-

ing about the corners of the mouth. These are the only individuals of this truly distinguished party of whom I retain any distinct recollection."

I may here also mention a circumstance which Mr Macnish has himself related to me, of Dr Gall, during one of his lectures, having pointed him out as possessing the organ of Comparison in a very marked degree. The guillotining of Louis Auguste Papavoine, for the murder of two children in the Bois de Vincennes, of which he was a spectator, has been detailed by him in an exceedingly striking and graphic manner. It was inserted in Blackwood's Magazine for December 1828, and is now reprinted in the present work.

On his return to Scotland, Mr Macnish continued his medical studies, and added to his experience by assisting his father in the details of business. Meantime his literary vein was not left uncultivated, and he contributed a variety of articles in prose and verse, serious and comic, first to the Literary Melange, and then to the Emmet, both periodicals published in his native city. Of the latter he appears to have been a leading supporter, and many of his pieces, to be found there, possess much of that graphic point and quaint humour, which afterwards characterized and distinguished his pen. At no time does he seem to have

given in to that inflation of style and pomposity of sentiment, the besetting sin of most young writers. His language and his thoughts are ever in strictly harmonious accordance, and, in his future essays, he left room only for improvement by practice, in that path of composition, which he had thus early chalked out for his own peculiar walk.

In 1825, he took his diploma from the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow, and gave in as his inaugural thesis, an Essay on the Anatomy of Drunkenness. The subject was only collaterally medical, but the paper was exceedingly well received, from its being so very different from the mere crambè-recocta common places, usually presented on such occasions. Here, *On a changé tout cela;* the style was terse and vigorous, not the *caput mortuum* of a grinder; the writer had evidently read with his own eyes, and thought with his own head. The essay, however, was not printed for nearly two years afterwards, when it appeared in a thin octavo of fifty-six pages,* with the following preliminary notice.

"This pamphlet was written as an Inaugural Essay to be presented to the Members of the Faculty of Phy-

* The Anatomy of Drunkenness, by Robert Macnish, Member of the Medical Society. Glasgow: W. R. M'Phun, Trongate. 1827.

sicians and Surgeons of Glasgow,—candidates for admission into that body being required to print their observations on some subject connected with medicine or surgery. Its appearance before the public is entirely at the suggestion of the publisher, who conceived that it might be adapted to the perusal of a wider circle than the one for which it was, originally, altogether intended. When this was proposed to the author it was his intention to have entered more fully into the subject, and to have considered various topics which he has omitted. But, on second consideration, he has thought it better to say nothing about them; partly because he had little new to offer, and partly because they would have extended his dissertation to an inconvenient length. The points, on which he has principally fixed his attention, are those which left some scope for novelty of illustration; and there is no subject whatever which affords more such points than drunkenness. The field, indeed, may be considered unoccupied, and any new adventurer, who chooses to look about him, may pick up many important facts which all his predecessors have overlooked.

March 1827."

In this skeleton sketch of his now celebrated work,

he first considered the causes, and then the phenomena of drunkenness; next its modifications by temperament; and lastly its consequences, together with observations on the methods of cure, and the varieties of disease produced by the inebriating agent. The brochure is altogether an exceedingly clever one; and was so well received by the public, notwithstanding its Burtonish, and somewhat uninviting title, that the author was speedily induced to reconsider the subject more in earnest, until materials swelled upon his hand, which, in the following year, enabled him to send forth a second edition, enlarged to more than double the size of the former one, and containing several new chapters, together with a curious and very interesting appendix.

We find that so early as the March of 1822, a paper by Mr Macnish was inserted in Constable's Edinburgh Magazine, entitled "Macvurich the Murderer." It is the record of a Highland atrocity, which he had picked up in the north, and the composition, although tolerably good in some parts, bears too evidently the marks of crudeness and juvenility. The only other paper that he contributed to that periodical was a narrative which he named "The Dream Confirmed." It is another legend of the north, relating to the escape of a border shepherd, from some

Celtic banditti. The story is tolerably brought out, and the writer evidently shows a more experienced and practised pen. In all probability it was written during the author's sojourn in Caithness, but it did not make its appearance in print, till the February of 1826.

It was in May of that year, that Mr Macnish opened up a communication with the most celebrated Magazine of the day,—Blackwood; and, in the Number for that month, an article from his pen appeared, which showed that his mind had made a prodigious stride forward. Hitherto he had been an ardent admirer of literature for its own sake,—the only sure criterion of genuine enthusiasm,—and of literary men from his love of their avocation. What he so devoutly admired, he had in his own efforts in some degree imitated, as is the case with all young aspirants, even of first-rate promise; but now he had stepped out, for the first time, on a field of his own; and his success was greater than what even his most sanguine friends could have anticipated. The discriminating, and "far-keeking" conductors of that periodical, welcomed at once, and heartily, the new contributor; and his tale of "the Metempsychosis," had the honour conferred on it, of being placed as a leading article. The decision was not more bold, than it was judicious; for

it was confirmed by very extended popular approbation.

I have fortunately been able to recover the correspondence which took place, regarding Mr Macnish's first communication to Blackwood's Magazine,—in other words, his first decided introduction to the world of letters. This consists of his letter to the editor accompanying the Metempsychosis,—secondly, Mr Blackwood's reply,—and lastly, the author's rejoinder. These were as follows:

"To the Editor of Blackwood's Magazine,

"Sir,—I send you with great diffidence the accompanying communication for your Magazine, if you think it worthy of being inserted there. At the same time I cannot help expressing my fear of being able to write any thing at all fit for a work, in which many of the first men of the present day are in the habit of figuring. The present piece labours under a peculiar disadvantage. It is founded on an absurdity so perfectly glaring, that I am afraid no stretch of imagination can ever be reconciled to it. I have justified this absurdity to my own mind; and what follows appears to be natural enough, but whether other people can do the same is another question. All that I crave from you, in the first instance, is a reading, with a request

that you will not be deterred by the first three or four pages. I know of no tale that bears the least resemblance to the present one, unless Peter Schlemihl may constitute an exception—and even here the similitude is extremely remote. I find that it will occupy something less than eighteen of your pages. This is a great deal, but I trust you will not grudge so much of one of your Numbers, if you find my piece suitable in other respects. If it will not answer, may I beg that you will have the goodness to return it as soon as you conveniently can. Although unequal to your Magazine, it may possibly suit some other of an inferior character.

"I will thank you to direct to me, care of 'Mr Robert Macnish, 3, Buchanan Street, Glasgow.' I have a number of Tales by me of the same and of different sorts, which are at your service. I remain, Sir, with great respect, your most obedient servant,

"MACKAY GORDON."

To these propositions and promises Mr Blackwood answers in the name of the Editor.

"Edinburgh, 29th March 1826.

"SIR,—The Editor of my Magazine desires me to return you his best thanks for your favour of the 22d, and your very amusing and spirited communication.

Situated as we are at present, I am not quite certain that there will be room for your article in next Number. I hope, however, there will; but at all events you may depend upon its appearing soon. As an earnest I annex an order, in the meantime, on Messrs Brash and Co.

"I hope you will send me soon some more of your tales, and I shall be most happy to find that your communications have a place in my Magazine. I may mention to you, that in general we do not wish articles to go beyond ten, twelve, or fourteen pages, though, of course, we are obliged to make exceptions. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"WILLIAM BLACKWOOD.

"Mr Mackay Gordon."

In a letter dated 1st April 1826, Mr Macnish replies to Mr Blackwood's note, *in propria persona*. From the timidity natural to infant authorship, he had requested his friend, Mr Mackay Gordon, who appears at this period to have been his literary Mentor, to make use of his name. This circumstance is here explained and acknowledged.

"To WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, Esq.

"SIR,—I beg leave to acknowledge the receipt of your

letter of the 29th ult., and to send you my best thanks for your very handsome order, which accompanied it. This is so unlooked for, I am afraid it is unmerited. When I wrote my piece I had not the most distant eye to remuneration, and would have been highly flattered by its insertion in a work of such celebrity as your's, without any thing in the shape of reward. Since, however, you have looked kindly upon my poor performance, I need not say that I shall strive to retain your good opinion by still stronger exertions in future.

"I observe what you say with regard to the length of pieces for your Magazine; and though in my Metempsychosis I have transgressed a few pages beyond your limits, I trust you will not refuse to put the whole of it into one number. Hereafter I shall be more careful of occupying too much room in your valuable pages. I have some idea of writing something about the University of Gottingen, and introducing two professors belonging to Glasgow under fictitious names, retaining at same time the three principal characters of my last piece. However of this more hereafter, when I see how the Metempsychosis reads when printed.

"Not knowing what fate my communication might have, I requested a friend in the country to allow me

to make use of his name. I now send you my own, with a request that you will pardon the deception which I resorted to. I remain, Sir, your most obedient servant,

"ROBERT MACNISH."

Whether we consider "the Metempsychosis," with regard to style or to story, we must allow, that here our young author at once assumed his highest ground, as Akenside did in his Pleasures of Imagination, and Campbell in his Pleasures of Hope. The conception is forcible, and the details are brought out with a judgment and discrimination, than which nothing can be better in a tale of diablerie. The probable, the possible, the common place, the impossible, and the vraisemblable, are everywhere dove-tailed into each other, with a nicety which reconciles the now and then startled apprehension of the reader, into a willingness to float down the stream of illusion, and yet suppose it the current of life;—and while we are convinced that such, logically thinking, never can be the aspect of human existence, yet the boundaries of truth and fiction blend themselves so pleasingly together in the distance, that we are spell-bound, and not at all anxious to discriminate where the one terminates, and the other begins.

This admirable story was succeeded, in the same year, by "the Man with the Nose," and "the Barber of Gottingen;" and in the following one, by "the Adventures of Colonel O'Shaughnessy," and "Who can it be?"—all of which are highly characteristic of our author's mode of viewing objects, and overflow with quaint remark, sly humour, poetic feeling, and curious observation.

Be it observed, however, that the wit and humour of these sketches and stories, are much more of the German than of the English school; and the writer's mind seems to have been deeply imbued at this time, with the tone of freedom and freshness, pervading the best prose fiction writers of Allemagne. Were we to ferret out any prototypes for him from among ourselves, we should have to go back far beyond the days of Goldsmith, Swift, and Sterne, and seek them amid the comic dramatists of Charles the Second, and Elizabeth. Yet he must have doted on Isaac Walton; loved Burton; and admired Brown; wondered at Sir Thomas Urquhart; and lost his depths between the opposing whirlpools of John Bunyan and Jeremy Taylor. The only contemporary, whose mental construction ever seemed to me to bear the least analogy to that of my friend's, was the late Charles Lamb. Both were humorists, both delighted to catch the ex-

treme skirts of human character, and the bile of our fallen nature was in neither. Both revelled in the peculiarities of citizenship; the rust imparted by localities; the "fears of the brave, and follies of the wise." Both equally abhorred the artificially-shaven table-land of common-place. If Lamb has more nicety of touch and a deeper perception of the delicate, Macnish exhibits more freedom of handling, and uses greater latitude of canvas. Lamb's figures have all a household likeness,—they are all branches of the family of Elia; in Macnish there is a greater variety of expression. To carry on the pictorial simile, both remind us in their delineations, much more of the early costume of Europe, than of our own days; and instead of finding the Crabbe-like truth of Wilkie, or the fascinating elegance of Lawrence, we are carried back to the frescoes of Cimabue, and the gravings of Albert Durer. If we compare together the Rosamund Gray of the one, with the Covenanters of the other, we shall find, that what the latter wants in simple pathos, is atoned for by strength and variety:—nor, among the prose fictions of Lamb, would it be easy to find one so complete, and so thoroughly sustained as the Metempsychosis. As a poet, we readily grant, that the inferiority is on the side of Macnish,—especially when we remember some

passages in John Woodville; although in saying this, we are not deaf to the sweet music of nature breathed in the "Verses to a very Young Girl," "Untold Love," "the Scene in Caithness," "the Angel and the Spirit," and several other of his happier effusions. Delightful and beautiful are many of the essays of Elia, beaming with the fine gold of sentiment, and overflowing with the milk of humanity; and not even Bulwer or Talfourd are more aware of this than I am; yet, as sustained efforts of mental power, whether relating to imagination or intellect, it would be most reluctantly, that I allowed the palm to be taken away from "the Anatomy of Drunkenness," or "the Philosophy of Sleep." Indeed, if popularity is to be at all admitted as a test of excellence,—and, in many cases it is no inaccurate one,—the decision in their favour has, most certainly, been already ratified by the world.

This beautiful summer morning on which I write, reminds me of that, ten years agone, when my dear departed friend called upon me with a note of introduction from our mutual friend, the late Mr Blackwood. Even by this time, I knew him by report, as the author of the Metempsychosis and other admired papers. I remember being much struck not only with the juvenility of his appearance; but with the delight-

ful enthusiasm of his temperament, so totally apart from all worldly selfishness; and with the manly unaffected simplicity of his language, dress, and manners. We had a long and most gratifying colloquy together, on a thousand things equally interesting to both; and, being a couple of years his senior in literary matters, he had naturally many questions to ask, and I to answer, as I best could, regarding the current literature of the day. The merits of Professor Wilson, of Mr Lockhart, of Dr Maginn, of Mr Galt, of Mr Hogg, and of sundry others, were discussed with cordial sympathy. On most points our views coincided; we were in fact brothers in spirit at first sight; and, taking him all in all, I found him so much a man after my own heart, so full of generous enthusiasm, so benignant in feeling, so playful in fancy, so correct in principle, so single in purpose, and so ardently bent on intellectual enterprise, that before we parted, the seeds of a friendship were sown, which, during its life-long continuance knew never an hour's abatement.

Our introduction personally to each other was in the month of July 1827; and, a few weeks after, I received from him the following letter.

Before entering on our correspondence, I beg to preface the subject with this one simple, but sincere remark, that any opinions regarding myself or my

writings which it contains, must be taken *cum grano salis*. From its character it is necessarily intrinsically personal, as it is almost entirely taken up with mutual references to the literary tasks in which either of us happened, at the time of writing, to be engaged. That Mr Macnish was quite sincere in his laudations,—for such they rather are than critical remarks, wherever I happen to be concerned—I have too great a respect for his candour and for his character, for one moment to doubt. Be it remembered, however, how much our opinions, even almost against our own apprehensions, are often coloured by our likings and dislikings, and then I shall be acquitted of vanity and egotism, provided my friend has due allowances made him for the partialities of friendship. Before leaving this topic, I beg once more to repeat, as I feel the ground so delicate, that, without this distinct understanding on the reader's part, I would not dare to lay before the world, any portion of the written interchange of thought, with the loved and regretted subject of this memoir.

"Glasgow, 19, Buchanan Street, 13th August 1827.

"My Dear Sir,—As I am sending a packet to a friend in Edinburgh, I lay hold of the opportunity to forward you a copy of my Inaugural Essay on Drunkenness, which was published some time ago. When I

had the pleasure of seeing you at Musselburgh, I forgot to mention, that I was a brother *lancet.* This you will detect at once from the nature of the pamphlet.

" I also send you a whimsical affair of mine, which is just out. It has been published with its ridiculous title, merely for the purpose of creating a sensation, and making the Glasgow folks stare a little. The strictest secrecy is preserved with regard to the authorship, which is solely confined to the knowledge of the publisher, and one or two others. I shall be extremely happy to be favoured with your correspondence, and I trust you will be so good as write me soon, and let me know candidly how you like these two trifles.

" For two days back, I have been delighting myself with your Legend of Genevieve, &c. * It is a long time since I have read any thing so fanciful and fine, as your ' Remembered Beauty,' or so full of descriptive energy as your ' Hymn to the Night Wind.' The latter seems to me the best thing in the volume.

" It is a great pity that Mansie Wauch is stopped. It was certainly one of the very best things that ever appeared in Blackwood's Magazine, and ought by all

* Legend of Genevieve, with other Tales and Poems, by Delta. 8vo. 1825.

means to be continued. If quite fair, I would feel obliged by your informing me who the lady is that wrote Selwyn in Search of a Daughter, and whether the Rev. Mr Gleig wrote the Subaltern in America, as well as the first Subaltern.

"If you happen to be in Glasgow, I need not say how confidently I expect you will call upon me, or how happy I shall be to see you. In the expectation of hearing from you at your first convenience, I remain, Dear Sir, your's sincerely, R. MACNISH."

The whimsical affair, here alluded to, was a little narrative, entitled the "Confessions of a Feminicide." It was a most truculent story; but the tone of truth is so well sustained throughout, that it took to a miracle, and three or four editions were called for within a few months. The answer returned to the foregoing, along with a number of other letters of mine, having chanced to be preserved, I am enabled through the kindness of Dr Macnish, Robert's father, to give the following extract.

"The little treatise on Drunkenness is a capital thing of its kind, and abounds with just reasoning and accurate observation. You have managed to hit off the subject in such a medico-popular way, as to render it not only instructive to the disciples of Hippocrates,

but to Coleridge's 'reading public' at large. It must have cost you considerable trouble and research in the getting up, and it is every way creditable to you.

"Of the 'Confessions,' I cannot exactly say so much, though they are chastely and pleasantly—in some places indeed forcibly written. In a story, such as you wish to develope, it is necessary—at least I know to myself it would be absolutely necessary, to have some realities, some facts as grappling irons wherewith to cling to the reader's memory. The finest imagination cannot possibly invent circumstances, which will bear even on the writer's mind, far less on the reader's, with the cogency of truths. Recollect this, in getting up a story; and you will assuredly find that I am right. I am far indeed from saying, that the Feminicide is a failure; it abounds with felicities both of feeling and description; but had a few more striking incidents been interspersed, it would have not only set off the composition to greater advantage, but borne on the reader's mind with a greater force of reality."

The success of the Confessions is alluded to in the next letter, which also contains his idea of publishing a collected volume of his Verses. The scheme was, however, never carried into effect—although renewed on subsequent occasions, and the best of them will be found embodied in the present memoir.

" Buchanan Street, Glasgow, 2d October 1827.

" My Dear Sir,—Your most welcome letter of the 17th ult. reached me in due time, and it gave me great pleasure to find my little work on Drunkenness pleases you. I shall ever place great value on your correspondence, and hope to be favoured with it as often as suits your convenience. Along with this letter you will receive a parcel of verses written by me. The greater part of them appeared in a small contemptible publication some years ago. Mr M'Phun, the bookseller, an active pushing fellow, has taken it into his head that a small neat volume of my rhymes would be a good speculation, and he has requested me to allow him to reprint all my pieces—at least the best of them,—and also to write him a few more original ones. This I have refused to do, till I get the opinion of some person (who is a judge of poetry,) as to the merits of the pieces; and whether they are such as to do credit or discredit to the author. There is no one I know of, half so well qualified as you for this task, and I feel very reluctant to ask you to undertake it. However, when you know that my motives are to have some assurance, whether I shall or shall not be written down an ass by the publication, I am sure you will excuse the liberty I have taken. No person is more aware than I am, that poetry, un-

less it be of a high order, is not endurable. I am at the same time quite sensible, that mine, if it be indeed poetry at all, is, most certainly not of this description. If it reaches mere mediocrity, I suspect that more cannot be said for it. Will you therefore have the goodness to read over my pieces, and tell me candidly what you think of them. I beg you will lean rather to the severe side than the merciful, for I have no notion of being flattered; and I know you are too honourable and high-minded to descend to the meanness of flattering any one, or of saying what you do not think. Poetry in truth is not, and never was my hobby. I never pretended to any talent that way, and my character is noways involved in the badness of my verses, in fact I do not care any thing about it, and will not feel myself a jot sunk in my own estimation, by being told that my verses are as bad as possible. If it is not intruding upon you too much, would you be so kind as state what you think of two or three of the best individually, and whether there are any positively so bad, that they ought rather to be kept out. I may mention that the first stanza of the 'Black Rider' is exceedingly lame, and the second is little better; but I really could not mend the matter. 'Stanzas to a scene in Caithness,' page 41, I sent two days ago to Mr Blackwood, to see if they would

answer Maga. I did not trouble him with verse, and merely sent these as an experiment, but I am afraid they are not good enough; they are the only things I have done for three years. It is a curious thing that now I find the utmost difficulty in rhyming, although I did it with great facility some years ago. How do you account for this fact? If Mr B. prints these lines, I fancy I may let M'Phun go on with the others, as the lines in question are probably not so good as some of their brethren. If he does not, I fancy my best way will be to give up the idea altogether. However, on this subject, I hope you will let me hear from you as soon as you can. 'Address to me under cover to my uncle, Dr Macnish, 7, Scotland Street, Edinburgh,' who will forward the parcel which you send him. I am quite vexed to put you to such a deal of trouble, and can only express my sincere hopes, that I may some time or other be able to requite it, ten times over, by doing you any service in my power. You shine brilliantly in the present No., your 'Lines to a favourite Dog' have a fine domestic cast about them, and are very simple and beautiful. 'De Bruce's Tomb' made my heart to thrill. It is a fine, nervous, and truly national and spirited production. Altogether, both poems will add greatly to your well earned reputation. How do you like my sketch

'Who can it be?' Blackwood was very fond of it, but he thought that the general idea was drawn from the 'Stout Gentleman.' This is perhaps true, but I flatter myself that the execution is entirely my own, and as different as possible from Irving's very admirable performance. Have you given up writing prose for the Magazine? It is a great pity if you have, for your Mansie Wauch was certainly one of the very best things that ever appeared in it. Where (in the name of amazement) have you ever picked up such a knowledge of the technicalities of tailorship? Fore-stitch and back-stitch seem as familiar to you as household words, and if I did not know who you were, I would positively suppose that the author of Mansie was some clever pawky book-read son of the craft. The illusion is complete, and while reading the tailor's lucubrations no one could possibly suppose, that the author of them and of the Legend of Genevieve was the same person. The one is as remarkable for pure and serene feeling and pathos, as the other is for broad humour and drollery. Can you inform me who wrote these powerful political articles for the Magazine? 'The Faction' is a most capital performance, and does the author infinite credit. Who wrote Mordecai Mullion's pamphlet on M'Culloch? Mr Blackwood sent me a copy at the time it appeared; it amused me very

much. I am afraid you will think me a downright bore; but I cannot help asking you if you know who composed 'The Devil's Dream.' It seems to me to exhibit great energy, both of fancy and expression. In the September Number, I am surprised to see Professor Wilson speak so harshly of Vathek. I would not for a moment compare my judgment with his, but I cannot help thinking that, in this instance, his good taste has played him false. Beckford's romance is certainly a most splendid production—very far superior even to the Epicurean. What a capital thing the Professor's review of the 'Travellers Oracle' is. My Femicide, or Feminicide, as it should have been, has gone through a second edition, and a third will be probably required. I am not sure that it is a very creditable thing to trick the public, as has been done by this pamphlet. I, however, stand acquitted of any thing mercenary, for I gave the manuscript to M'Phun to make a kirk and mill if he liked of it. I have some idea of writing a small medico-popular work on the Diseases of Children. My inaugural essay, and strange to say, my papers in Blackwood, have been of great service to me professionally, and a good work on the above subject would be of still greater. Should you think my poems would do me any credit by the publication, would you have any objection to my dedicat-

ing them to you, either as Delta or the author of the Legend of Genevieve? It would be an absurd piece of supererogation for me to tell you, that my motives for so doing are perfectly disinterested; my only motives are a sincere admiration for your abilities and private friendship. It will perhaps occur to you, that they are not numerous enough to constitute a volume of any size, but I mean to scatter longish notes through them, which will add considerably to the quantum of matter. Even with all this the volume will be very thin, but M'Phun is resolved to have it elegantly done up. My great regret is the horridly bad first and second stanzas of the 'Black Rider;' they are utterly unpoetical and tame. Now, my dear Sir, having candidly stated these particulars, I am sure you will excuse the great trouble I am putting you to—and I am satisfied you will give me your candid opinion, either for good or bad. If you think unfavourably of these pieces, the kindest thing you can do is to tell me so decidedly, and this I know you will do without any kind of scruple. Would it be convenient for you to let me have the manuscript and your answer during the week? I have addressed your parcel under cover to my friend in Edinburgh, who will forward it to you, and, as I have already mentioned, you can return it addressed to me, under cover to him. I wish you would

not mention any thing of it to Mr Blackwood, because if my poem do not appear fit for publication, he will naturally think me a vain blockhead, for conceiving in the possibility of their fitness. If he inserts the lines I sent him, of course I shall not print them in this volume without his permission. If he does not insert them, it will then remain to be decided whether they ought to be taken as a criterion of the merit of the rest,—because if they are equal in merit to the others, the whole must be unfit for the public eye. I reason thus. *They* are unfit for the Magazine, *ergo*, the other, which are no better, are also unfit,—*ergo*, whatever is unfit for the Magazine, is unfit for separate publication, and should not be published. I hope this syllogism has made my meaning clear. Excuse this long tedious letter, and believe me, my dear Sir, Your's sincerely,

"ROBERT MACNISH."

On the ninth of the same month, there is another letter from him. It would appear that I had written him in the meantime offering some remarks on the MS. poetical collection, which he had submitted to my private criticism.

"9th October 1827.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am gratified beyond measure by

the receipt of your letter of last Monday. For Tales of all Nations you will please to accept my best thanks. Your paper, the Bridal of Wintoun Tower,* is very sweetly written. I am happy to find from it that your ideas of angling completely coincide with my own: to me it seems one of the stupidest ways in the world for killing time. I am also very highly obliged to you for the trouble you have been at in perusing my poems. I really had no notion that they had any sort of merit, and the very flattering way you have spoken of them has gratified me extremely. Your corrections are in every instance improvements; and I shall adopt the whole of them, with one or two exceptions. The pieces entitled 'Night,' 'Remembrance,' and 'Stanzas to a Scene in Caithness,' were all written within the last month or two, and are the only poetical things I have done for three years. Your very favourable opinion of them is therefore doubly welcome, as a person is always unwilling to believe that he is falling off in his endeavours.

"M'Phun is very anxious to go to press immediately with my volume, but I have been thinking for a day or two, that it would be much better could I get it published in London or Edinburgh—a provincial

* A little volume under this title, edited by Mr Alaric Watts, —at whose request I contributed a tale, under the name here mentioned.

town not looking well on a title-page. I have therefore sent my MSS. written anew, with your alterations, and an addition of four new pieces to our friend, Mr Blackwood, to see if he will publish them for me. Altogether, I do not think the publication would do him any discredit; and I have told him that the pieces were submitted to your inspection. Probably I shall not hear from him till he sends me my November Number of Maga. If he refuses to do it I must just pocket his refusal, with as much *sang froid* as disappointed authorship admits.

"By the bye, in reading your volume of poems, I somehow never perused 'The Miner of Peru' till the other day. It is an admirable performance, and I really think after all the best piece in the book. I cannot help remarking upon the perfection in which you possess one faculty wholly denied to me—that of being able to describe in beautiful and vivid colours the aspects of external nature. This gives a fine fresh air to your writings, which is quite heart-cheering. For some time past I have been exceedingly busy, and there have been much sickness, and many deaths here from cholera and dysentery, which seem to be quite epidemic.—I am, my dear Sir, with many thanks,

Your's sincerely,

"ROBERT MACNISH."

As the ballad entitled "the Black Rider" appears to have been a favourite with its author, and is oftener alluded to by himself than any other of his poetical productions, we shall introduce it here. In our opinion the author did some better things in this way, but the ballad is unquestionably a good one, and must have been reckoned so by Scott, Hogg, or Leyden. Several of the stanzas are very spirited and picturesque.

THE BLACK RIDER,

A Ballad.

"Oh ne'er shall the fame of the patriot decay—
De Bruce, in thy name still our country rejoices;
It thrills Scottish heart-strings, it swells Scottish voices
As it did when the Bannock ran red from the fray.
Thy dust in the darkness of ruin may lie:
But ne'er, mighty hero, while earth hath its motion,
While rises the day star or rolls forth the ocean,
Shall thy deeds be eclipsed or their memory die;
They stand, thy proud monument, sculptured sublime
By the chisel of Fame, on the tablet of Time."

Δ

I.

Sir Roger Kirkpatrick kept watch on the tower;
By his side stood De Lindsay, a chieftain of power:
Well guarded thy castle, Lochmaben, must be
For the tumult of warfare boils round like a sea.*

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* This ballad is little more than a version in rhyme of one of the most remarkable events recorded in Scottish history—the death of Comyn, Earl of Badenoch, by the hand of Robert

II.

Undaunted they paced on the ramparts, forlorn,
When gleamed o'er the vallies the star of the morn;
And when the tall turrets with night dews were chill,
At their posts the bold barons were lingering still.

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the Bruce; an event, as Sir Walter Scott observes, equally remarkable for the high rank of both the perpetrator and sufferer. Any description of the circumstances, which preceded and followed it, is unnecessary, as these are universally known; but the following sketch of the present state of Lochmaben Castle—the paternal residence of Scotland's greatest hero and statesman,—will prove interesting to the reader. I am indebted for it to the Dumfries Magazine,—a work which contains a number of other ably written papers by the same hand.

"The castle is seated at the extreme point of a heart-shaped peninsula that juts a considerable way into the castle loch, the waters of which wash it on every side, excepting the isthmus which connects it with the mainland. A deep fosse, the remains of which are distinctly visible, runs across this isthmus to the loch on either side. Into this fosse the water flowed, and the draw-bridge, which was cast over it, either guarded the castle from the approach of an enemy, or gave ready admission to known friends. Within this outer fosse, a little farther in advance, appears a second of a similar description; beyond this second is a third, and, at the entrance of the castle, a fourth is still pretty entire, which seems to have been arched over the whole length of the castle, with a strong wall or ledge to protect it in front. Behind this the besieged could shield themselves, while they galled at a distance the approaching enemy. In the centre was a gateway, secured by a drawbridge, which led into the interior of the building, the forcing of which was, in all likelihood, the last great labour of a besieging army. The two archways at the north-eastern and south-western angles of the building, through which the water of the fosse was renewed or emptied, still remain entire; although Gothic hands have de-

III.

'Tis midnight, 'tis midnight, the moon, in her prime,
Glares forth, like a watchfire, on Cheviot sublime;
And nature is calm, as the motionless deep,
When the winds of Kilbranan are hushed into sleep.

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molished, for the sake of the stones, the whole of the ashler work belonging to them, as well as to all the walls of the castle. Indeed, so far has this sacrilegious rapacity been carried, that now only the heart, or packing, of the wall is left, exhibiting giant masses of small stones and lime, irregularly huddled together and nodding to their fall. Many of these masses have already been precipitated from their aerial height, and strew the ground in various directions: and so firmly are the lime and stone cemented, that scarcely any effort of human power could disunite them. Those parts of the wall, which yet are standing, afford but an imperfect idea of the extent and disposition of the whole, for although the area which they still occupy be of vast dimensions, it is evident that at one period it must have been still more so. The form of one or two small apartments can yet be traced, but these stand in the remoter and less frequented parts of the castle, and, therefore, excite but little interest. Where Bruce, and Randolph, and Douglas often trode, some thorns and ashes now grow to mark its utter desolation, but the memories of these men still hover there, and float before the inspired observer. The loch, too, still gleams in all its beauty as when they beheld it; the distant hills still wear the same serene or clouded aspect; but the appearance of all else is changed,—and even many who now enjoy the blessings which these heroes toiled to purchase, can demolish with apathy the spot which their presence ought to have consecrated. It is but a few years since a farmer's dwelling-house and offices profaned the immediate precincts of the castle. They were erected of the stones of the ancient edifice, at only a few yards distance from the outer wall; the potatoe-house was dug in the brow of the third fosse, by which that part of it was demolished, and the bold

IV.

And nothing is heard in the castle of power
But the voice of the warden proclaiming the hour;
No sentinel form is beheld on its wall
Save the shape of the barons, so black and so tall.

V.

But hark! on the shadowy pinions of night
Comes a sound which the valley re-echoes with fright—
The clashing of armour, the trampling of steed,
As spurred to some dark, and some terrible, deed.

VI.

The chiefs on the battlements spoke not a word,
But each laid his hand on the hilt of his sword:
Did they deem that the Earl of Northumberland came
To ravage Lochmaben with sword and with flame?

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features of the military works around were smoothed down to suit the convenience of the agriculturist. Many houses in Lochmaben are also built of materials torn from this place, among which the new school-house is one. An inhabitant of the same town warms his toes beside a pair of fine jambs, also procured here; and in short, could Bruce's castle become animated, and demand its mutilated members of the town which it so long protected, fearful would the reckoning be among the honest burgesses of Lochmaben. The inclosed spot, around the castle, is naturally barren, and fitted only for the raising of wood: it should, therefore, be left to the solitude which so well harmonizes with fallen greatness; its present growth of trees should be allowed to bend their branches quietly over it to the solemn music of the winds; and the ground which they shade and protect should be sacred from every foot, save that of the admiring pilgrim."

VII.

'Tis midnight; 'tis midnight, the moon rises higher,
The sound from the valley comes nigher and nigher,
When, turning the side of a rock in the glen
They saw—not the Earl or his foraging men—

VIII.

But a knight on a steed of as sable a dye
As the black thunder-cloud that o'ershadows the sky;
And dark was his armour, and dark was the plume
That sullenly swept o'er his vizor of gloom.

IX.

Right lofty of aspect and powerful of limb
He seemed to the chiefs, through the valley so dim,
"And who may we name him, thus haughty and high?"
"I know not—I care not," was Lindsay's reply.

X.

Still galloped the courser, unshackled and free,
Bearing on the black knight, like a wave o'er the sea.
The knight scoured along, like an angel of fate,
Nor reined up his steed till he stood by the gate.

XI.

Then a blast from his bugle was fearfully blown,
Till the vaults of Lochmaben re-echoed the tone;
And the warriors, who slumbered the castle within,
Started up from their couches amazed at the din.

XII.

"And who may he be?" quoth Kirkpatrick the bold,
"Who comes like a lion, let loose on the fold?
He heeds not though hundreds of foemen are nigh."
"I know not—I care not," was Lindsay's reply.

XIII.

Then, a word to the ear of Sir Roger he spoke,
When again the shrill voice of the bugle awoke;
And the barons within they replied with a shout,
Which was answered, with cheers, by the baron without.

XIV.

Then down fell the drawbridge, and over its tract
Pranced the steed with its rider, the baron in black;
He sprung to the ground, with a regal-like grace,
And up went the vizor that shaded his face.

XV.

And an aspect of youth, by the light of the moon,
Shone forth, like the rose in the middle of June,
But 'twas darkened across by the shadows of ire,
Save the eyes, which were lit with unquenchable fire.

XVI.

"'Tis the Bruce"—cried the chieftains, beholding his face,
"'Tis the Bruce,"—and he caught each within his embrace,
But why all alone comes our liege on his path,
And why is his countenance reddened with wrath?

XVII.

'Tis midnight, 'tis midnight, the stars still are shining.
The moon in the black vault of heaven is reclining;
Three chiefs hurry on in the light of her ray,
Five leagues they must ride ere the dawning of day.

XVIII.

Woe, woe to Red Comyn, they hang on his tract,
The chiefs and their liege-lord, the baron in black!
Woe, woe unto Comyn, that chieftain shall find him
Though his mountains of Badenoch rise up behind him!

XIX.

They have swept like the whirlwind that flies o'er the mountain,
Nor paused to give drink, at the Mermaiden's fountain,
To their coursers, but trampled o'er rock and o'er dell,
Till they reached ere the dawn the Grey Friar's Chapelle.

XX.

The monks were amazed at the riot and rout,
For Kirkpatrick and Lindsay were guarding without
The door of the Abbey; while, (horrible sin)
With his hand on his dirk, the black knight strode within.

XXI.

With step all collected, and haughty and solemn,
He passed underneath the ribbed vault of each column;
He came to the room where the Red Comyn lay,—
He entered 'mid darkness and vanished away.

XXII.

And straight from that chamber a cry of despair,
Like the sound of the death-shriek, was heard in the air;
'Twas silent,—and when its last echo had flown,
The knight, as he entered, returned all alone.

XXIII.

He paused not, the monks that gazed on him to see,
Nor heard he their half-stifled "Jesu-Marie!"
But strode through the aisle with the same solemn state
To his friends, whose bright broadswords gleamed keen at the gate.

XXIV.

"O! woe unto Bruce," cried the friars so grey,
But a mystical voice, from the altar, said "Nay—

I was not the book of a traitor in spirit—
He comes from the most impudent vein that
And while I have remembrance, like wax in a room,
Flows there away, as soul leaves the room."

It appears from a subsequent letter, that Mr Blackwood had dissuaded our young author from the immediate publication of his collected poems, and that he did this less in the spirit of their mutinous merits, than from their scanty number: the *nucleus* of verse at the time: and the want of any composition of sufficient importance to give a character and tone to the whole. Mr M'Phun of Glasgow, who appears to have very early formed a high estimate of Keats's capabilities, would have very willingly undertaken the work, and offered to do so: but, on mature consideration, it was resolved to lay aside the plan in the meantime.

That Mr Blackwood was probably in the right I have little doubt; for poetry, without popularity, is like an eagle without wings: and experience had for many years before this period shewn, that the current of popular feeling had so strongly set in favour of prose fictions, that, almost without any exception at present occurring to me—Pollok's Course of Time is indeed one—the weavers of rhyme had found no market for their goods, and the great poets of the age had either abandoned their avocations, or remained si-

lent, so far as the world was concerned. From the Lord of the Isles, Scott had turned to Waverley—Southey from Roderick to the Book of the Church—Wilson from the City of the Plague to the Trials of Margaret Lindsay—Coleridge from Cristabel to Lay Sermons,—and Moore from Loves of the Angels to Lives of Sheridan and Captain Rock. Wordsworth and Rogers alone disdained to descend from poetry to prose; but for ten years the one had remained silent, while in that period the other had only published once, and that anonymously. Had Mr Macnish's poems been therefore brought out at this unpropitious time, it is most likely either that they should have been entirely overlooked, or that their success should have been so uncommensurate with their deserts, that his disappointment must have been great, and his literary ardour damped. As it was, the hazard was avoided; the cherished idea was speedily forgotten; and other schemes, more redolent of promise, opened themselves up before his active and enthusiastic spirit.

From a letter to Mr Blackwood, written in the preceding year, it will be evident that our author did not himself over-estimate his poetical vein.

"Glasgow, November 9, 1826.

"My Dear Sir,—I have been ass enough to write

verses, and, as I am sending something else to Edinburgh, I take the opportunity of transmitting them to you. There is not a person in existence less addicted to the scribbling of poetry than I, and for the best of all reasons—because I conceive that I have not the least talent that way. I only wrote the present lines for fun, and by way of experiment, to see whether there was the slightest poetical feeling in my *caput mortuum*. I care nothing about it, whether there is or not, as I never had any *penchant* to write verses, or any ambition to be reckoned a rhymer. I do not ask you to insert my lines, nor do I suppose you will do so. All I wish to know is whether they are or are not downright stuff. If you print them I will of course be very happy; if you do not I will certainly not break my heart on the subject. Do not be afraid that I am going to bother you with poetry hereafter. This is what I shall never do. As the present is my first, so it probably is my last attempt for the Magazine. No person is more aware than I am that poetry is not worth a fig unless it be first-rate, and I have a pious horror at being classed with those absurd and pertinacious animals, the would-be rhymers."

Before proceeding to the consideration of Mr Macnish's next literary projects, we extract the lines al-

luded to, and which, notwithstanding his diffidence in his poetical capabilities, are worth volumes of common-place. He touches the string of old remembrances, and it vibrates sweetly.

To a Scene in Caithness.

Romantic wilderness of vales and mountains,
How often with awed spirit have I stood
Amid thy silence, where the gush of fountains,
And the shrill wailing of the sea-mew's brood,
Are all that break thy voiceless solitude!

Of early reminiscence full to me
Are thy grey summits, bald with countless years—
Thy glens, hung o'er with strange tranquillity,—
Thy streams unruly bubbling to the sea,
And even the wild heath that thy bosom bears.
In vision I behold tall Morven stand,
And see the morning mist distilling tears
Around his shoulders, desolate and grand.
And Scarabin that girdles round the land,
With his broad giant belt, arises up;
And Berridale and Langwell—thy twin fountains—
And Corrichoich's glen, like to a cup,
Reposing in the bosom of its mountains.
No change upon thine aspect hath time made,
Romantic wilderness! In sun or shade
Thy streams continue still their ceaseless fall;
The fox and deer still hold their festival;
The ebon eagle floats above the glade.
Thou knowest not of age the fell decay,
For thou art changeless; and the tinted bow,
That wont to hang o'er thee his arched way,
Still spans thee—beautiful as ever—now.

O, ever dear unto my memory
Shall thy romantic hills and fountains be!
How often have I seen the morning star
Warning the shepherd to his native dell,
And seen the thunder-cloud, opake and far,
Lower heavily on Morven's citadel—
Awing the hearts that in thy valleys dwell
With the divinity of nature's God!
How often o'er thy mountains have I trod
In sunshine and in calm, when Beauty hung
Her summer flowers around thee of wild heath—
When the soft west wind, delicately strung,
Sighed o'er thee with his bland and dewy breath:
What time the shepherd maiden blithely sung—
Circling her temples with the wild-thyme wreath!

Beloved Langwell, even as a spell
Across my recollection floats each dell,
And strath, and stream, within thy circle lying—
Each mountain, gulf, and rocky pinnacle,
And even the echo of the north wind, sighing
Over thy breast with melancholy swell!——
Scene of the wild and beautiful, farewell!

In some following letters, I find that my friend was bent on the plan of writing a treatise on the diseases incident to Childhood, and that he had consulted me regarding the best medical authorities on the subject. We had subsequently several conversations regarding this projected work; but it is to be regretted, that, although he had partly sketched out its arrangement, he never proceeded deliberately to its execution. In-

deed I am not aware that any chapters of it were ever fully written out. Notwithstanding the able works of Hamilton, Underwood, Burns, and others, who have considered the subject, in separate treatises, and the share of attention, which it necessarily always receives in systematic works on the practice of medicine, there can be little doubt, that a most useful and agreeably popular essay, in many respects differing from all these, could have been worked out of his proposed materials; as he intended to include in his design the mental as well as the physical education of infancy and childhood, together with other topics of collateral interest. I was exceedingly anxious for him to persevere with this work, and indeed threatened, perceiving him beginning to lag, that if he did not do so, I would take it up myself. His popular mode of handling a subject could no doubt have been brought into operation even here, and sombre as this one may appear to non-medical readers, his pen would have invested it with an interest and importance, which could not have failed to have extended his professional reputation. One of the most popular works of the last age was the Domestic Medicine of Dr Buchan. As a manual, it was at the time admirably adapted for family use; but perhaps it owed no small portion of its reputation to the general beauty of its composition.

Meanwhile Mr Macnish's essay, the Anatomy of Drunkenness, was rapidly working its forward way through the intricacies of popular favour; and, by the commencement of 1828, a second edition was called for. From a letter of mine, which he has preserved, I am enabled to throw some light on his other literary avocations at this period. The following are extracts:—

"Allow me to return my best thanks for your most agreeable letter, and its accompaniments, which will do admirably well for distributing among the Annuals. Your stanzas 'On the Rhine,' and 'To a Child' are both excellent, especially the former, which has so much of that *amor patriæ* longing about it, as almost to identify your feelings with those of the native German. In the little poem To a Child there is considerable pathos, as well as beauty of description, and the language is at once rich and delicate.

"'The Covenanters' is perhaps too long, but the story is interesting and well managed. At the commencement you approach somewhat closely in style to the Lights and Shadows; but as the narration proceeds you become yourself, and the thing is conducted with spirit and ingenuity. Terence O'Flagherty is a capital thing; and I wonder at Christopher's not having used it. The humour is broad, rich and Irish;

and the incidents are full of drollery, frolic, and fun. Nothing can be better than the procession with Judy, which winds up the business.

"'The Black Rider,' as I told you before, I think highly of, both for its descriptive and lyrical vigour. The Canzonet is also very well, though not equal to it.

"I am particularly obliged to you for sending me these, as it will enable me—at your expense—to be a little more generous to my suitors, the editors of the Annuals, than my own time and opportunities would otherwise allow. I believe when I last wrote, that I mentioned having received a letter from Thomas Pringle, acquainting me of his having accepted the management of Friendship's Offering for next year. Poor fellow! he seemed at first quite sanguine of the extent of his Scottish resources, and had calculated on his friends, Sir Walter Scott, Wilson, Hogg, Tennant, and others as certain; but I heard from him again the other day, and he appears in doleful dumps at the coldness with which he thinks most of them seem to treat his application. I will do for him whatever I can.

"Your *precis* of the relative merits of Cyril Thornton and the Subaltern I think both judicious and correct. Gleig is a writer of considerable feeling, shrewd common sense, and extensive observation, but he is deficient in imagination—he never startles, surprises,

or hurries on, *nolente volente*. We read, and read, and are pleased, and interested; and we lay down his book, with the consciousness that he is a clever fellow, and a good, and a most sensible writer. In Cyril Thornton we have higher elements to deal with, and the interest is of a deeper sort. There are dashes of melancholy, indicative of the lofty imaginative tone of the author's mind, and in his pictures of human society and manners, we find many of those slight delicate touches of humour and pathos,—for to me both appear only opposite grades in the same scale of sensibility—which indicate the man of refined feeling and genius."

* * * * * *

"I am glad to hear that the Anatomy of Drunkenness has been so popular, and that in your second edition you intend enlarging the treatise. Your proposal of inscribing to me, I should be very proud to accept; though, doubtless, you might readily find a much more deserving and efficient patron for your work. Should your partiality judge otherwise, I have no objection to your using my name, or even alluding to my *nomme-de-guerre* if you think fit. Perhaps, however, it would be as well not to meddle with the latter, the secret now being any thing but a close one.

* * * * * *

"You tell me of your terrors about becoming hip-

ped, and ask if I am ever subject to hypochondria? How can it be altogether otherwise, except with those whose nerves are steel, and who never had a feeling but that of inveterate selfishness?—but perhaps you know and have experienced as well as myself, that employment of the mind is the best method of dispelling vapours, and that without bodily exercise, nay fatigue, a man of thought and reflection is apt to become jaundiced in his perceptions and feelings. Often at the time I have found this a horrid bore—the being obliged to break up my trains of thought, and mix and mingle in the great Babel of the world—but I have had reason to be thankful for it afterwards, and have no doubt that my health has often been preserved by circumstances, which at the time wore only the ugly appearance of annoyances."

The Covenanters and Terence O'Flagherty are both reprinted in this volume, and are left to the reader's judgment. By the reviews of the day the former was highly extolled, and most deservedly. The Athenæum of October 1828, in the notice of the "Friendship's Offering" alludes to that volume's containing two tales, "that have never been surpassed by any that have appeared in our Annuals." Of these the Covenanters was one: the other was Zalim Khan by Mr

Baillie Frazer, author of the Kuzilbash, Travels in Khorasan, and other works of high literary merit.

Enclosed in the folds of an epistle, I find that, in the beginning of the same year, I received from him copies of two or three little poems, whose composition had amused his leisure hours at this time. One of these was "The Bards." The idea, so far as I know, is an original one, and the different minnesingers are in general nicely and appositely individualized. This piece afterwards appeared in the April Number of Maga, 1830, under the title of

POETICAL PORTRAITS.

"Orient pearls at random strung."

SHAKSPEARE.

His was the wizard spell,
The spirit to enchain:
His grasp o'er nature fell,
Creation own'd his reign.

MILTON.

His spirit was the home;
Of aspirations high;
A temple, whose huge dome
Was hidden in the sky.

BYRON

Black clouds his forehead bound,
And at his feet were flowers:
Mirth, Madness, Magic found
In him their keenest powers.

SCOTT.

He sings, and lo! Romance
  Starts from its mouldering urn,
While Chivalry's bright lance
  And nodding plumes return.

SPENSER.

Within th' enchanted womb
  Of his vast genius, lie
Bright streams and groves, whose gloom
  Is lit by Una's eye.

WORDSWORTH.

He hung his harp upon
  Philosophy's pure shrine;
And, placed by Nature's throne,
  Composed each placid line.

WILSON.

His strain, like holy hymn,
  Upon the ear doth float,
Or voice of cherubim,
  In mountain vale remote.

GRAY.

Soaring on pinions proud,
  The lightnings of his eye
Scar the black thunder-cloud,
  He passes swiftly by.

BURNS.

He seized his country's lyre,
  With ardent grasp and strong;
And made his soul of fire
  Dissolve itself in song.

BAILLIE.

The Passions are thy slaves;
In varied guise they roll
Upon the stately waves
Of thy majestic soul.

CAROLINE BOWLES.

In garb of sable hue
Thy soul dwells all alone,
Where the sad drooping yew
Weeps o'er the funeral stone.

HEMANS.

To bid the big tear start,
Unchallenged, from its shrine,
And thrill the quivering heart
With pity's voice, are thine.

TIGHE.

On zephyr's amber wings,
Like thine own Psyche borne,
Thy buoyant spirit springs
To hail the bright-eyed morn.

LANDON.

Romance and high-soul'd Love,
Like two commingling streams,
Glide through the flowery grove
Of thy enchanted dreams.

MOORE.

Crown'd with perennial flowers,
By Wit and Genius wove,
He wanders through the bowers
Of Fancy and of Love.

SOUTHEY.

Where Necromancy flings
O'er Eastern lands her spell,
Sustained on Fable's wings,
His spirit loves to dwell.

COLLINS.

Waked into mimic life,
The Passions round him throng,
While the loud "Spartan fife"
Thrills through his startling song.

CAMPBELL.

With all that Nature's fire
Can lend to polish'd Art,
He strikes his graceful lyre
To thrill or warm the heart.

COLERIDGE.

Magician, whose dread spell,
Working in pale moonlight,
From Superstition's cell
Invokes each satellite!

COWPER.

Religious light is shed
Upon his soul's dark shrine;
And Vice veils o'er her head
At his denouncing line.

YOUNG.

Involved in pall of gloom,
He haunts, with footsteps dread,
The murderer's midnight tomb,
And calls upon the dead.

GRAHAME.

O! when we hear the bell
Of "Sabbath" chiming free,
It strikes us like a knell,
And makes us think of Thee!

W. L. BOWLES.

From Nature's flowery throne
His spirit took its flight,
And moves serenely on
In soft, sad, tender light.

SHELLEY.

A solitary rock
In a far distant sea,
Rent by the thunder's shock,
An emblem stands of Thee!

J. MONTGOMERY.

Upon thy touching strain
Religion's spirit fair,
Falls down like drops of rain,
And blends divinely there.

HOGG.

Clothed in the rainbow's beam,
'Mid strath and pastoral glen,
He sees the fairies gleam,
Far from the haunts of men.

THOMSON.

The Seasons as they roll
Shall bear thy name along;
And graven on the soul
Of Nature, live thy song.

MOIR.

On every gentler scene
That moves the human breast,
Pathetic and serene,
Thine eye delights to rest.

BARRY CORNWALL.

Soft is thy lay—a stream
Meand'ring calmly by,
Beneath the moon's pale beam
Of sweet Italia's sky.

CRABBE.

Wouldst thou his pictures know,
Their power—their harrowing truth,—
Their scenes of wrath or woe—
Go gaze on hapless "Ruth."

A. CUNNINGHAM.

Tradition's lyre he plays
With firm and skilful hand,
Singing the olden lays
Of his dear native land.

KEATS.

Fair thy young spirit's mould—
Thou from whose heart the streams
Of sweet Elysium roll'd
Over Endymion's dreams.

BLOOMFIELD.

Sweet bard, upon the tomb
In which thine ashes lie,
The simple wildflowers bloom
Before the ploughman's eye.

HOOD.

Im*pugn* I dare not thee,
For I'm of *puny* brood;
And thou wouldst *pun*ish me
With *pungent* hardiHOOD.

About the middle of February, the Second Editio of the Anatomy of Drunkenness made its appearance. From the letter accompanying the author's presentation copy to myself, the following extract is made:

"Glasgow, 16th February 1828.

"My Dear Sir,—The second edition of my work is just out to-day, and I herewith send you three copies—if you wish any more to distribute among our mutual friends, I shall be most happy to send you them. You will observe that I have inscribed to Delta. For doing this, I trust I need make no farther apology, as you gave me wide latitude of acting, and my publisher was most anxious that the thing should be done as I have done it. After all, the volume is so much more literary than scientific, that I thought it could be dedicated to you under your signature with great propriety. My only dread is, that it will do you little honour. If you receive one tithe of the credit from the work which it receives from being associated with you, I shall consider myself well off indeed.

"Now, my Dear Sir, will you do me the favour of

perusing my production, and of letting me know, as soon as your convenience admits, how you like it. There is one thing, which I am pretty confident of, which is, that the getting up of the volume will give you great pleasure. It seems to me very creditable to a Glasgow printer and publisher, and I do not think would do discredit to Ebony himself."

* * * * * *

"I am glad that 'The Bards' pleases you, and that Terence O'Flagherty meets with your approbation. I always thought that Blackwood would have kept him, and I am glad to find you of the same opinion.

"So busy have I been for some time, that your Hymn to Hesperus in last number, and Hogg's article are the only things I have yet had time to read. Indeed, for the last four months I have been harassed beyond measure, and have scarcely had a moment which I can call my own. I wish the fine season were in, that I might get to the country. If I can manage to steal away for a month, I shall perhaps take a trip to the continent. I was in Paris in 1824–5, and am anxious to revisit my friends in that quarter once more. This, however, I may be unable to effect, as our unlucky profession makes mere slaves of us all, and binds us like pillars to one spot of earth. I am, my dear Sir, your's most truly, R. M."

" P. S.—I always forgot to ask you if you were the author of a very amusing squib on the Hamiltonian System, which appeared in an Edinburgh paper some months ago? It began as follows:

' Ego Benjius Wauchus, filius Mansii Wauchi, &c.
I, Benjie Wauch, son of Mansie Wauch, &c.' "

I do not think that I was able to answer the query here put; at all events there was no guilt on my own individual part, in having put the sensibilities of Mr Hamilton to the trial. In a note of 25th of same month, my friend writes, " You will of course have received long ere this, the parcel which I sent you, containing my work and some other things. I hope you will write me soon, and tell me how the second edition pleases you.

" If any part of the present poem strikes you as susceptible of improvement, I need not say how happy I shall be that it received your remarks. The subject is a very good one, but Byron has already written so gloriously upon Greece, that no man can make the attempt now with any degree of success."

The poem here alluded to was entitled " Thermopylæ." Every one must agree with the author,—for all have read the Giaour and Childe Harold, the Bride of Abydos and the Corsair,—that it is dangerous to enter within the magic circle, consecrated by the ge-

nius of their author. Withal, however, it must be allowed, that, in the following lines, are many fine thoughts and happy images.

THERMOPYLÆ.

Thermopylæ, though misty time
Hath mantled o'er thy rocks sublime;
Though Athens moulders in decay;
Though Sparta's towers have passed away;
Though Corinth's temples ruined stand,
And Thebes be vanished from its land;
Yet, shrine of freedom and of fame,
Thy frowning pass remains the same!
Time, with his searing hand, no trace
Hath left upon thy rocky face,
And there thou frownest in thy power,
The same as in that glorious hour,
When Sparta's self-devoted few
Within the gap their phalanx drew,
And taught the wondering Persian there,
What freemen will for freedom dare!

The same art thou, Thermopylæ,
And still the same shalt ever be.
Nature is changeless, and thou art
But of her mighty whole a part;
Falls down the tower and fades the tree,
But change no empire has o'er thee,
Although 'tis widely round thee spread,
Thou temple of the mighty dead.—
Where is the heart's heroic mould,
Which guarded thee in days of old?
Quenched is the patriot flame for ever,
In Apathy's unflowing river?

Dwells in the offspring of such sires,
No spark of their ancestral fires?
Are those who in thy pass have graves
But the progenitors of slaves?—
Alas! forlorn Thermopylæ,
Such are the hordes now circling thee,
And peopling Greece,—o'er which hath past
Wild Desolation's tempest blast;
The Athenian lyre is still, and mute
The sound of Lacedemon's flute;
Ruin reclines on Corinth's strand;
Slumber in death the Theban band;
And Delphi's shrines, that rolled on high
Their clouds of incense, prostrate lie;
Yet o'er each plain, and o'er each hill
The ghost of grandeur hovers still.

And shall it thus for ever be
Land of immortal name with thee?
In vain from thee have heroes sprung
Have sages taught, have minstrels sung—
Cymon, Leonidas were thine,
Plato with musing soul divine,
Miltiades with soul of fire,
And he, the father of the lyre!
The light from minds like these displayed
Now lends thy days a darker shade,
And adds a stigma to the shame
Which mantles o'er thy modern name!

When we consider the mental exertions of Mr Macnish during this and the preceding year, we are made at once aware of his having discovered the fact, of how important it is in all the circumstances of life

to economize time. Perhaps by no profession—not even by that of the Law, is the mind so much broken down piece-meal as by that of Medicine—a thousand cords like those of Laputa chaining up at every side the freedom of its opportunities and of its operations. An extensive observation of the science presupposes not only great intellectual research, but great bodily fatigue in the possessor. Add to this, the utter uncertainty of leisure—the utter uncertainty of the unslacking of the bowstring of exertion, whether by night or by day—of that repose, that breathing-time of thought, so necessary for mental digestion. Time and custom are despotic levellers ; and the professor of the healing art is destined to know and to feel for a long time, but too acutely, that " even the Sabbath shines, no Sabbath day" for him ; until at length his spirit becomes subdued " to that it works in, like the dyer's hand."

Per contra, be it allowed, that this state of matters has advantages to counterbalance unavoidable evil so formidable as this ; and these are to be found in the intellectual training necessarily in process of time produced by its operation, together with the habit of applying to useful or ornamental purposes all those odds and ends of time—those half hours and spare minutes, which with mankind generally are allowed to slip

away, unemployed and unimproved. It is from this cause and from this alone, that, while the idle and the indolent seem always most pushed for time, those who accomplish most have apparently some of it to spare. While holding in his own person the principal state offices of our mighty empire, the Duke of Wellington, "the bays of immortality already won," could find leisure to answer by the evening post all the letters received in the morning. Sir Walter Scott, in the compass of one year, published fifteen volumes, and fulfilled all his public duties; yet the visitors at Abbotsford found, during the same, that by noon his horse was at the door, and that during the remainder of the day he was ready to act the Ciceronè, through those border scenes, which his pen has imperishably described. Southey's life also affords a brilliant illustration of what may be accomplished from this same system, rigidly and steadily acted upon; and to apply it to Mr Macnish's own profession, where can we find a better or more beautiful example than that afforded by Dr Abercrombie—confessedly one of the first physicians of our day—who, with more unremitted calls on his time and attention than most of his brethren, can yet contrive to write up his scattered remnants of thought, into books not less honourable to his heart than to his head, and destined to exert no inconsiderable in-

fluence, not only over the progress of medical science, but over the intellect and moral feelings of succeeding generations.*

A regular litterateur, subjected for six months to this species of mental discipline, say rather ordeal, would be apt at the end of that probation to give up his calling in despair, and to think the system as hopeless, as it would be, at the expiry of the same period, to transform a marine into an able-bodied seaman, or an alderman of sixteen stone into a jockey of eight. He requires to give free, unfettered, and unconstrained scope to his thoughts, feelings, and reflections; and that can only be done by a seclusion which must not be broken in upon, and by a continuous exercise of intellectual power. This the student of the Medical Art cannot afford; and from the calls upon his attention and care, his days are cut up into shreds and patches, many-coloured as the coat of Joseph. Habits, however, are thus induced of patient investigation, subdued emotion, assiduous zeal, observation, comparison, and reflection; while in process of time the art is acquired of working up all the odds and ends

* *Vide*, Treatises on Diseases of Stomach and Intestines—of Brain and Spinal Chord—Philosophy of the Moral Feelings—of the Intellectual Powers—Harmony of the Christian Character, &c.

of thought, thus leisurely and fortuitously accumulated into a species of mental Mosaic.

In the April of this same year, Mr Macnish sent me his story of "the Man with the Mouth," and his verses "on the Rhine." The former will be found in the second volume of the present work, the latter I subjoin here. In returning the MS. of them to him, the following remarks appear to have been made: "Your Man with the Mouth is a capital thing; and you have really contrived from very little to draw out much. I like it fully as well as 'the Man with the Nose,' good as that was, and certainly a feature of the same face. The whimsicality of the story throughout, and its denouement certainly disarm criticism, but perhaps you are not aware that the Advocates' Library closes at three o'clock, and that there is no admittance after that hour. * The verses on the Rhine, I read and admired before. They are in your best poetical manner, and the occasional introduction of the bi-syllable rhyme has here a very good effect."

TO THE RHINE.

Majestic stream! whose hundred fountains
Have birth among the heathy mountains,
Where she who chains my soul doth dwell,
I love thee more than words can tell.

* Vide the Story.

'Tis not thy track o'erhung with towers
Of antique mould—and clustering bowers—
'Tis not thy waves, romantic Rhine,
Rolling away 'mong hills of pine—
'Tis not the matchless beauty given
To thine o'erarching woods—as heaven
Sighs o'er them with her airy spell—
That bids thee in my memory dwell.

Far other ties, majestic river,
Have bound thee to this heart for ever.
The mountains whence thy streams arise
Are gladden'd over by her eyes—
Her starry eyes—whose glance divine
Was oft in rapture turn'd on mine.
In vision like a radiant gleam,
I see her mirror'd on thy stream·
I hear her voice of silvery tone
Arising from thy waters lone:
I hear her lute's bland echo come
With voice so soft—so all but dumb—
That sound hath wellnigh striven in vain
To mould the melancholy strain,
Which empty silence fain would quell
For ever in his voiceless cell.

River of rivers! unto me
Thy lucid breast shall ever be
A shrine with thousand gifts o'erflowing—
A spirit known though all unknowing.
When by thy wizard banks I stray,
Unnumber'd thoughts bestrew my way—
Thoughts rising, like thy gushing fountains,
Far off, from those romantic mountains

Where she doth dwell who rules my heart—
A solitary star apart—
A wild flower in her native glen,
Far from the busy strife of men.
What wonder then—O, lordly stream—
Since like an everlasting dream,
Her pictured memory dwells with thee,
That thou art all in all to me?
Sweet is thy course, and even the call
Of thunder—when thy waterfall
Grindeth his rebel waves to spray,
And shadoweth with mist the day.
I love thee in thy gentle path—
I love thee in thy moods of wrath—
I love thee when thou glidest under
The boughs unheard—or roll'st in thunder.
Yes, lordly stream, whose hundred fountains
Have birth among the heathy mountains,
Where she who chains my heart doth dwell,
I love thee more than words can tell.

In Blackwood's Magazine of the same year, the Anatomy of Drunkenness was ably and admirably reviewed,—indeed so ably and admirably, as to leave the authorship of the article little doubtful. As conveying the critical opinion of one of the most extraordinary men of our day and generation, regarding Mr Macnish and his book, we cannot resist quoting the opening and concluding paragraphs of this review.

"This little book," says the critic, "is evidently the production of a man of genius. The style is singularly neat, terse, concise, and vigorous, far beyond

the reach of an ordinary mind; the strain of sentiment is such as does infinite honour to the author's heart; and the observation of human life, by which every page is characterized, speaks a bold, active, and philosophical intellect. As a medical treatise it is excellent—but its merit is as a moral dissertation on the nature, causes, and effects of one of the most deplorable and pernicious vices that can degrade and afflict all the on-goings of social life.

"It was not likely, that a work of so much spirit and originality should not very soon attract notice; and accordingly, we are pleased, but not at all surprised, to see that it has already reached a second, and a greatly extended and improved edition. It is perfectly free from all quackery and pretension; the writer does not belong to the solemn and stupid Gold-headed-cane School; he writes with much of the animation and *vivida vis animi* of the late incomparable John Bell; but the character of his style, of his sentiments, and of his opinions, is his own, and his little most entertaining, interesting, and instructive Treatise is stamped from beginning to end with the best of all qualities—originality—of itself enough to hide a multitude of defects, but which is here found allied with uniform sound sense, sagacity and discretion."

After a careful, an acute, and brilliantly written ex-

amination of the treatise, the remarks upon it, thus wind up.

"The article is done; so we bid Mr Macnish farewell with a sincere admiration of his talents. To those who stand in need of advice and warning, this treatise is worth a hundred sermons. As a literary composition its merits are very high—we hope soon again to meet the most ingenious and able author either in the same or some other department."

That Mr Macnish appreciated the honour done him by this review, as he ought, may be readily conceived; and indeed this will be seen by a passage in the following letter. The opening of it referring to an early book of my own, I thought to have omitted; but as that volume has been just re-printed, graced with the illustrations of George Cruickshank, I cannot deny myself the gratification of letting the reader know, how high it stood in the good graces of my ever-partial friend.

"Glasgow, 9th April 1828.

"My Dear Sir,—Allow me to return you many thanks for your attention in sending me "Mansie Wauch," which I received on Monday evening, and which I have perused with great delight. I do not see that you have any grounds to doubt respecting its

merits. The new chapters are every way equal to the old, which have appeared in the Magazine, while the Swedish tale is, I conceive, the very best thing you have ever done, whether in prose or verse. Indeed I know of no story whatever of the same length sketched with more beauty, freedom, and vigour. The language is copious, animated, and nervous, and the details are everywhere dashed over with the colourings of a rich and forcible imagination. Your descriptions of scenery are given with great effect, and without any appearance of labour; and the dialogue is natural, spirited, and impressive. Altogether, the Curate is your *chef-d'œuvre;* and, I shall be mistaken indeed, if it does not elevate you to a still higher seat in the literature of your country. The whole of our family have been busy with Mansie ever since his arrival, and I assure you, we have all been amused beyond measure by the tailor's adventures.

"As you say, I have certainly reason to be proud of the review of my book, but I fear the highly gifted Professor has said a great deal more in its favour than it really deserves. I value the honour he has done me, 'beyond the worth of gold.' Tell your friend Balfour, that I am much obliged to him for his letter, and that I shall certainly avail myself of it in the next edition. I am glad you mentioned the drift of what he

says, for I cannot for my soul read above one-half of the words of his most Babylonish and outrageous fist. My father, my two brothers, and myself, bothered our brains for a couple of hours last night, in the attempt to decypher his epistle, but without success. Nor have two other individuals, to whose inspection I have submitted it, been more fortunate. I mean to show it to the two principal clerks of the great mercantile house of Kirkman Finlay, and I have some hopes that they may be able to read it. What, in the name of the nine, can tempt such a clever fellow as Balfour to write so horridly? *

"Your 'Wintry Landscape' in the March Number, I thought highly of. It is fresh, spirited and poetical, and shows a keen relish, and scrutinizing eye for the features of the material world. This is a faculty that I wholly want. I have no eye whatever for nature. Any thing I can do is with the moral feelings,

* The late Mr Alexander Balfour, author of "Characters Omitted in Crabbe's Parish Register," "Campbell or the Scottish Probationer," Highland Mary," and several other esteemed works. This decrepitude of hand-writing was not, as my friend supposes, the result of carelessness or whim, but was caused by a paralytic attack, which, for many years preceding his death, confined him to a wheel chair. This excellent and amiable man died in 1829, and a volume of his Literary Remains, entitled Weeds and Wildflowers, to which I prefixed a biographical sketch, was published in the following year.

and the objects of art, but beyond that circle, I cannot extend my researches. I cannot help thinking, however, that much of this arises from my living almost entirely in a large town, as I derive, and always have derived, intense pleasure from looking at natural scenery. Your Six Sonnets in last Number are quite to my taste, especially the three last; and of these more especially the middle one, 'Forget Me Not.' The thoughts are chaste and delicate, and sweep across the mind in a stream of liquid and musical language."

'Forget thee?—then hath Beauty lost her charms
To captivate, and Tenderness grown cold,
As the perennial snows of mountains old;
And Hope forsook her throne, and Love his arms.
At morn thou art mine earliest thought, at night
Sweet dreams of thee across my soul are driven:
Almost thou com'st between my heart and heaven
With thy rich voice, and floating eyes of light.—
Forget thee? hast thou then a doubt of me,
To whom thou art like sunshine to the spring?
Forget thee? Never!! Let the April tree
Forget to bud—Autumn ripe fruits to bring—
The clouds to fertilize—the birds to sing—
But never while it beats, this bosom thee!'

"I do not believe these lines are dictated by fancy, but by some living creature, whose image has conspired to clothe them with a portion of her own beauty and tenderness. The Sonnet to Milton is also a noble one—worthy of the subject.

"I am glad to hear that something of your's is to appear in next Number. An article of mine will also be there, so we shall come out in company. My paper is a horridly absurd one, and I was much afraid Blackwood would return it, but he seems very much pleased with it, and I with him for so being. When you write me, you will be so good as let me know your opinion of the thing. I have since sent him a second paper which I myself like better, but so completely have I lost confidence in my own judgment of my own pieces, that I know not what fate it is likely to meet with. I would give L. 500 could I do such a tale as your Curate.

"I dare say you will be sorry to learn that for some time past I have been very unwell, with a threatened affection of the chest, brought on I believe by excessive exposure last winter, but I am now much better; and when the good weather sets in, I have no doubt of getting well. In about two months I intend setting off to the continent for a short time. Could you not accompany me? I am sure you would be delighted with 'the fair fields of France,' and above all, with 'that pleasant place of all festivity' Paris. Write me soon, and let me hear how you are keeping, and also all your literary news.—My Dear Sir, most truly your's,

R. MACNISH."

The poem referred to in this letter was the beautiful little one addressed to a child, which we subjoin. The two papers were the one entitled "the Wig," a story of considerable humour, and a pendant to the adventures of Colonel O'Shaughnessy; the other was an "account of an Execution in Paris," full of minute observation and of graphic power.

To a Child.

Thy memory, as a spell
Of love, comes o'er my mind—
As dew upon the purple bell—
As perfume on the wind—
As music on the sea—
As sunshine on the river—
So hath it always been to me,
So shall it be for ever.

I hear thy voice in dreams
Upon me softly call,
Like echo of the mountain streams
In sportive waterfall.
I see thy form as when
Thou wert a living thing,
And blossom'd in the eyes of men
Like any flower of spring.

Thy soul to heaven hath fled
From earthly thraldom free;
Yet, 'tis not as the dead
That thou appear'st to me.
In slumber I behold
Thy form, as when on earth—

Thy locks of waving gold—
Thy sapphire eye of mirth.

I hear, in solitude,
The prattle kind and free,
Thou utter'st in joyful mood
While seated on my knee.
So strong each vision seems,
My spirit that doth fill,
I think not they are dreams,
But that thou livest still.

In a letter of 3d March, Mr Macnish thus writes to Mr Blackwood.

"My Dear Sir,—I was favoured with your letter along with Maga. I have been for some time most anxious to do something, but this I have been prevented from accomplishing, by an utter incapacity arising from bad health. For a month past, I have been very ill indeed with an affection which threatens to settle upon my lungs, and which has weakened both my body and mind, in no ordinary degree. As soon as the weather is a little milder, I intend going to the continent for a short period. Under these circumstances, when writing is an absolute drug to me, I cannot for one moment suppose that the accompanying communication will at all answer, nor shall I be in any way disappointed by your returning it. You will observe

that it terminates abruptly. The truth is, I could not finish it, although I have the whole plan of the thing cut and dry in my mind. I may mention that the circumstance of an article breaking abruptly off, in an unfinished form, is not an unprecedented one in the Magazine. I think there is something similar in the Steam-Boat, but in stating this, I do not mean to justify any imperfections which exist in mine.

"I am rather mortified at your rejection of my two little pieces. I flattered myself that one or the other of them would have answered. However, it cannot be helped. I have no wish that you should put any thing of mine in Maga, which would dishonour her pages. If you are still averse to their insertion, you need not trouble yourself returning me them, as I find I have other copies.

"I hope I shall be able soon to do something readable. At present I feel the most horrible languor and mental torpidity, which render me quite useless. This is the more unlucky, as my mind is full of humorous incidents and situations, which might afford matter for four or five tales.

"Be so good as give the packet to Professor Wilson. It merely contains a copy of my book, which I hope he will accept of.—Excuse this prosing, and believe me, my Dear Sir, most truly your's,

ROBT. MACNISH."

This design of revisiting France was not, however, as we shall find, carried into execution, for some time after this. In a letter dated 5th September 1828, he asks me "By the bye, how did you like 'the Music of the Spheres' in the August No. of Maga? I have had it in contemplation for some time, to write a book on dreams, or rather on sleep, to be called the Philosophy of Sleep. I think the subject is a good and taking one, if it could only be managed well. Have you been in Edinburgh lately, and what are you busy about? I am sure something. I have been a good deal from home since seeing you, and so occupied one way and another, that I have had little leisure to myself."

This is the first intimation of the Philosophy of Sleep,—the next considerable literary undertaking of Mr Macnish. On the 25th of the same month, he writes—"I told you that in a month or so, we expected to go to press with a new edition of the Anatomy (the third.) I saw a few days ago, a pile of the Spectator, in which Mansie Wauch is spoken of in terms of high admiration, and put at the very head of the works published last season,—scarcely even excepting Sir Walter's." The following are the verses alluded to, entitled

The Music of the Spheres.

[The Ancients entertained an idea, that the Celestial Bodies emitted melodious sounds on their passage through the Heavens—every Planet and Star, according to this strange fiction, being accompanied with music of its own creating.]

Soft are your voices, O! ye spheres,
Even as the tones of other years—
Unheard, and yet remember'd still,
'Mid gleams of joy or clouds of ill.
Why move ye on from day to day,
Scattering sweet sounds upon your way?
Wherefore those strains, like incense flung
By white-robed priest upon the wind,
Or music from an angel's tongue,
Whose echo lingers long behind,
And fills with calm delight our ears?
For such your murmurs are, O spheres!
Solemn your march, and far remote
The fairy region where ye float.
No human power your tones may catch,
No seraph voice their softness match—
Fancy alone, with listening ear,
Their echoing streams of sound can hear;
And thinks, as with enraptured eye
She marks your bright orbs sweep the sky,
To seize those notes which mortals deem
A fabulous unsubstantial dream.

But never, tuneful orbs, to me
Shall your strange music fable be.
I hear ye float on airy wing
Upon the genial breath of spring.
By you the pointed beams of light
Are wing'd with music on their flight.
On falling snow and cloudlet dim
Your spirit floats—a holy hymn.

Methinks the South wind bears your song,
Blended with rich perfumes, along:
Even Silence with his leaden ear
Your mystic strain is forced to hear,
And Nature, as ye sail around
Her viewless realm, is fill'd with sound.
Such the wild dreams of airy thought
By Fancy to the poet taught.

Roll on, roll on, majestic spheres,
Through the long tide of coming years;
Voices to you of old were given
To sing your glorious path through heaven;
Voices to hail the dawn of light,
Voices to charm the ear of Night,
And make sweet music as ye stray
In myriads through the milky way.

Although on the whole improved during the summer months of the year, Mr Macnish's health was any thing but robust, and caused that *ennui*, which unfits for healthy mental exertion. From the following note, we find that this state of languor and depression was continued into autumn.

"To WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, Esq.

Glasgow, 1st September 1828.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I was favoured with your letter of 28th, along with Maga, and I have thought it as well to write you a few lines, lest you might calculate

upon my sending you something for next Number—a deed, which I doubt it will be impossible for me to accomplish. Indeed I do not know what is the matter with me, but I feel as if it will be impossible for me to do any thing hereafter worth a single farthing. In fact, I am completely losing the power of composition, and in a year or two, I suspect I shall feel as much difficulty, as I at present feel aversion, even in writing a letter.

"I suspect I do very wrong in troubling you with any more of my verses. I have already so often plagued you in this way, that you will probably be disgusted by my perseverance. However, this is the last time I shall harass you in this line, and if the piece does not please you (and I do not suppose it will) you must just destroy it.—I am, my dear Sir, very truly your's, ROBERT MACNISH."

The verses alluded to were those "On a Girl Sleeping," which appeared in the Number for the January following, and which we shall in due time subjoin. As to his threat of abjuring The Muses, that, like lovers' protestations, was made only to be broken. Probably he was perfectly sincere at the time, but, not unlike Lord Byron, he was, in his verse-making, very prone to take eternal farewells of the public.

About this very time, I visited my friend in Glasgow, and remained with him for the greater part of two days. Never having been in the capital of the west before this, he gave up every moment of his spare time, in showing me the lions of St Mungo. Through his friendly report, I was already well known to the members of his family, who welcomed me as an old friend, and showed me all kindness and hospitality. My pleasure in the visit was also much heightened, by my finding the high estimation in which my friend was held by all, who had opportunity of discovering and appreciating his worth. Notwithstanding his modesty and retiring manners,—which to those unacquainted with him, might be even supposed to assume a degree of peculiarity,—the uprightness, singleness, and excellence of his character were publicly remarked; and those who knew him best, loved him the most sincerely. He was a living impersonation of Wordsworth's Matthew in the respect, that

> "You must know him, ere to you
> He will seem worthy of your love."

From Glasgow, I proceeded to the north of England to pay a visit to a family there, in which resided the young lady, who was, next year, to become my wife. This tender subject is here mentioned necessarily, for the elucidation of the following passage from

a letter of 25th September. It is perhaps rather a sweet *morceau;* but it shows that the writer had not only a gentle heart of his own, but a cordial sympathy with the happiness of others. Phrenologist as he afterwards became, no one could ever mistake him for a disciple of Rochfoucault. He there says,

"I was favoured with your kind letter, and the plates for the Souvenir on Saturday, and am most happy that you have got home in safety from your travels.

"I can easily conceive that your short sojourn in the neighbourhood of the Tweed must have been one of intense happiness. All the most beautiful and ennobling feelings of the mind are brought into play on such an occasion; and the delight a person enjoys is precisely in proportion to his susceptibility of whatever is virtuous and lovely. * * Such felicity, however, as you must have felt is of such rare occurrence in this life, that we almost regret it ever takes place, so completely does the remembrance of its bright moments throw all the rest of existence into blacker gloom. Alas! alas! Shakespeare's beautiful, though somewhat hacknied observation is most dreadfully true—'the course of true love never did run smooth' —and there are thousands of both men and women

who are verifying it to their own miserable cost. If I were not ashamed, I could write for a month upon this subject, but I dare do no more than enter upon it."

Few of Mr Macnish's townsmen were, however, at this time aware of his being the Modern Pythagorean of the celebrated Northern Magazine; and, he had thus the opportunity of hearing his essays candidly criticised, along with the other literary novelties of the day. That he was more than suspected, nevertheless, of being an admitted worshipper at the shrine of Maga,—at that shrine which had received the first oblations of Lockhart, Maginn, Hamilton, Howison, Aird, Anster, Warren, Michael Scott, and other now distinguished names, may be surmised from the following passage in a letter of introduction, brought me by the late Mr Thomas Atkinson—a character well known among the *blues* of the west—and author of the Chameleon and other spirited works.

"By the bye you had better not let Mr A. into the secret of the authorship of any of my articles in Maga. He will probably ask you, and I am not quite sure, but that the vanity of knowing them will make him blab to all his friends. Give him the go-by the best way you can."

His sketch of Tom in the same epistle, if I may be

permitted to judge from a very slight acquaintance with him, was not incorrect, though perhaps rather done in sharp outline. "He is a person," writes Mr Macnish, "of some talent and even genius; but it is of a very curious, and ill-organized description. I always feel very averse to giving letters of introduction, as they are in most cases mere annoyances to those to whom they are addressed; and, on the present occasion, I was very unwilling to comply with Mr A.'s request; but I did not like to refuse him, as he is most anxious to be introduced to you—and though rather talkative and self-sufficient, a fellow of good heart and decided ability."

After some farther remarks, on the value of time to professional people, he adds,

"What are you doing just now? For a long time I have been quite idle on all literary affairs, but otherwise I have been pretty busy, and am at present so much occupied professionally that I have not much spare time upon my hands. Fortunately the weather is at present delightful, which renders walking much more agreeable at this season of the year, than it generally is.

"Allow me to return you many thanks for your attention in sending me the Forget Me Not, which I received on Saturday.—I was much amused with 'The

Shaving Shop' in Maga. It is full of humour, and highly creditable to you; but why did you not put your signature to so excellent an article? In those bustling times a man should take all the credit he can get. I had a letter from Mr Blackwood saying that my 'Paris Execution' was kept back for a double Number which he intended having had this month. I suppose it will appear by and bye. Some days ago I sent him a queer little sketch called 'the Loves of the Learned,' which he says he likes very much. This also I fancy will have a place in Maga.

"I do not mean to do anything more for the Annuals, or indeed for any other publication whatever except Blackwood. I am not quite sure that an author consults his own dignity much, by making himself so cheap as to write for all the slight periodicals which ask him. I think he appears far more respectably before the public eye by confining himself to one reputable work, which he is sure will not insert his productions unless really creditable to himself and it. If it will oblige *you*, that I should send any thing to your friend Pringle, I shall be most happy to do so, but if on this point you are indifferent, I would rather decline.

"We have not yet gone to press with the third edition of the Anatomy, but expect to do so soon; and

as soon as it appears it shall be immediately forwarded to you. I think I shall be able materially to improve it."

The following passages from another letter, dated 13th of November, are sufficiently characteristic to merit extract.

"I was favoured with your kind letter of Monday, accompanied by the liberal order of Smith, Elder, and Co., and I need not tell you how much I am obliged to you for your trouble and attention. The sum sent me I cannot but consider very handsome, in so far as it is more than the tale is worth. To speak honestly I cared nothing about remuneration, and would have been perfectly satisfied had they never sent me a farthing. As it is you will be so good as return them my best thanks."

In allusion to another little transaction, he adds—"On the word of an honest man, I never looked for remuneration, and when you tell me of guaranteeing payment for any piece I may hereafter send, it makes me blush to think that I am so fallen in your estimation as to be supposed capable of requiring any such security. Wisdom in money matters I have none, and never had. Above all I never placed any value whatever upon my literary productions; and Mr Blackwood could tell you that I have ere now return-

ed him money, which he has sent me for articles. My thoughtlessness indeed in pecuniary matters has been to me most pernicious, and with my good friends constitutes the greatest blemish of my character.

"A very unpleasant circumstance occurred to me some days ago, which has obliged me to come before the public in a most disagreeable manner. I was lately waited upon by Atkinson to whom (and Lord forgive me for doing it!) I was simple enough to give a letter of introduction to you. He enquired at me, by the desire of Mr Bell of the Edinburgh Literary Journal, about to be started, whether I would contribute to that work. I refused point-blank, and supposed the matter was over, when in three days afterwards a paragraph appeared in the Scots Times, giving me, along with several others, (most of them asses,) as one of the contributors. This was too much, so I wrote a contradiction of it, signed with my own name, to the Glasgow Herald, in which it appeared two days after. The original fabrication proceeded from Atkinson, whom I called upon, and taxed with it in no measured terms. Tom succumbed at once, became as white as a sheet,—and stammered out the best apology he was able. As the paragraph in the Scots Times contained a scurrilous attack on Maga, I sent Mr Blackwood a copy of the paper, and wrote

him at large, detailing all the circumstances. Two days ago I had an answer from him highly approving of all I had done. His letter is a master-piece of epistolary vituperation, levelled against the vile crew of Whig scribblers in Glasgow—most of whom he assures me are fifty-times rejected contributors. The part of the business which disgusted me most, was to see myself classed with such creatures as ——, and ——, and ——, and ——, the whole of whom, myself among the number, being absurdly spoken of as distinguished literary characters. I resolved at once to disconnect myself with such a crew. Had I not done so, I must not only have been looked upon as one of the low squad, but my literary character would have been identified with theirs. I think I acted properly on the occasion, and the more I think of it, the more I am satisfied with the step I took.

"It is with considerable delicacy that I mention the subject, but as you have already given me your confidence, I hope I may do so without impropriety. I have just heard that you are to be married immediately. Is this true? I hope so, and with my hopes, I send you and her, who must be dearer to you than life, a thousand of my warmest wishes. I am sure you will be very happy together, constituted, as I am convinced, both your minds are."

Of several of the gentlemen here vituperated, I have reason to know that he lived to form a very different estimate,—for his mind was too candid to reject, at any time, fair evidence and testimony, however lately acquired. Some of them had then done little to make themselves known; others were naturally incapable of ever doing any thing beyond mediocrity. Those who afterwards vindicated their rights, by legitimate effort, he was among the first to hail, and it will be seen in the sequel, that with Motherwell he lived on terms of cordial and affectionate intimacy. His first impulses, as may be supposed from his temperament, were always warm, but he soon cooled down; felt aware of error; and the generosity of his nature made more than the required allowance for any casual severity of remark.

The only other correspondence with Mr Macnish, during this year, was in letters of the 2d and of the 9th December. In the former he says,

"Some days ago I read the Gem, which, I must say, rather disappointed me. I expected much from Hood, but his volume does not seem in any way superior to his brethren; and, but for a few redeeming papers, would be no great things. Your 'Maid of Damascus' is a slight, but graceful performance, and the incidents are well told; but, upon the whole, it

is not one of your happiest pieces. 'Catching a Tartar' is far superior, and quite worthy of your pen. The humour is uncommonly rich, and, in the true spirit of the inimitable Tailor. But excellent as this 'unpublished Chapter' is, it is by no means equal to Mansie's 'June Jaunt' in the new Number of Maga. This I should think one of the very best things you ever did. It is positively excellent—well filled up, and pervaded by a delightfully rural spirit. There is nothing meagre about it,—the whole paper from beginning to end, is full of flesh and blood, and must be an universal favourite. If ever Mansie goes through another edition, which I am sure it will, you must, by all means, insert this chapter, and the one in the Gem. They will prove great acquisitions to the work."

"What do you think of my 'Execution'? I do not suppose you will like it much. Indeed, there is little of it either to like or dislike.

"Now, my dear Sir, write me as soon as you can, and give me all your news, literary and domestic, as Mansie Wauch would say. Are you writing anything just now, and what? Have you seen Malcolm's new volume of poems? They are elegant, but rather feeble. Tell me what you think of Lamb's dramatic piece, that when I read it, I may see what my impressions are compared with your's."

With many of these cursory, and no doubt hastily digested observations, I cannot quite agree. The volume of the Gem here alluded to contains "The Dream of Eugene Aram"—one of the most successful efforts of modern poetry, and, of itself, enough to float a quarto of common-place. Even with my own poor productions—overrated as the whole three here mentioned are by the partial criticism of my friend—I do not think that his usual sagacity is displayed, the chapter in Hood being, *me-ipso judice*, certainly one of the best of the series to which it belongs. Both it and "the June Jaunt" will be found incorporated, as Mr Macnish suggested, in the new edition of Mansie. The "Execution of Antoine" is one of the most graphic of all the pieces, which he himself ever composed. The style and manner are admirable throughout, and, considering the elements he had to work with, nothing can be conceived more forcible or effective. The whole scene is brought before us with almost pictorial effect, and superadded are observations and reflections beyond the painter's scope.

The dramatic piece of Charles Lamb here alluded to, was "The Wife's Trial," which I had previously read in Elia's manuscript. Regarding it, Mr Macnish subsequently remarks, in a letter of 9th December,—"Last night I engaged myself perusing

'The Wife's Trial,' which struck me as being a chaste, beautiful, and very effective performance, every way worthy of its accomplished author."

The same letter thus concludes—"In the course of a few days we go to press with a new edition of the Anatomy—which I shall take care to send you as soon as published. It will be much improved.

"I expected to have had the pleasure of seeing you this winter, and I intended being in Edinburgh a few days; but I fear it will be impossible for me to manage it. At all events, if I live so long, I shall see you next summer.

We have deferred inserting the following letter in its proper place, as to date, simply because the *brochures* it mentions were not published, the one till the December, and the other till the January following.

"To WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, Esq.

"Glasgow, 16th July 1828.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Allow me to return you my warmest thanks for your most handsome present of the Magazine, which arrived here in safety yesterday morning. I am really ashamed to accept such a valuable work as a gift, knowing as I do how difficult it will be for me to do any thing adequate in return.

"It was my intention not to have troubled you

with an article till I could have sent you one in my very best style of humour; but as it behoved me to acknowledge the receipt of your present, I thought I would just try and dash off something short to accompany this letter. Accordingly, yesterday forenoon I set to work and wrote out an account of an Execution at Paris, of which I was an eye-witness. It is merely a dry detail of facts without a single particle of fancy or humour. Nothing is stated but what actually occurred, nor is there the slightest exaggeration. Whether it will answer I know not, but hope it will. There are many people fond of these horrible subjects, and the paper is at any rate not a long one. I shall be no ways disappointed if it does not answer.

"Along with it I send you a small poem. I am almost ashamed doing so, knowing how much you are troubled with ryhmes. If, however, you give it a place, I need not say that I shall be highly gratified indeed. As I do not bother you much with verse, I am sure you will excuse me sending you the present one.

"I shall not trouble you with any communication till I send you something worthy of Maga. The present paper is the only serious composition I have done for two years and a half, and consequently rather out of my usual line. I am, my dear Sir, your's sincerely.

ROBT. MACNISH."

The verses here alluded to are the following. The only fault of the poem is its shortness.

ON A GIRL SLEEPING.

Thou liv'st! yet how profoundly deep
The silence of thy tranquil sleep!
Like death it almost seems;
So all unbroke the sighs which flow
From thy calm breast of spotless snow,
Like music heard in dreams.

Thy soul is filled with gentle thought,
Unto its shrine by angels brought
From Heaven's supreme abode;
Thy dreams are not of earthly things,
But, borne upon Religion's wings,
They lift thee up to God.

My correspondence with Mr Macnish, for 1829, was commenced, it would appear, by a letter dated 8th January, from which the following passages are extracted.

"I daresay you cannot be more shocked at my negligence as a correspondent, than I am myself, for, on looking at the date of your last letter, I find that I am fully six weeks in arrears. Let me, however, plead as my apology, that I have had nothing particular to communicate,—news literary and domestic having been for sometime rather to the tune of common-place, and much below par,—except in the latter

department, the Burke and Hare melo-drama, which Mansie would make a mixed metaphor of, by styling it now threadbare; so universally, and no wonder,—has its picturesqueness excited public attention.

"Seriously, however, nothing ever gave me a viler opinion of medical morality, than the conduct of the Profession on this atrociously memorable occasion; and nothing, I am sure, since the days that old Herophilus dissected living men, has ever occurred, which should—and will more effectually humble it in public estimation.* It was said, that in France, it took a long series of years to raise medicine from the paltriness to which the powerful satire of Moliere laughed it; but how much greater reason have the British public to dread and detest a science, which in its abominations, has trampled morality, religion, and every feeling of common humanity under foot, which has countenanced a tragedy to which the fiction of Bluebeard

* Celsus, Tertullian, and others, ascribe to both Herophilus and Erasistratus, the shocking barbarity of opening the bodies of living criminals, for the furtherance of their physiological views. Vide Cels. Præfat. Tertullian de Animâ, c. 10. The words of the latter are curious. "Herophilus ille, medicus aut lanius, qui sex centos exsecuit ut naturam scrutaretur, qui hominem odit ut nosset, nescio an omnia interna ejus liquido explorarit, ipsa morte mutante quæ vixerant, et morte non simplici, sed ipsa inter artificia exsectionis errante."—P. 757.

in his bloody chamber, is but a foil,—and which now unblushingly comes forward to defend on the plea of the advancement of knowledge, the perpetration of cold-blooded murders. Faugh!

"Having hanged Burke, and set Hare out of the way, give me now leave to wonder what you have been doing, as I have seen no '*shot*' of your's for some time. Recollect, however, that *shot* does not here imply '*a murdered subject*,' as I never saw a subject, 'pon honour, under your hands, to which I could veritably apply that appellation.

"Are you getting on at press with the new edition of the *Anatomy*, and in the closet with the *Philosophy of Sleep*? I trust so,—and that with the latter you will cause the public to *stare broad awake!* But, confound bad punning. For myself, I can answer, that I have been industriously idle. Industrious in so far as I have been collecting, correcting, and copying over sundry long-ago written stories; and idle in so far as having produced almost nothing new, except some three or four little poems, one of which 'the Deserted Sea Port,' was in last Maga, and another, of a class superior to it, 'the Deserted Church-yard,' is still *in retentis*.

* The cant word used by these miscreants for a fellow-creature entrapped and murdered to be afterwards sold for dissection.

"I had lately a letter from Pringle, requesting something for his next, and begging me to interfere in his behalf with you, for a prose story for him. Do accede to this, and also give one to Ackermann. But, on this score, by all means be regulated by your own proper feelings and judgment."

Shortly after the commencement of 1829, Mr Macnish was seized with fever, which at first, although not of a very violent character, became dangerous in its consequences from a relapse, following premature exposure to the open air. From these two attacks, he was confined to bed or the sofa, for a couple of months, in a state of great languor and debility; while the shock, which his constitution had received, was productive of other symptoms of a most alarming character, which rendered him a most suffering invalid for two more. Not having been apprised of his situation, I had taken up my pen to chide his silence, when, on the 16th April, I received a letter from his brother George, giving a detailed account of his situation, and expressing Robert's anxiety that I should write to him. This I immediately did in a letter, from which I extract the following passages:

"I need not tell you with what heartfelt regret it was, that I heard of your illness; although I somehow feared that your delay in writing me proceeded from

I have sent for Maga a little poem, entitled 'A Shadow of Truth,' which will probably appear in next number.

"I have had applications both from Pringle and Ackermann for something from you for their next volumes. If you have any thing past you, (what has become of 'the Loves of the Learned?') let them have them, and oblige me.

"I am most anxious to hear that you are getting well. Write me, however briefly, when you can hold a pen, for, not to be in the least tautological, an *ipso-facto* deed is its own best evidence, and likewise stands counsel in its own case."

On the 24th of the same month, I received an answer, still not in his own handwriting, but dictated to one of his sisters, in which he informs me of his still very delicate state of health, and of his even then "being wholly unable to hold the pen." In conclusion, he adds, "I send you three chapters of my work 'On Sleep,' to see how you like them; and shall be glad to have your opinion. I have made my sister enclose you 'The Loves of the Learned' for Pringle; and I also wish much, that you would send to the same destination my little piece 'The Tear,' which I am very anxious to see in good society. I believe I sent you a copy of it, about eight months ago, but as some ac-

cident may have possibly befallen it, I hereby transmit you another copy—your own, however, should it have been preserved, will probably be the more correct of the two, being in my own hand-writing. I have the strongest hopes, that Pringle will like 'The Loves of the Learned.' For Ackermann I have made be sent 'The Red Man,' which Mr Blackwood liked much, but returned to me, two years ago, on account of its too great resemblance to 'The Man with the Nose.' Towards it, therefore, ever since, I have entertained the utmost contempt; but, on carefully re-reading it, I really find that it is not so bad as I supposed: I wish you would look over it, and make any corrections and improvements you may think fit. Along with this, I request your acceptance of a volume of poems by Dugald Moore of this city. You will oblige me by doing a review of it for the New Literary Gazette. The leading poem is a failure, but some of the minor pieces strike me as being extremely beautiful. I may mention, that the author is a young man of twenty-three, a common journeyman copper-plate printer with Mr Lumsden, stationer, here. Do what you can for him."

About ten days from the date of the foregoing, I find that I received from Mr Macnish a letter in his own welcome hand-writing, but so scrawlly and un-

certain, as to bear but a remote resemblance to his accustomed clear, characteristic, and graphic penmanship. In this he says, "I am really quite ashamed to trouble you in this manner, but I am sure you will pardon the querulous impatience of a sick man. About ten days ago I sent you a large packet, of which I have as yet heard no account. I know well enough that I am scarcely entitled to an answer as yet, but somehow, about every day for the last week, I have been most anxiously looking for one. Will you therefore, my dear Sir, let me hear from you, if possible, on Wednesday; by which time I will confidently look for a reply. I fear much, that my bodily ailments have communicated a morbid irritability to my mind, so I must again entreat your forgiveness. * * *

"The fever has entirely left me for some time, but it has been succeeded by a most painful affection in the sternum, and cartilages of the right ribs. Last night I was seized with a spasmodic attack in the intercostal muscles, during which I was nearly suffocated. I have had an issue over the affected parts for a month, without almost any effect. Two days ago, Professor Burns (my father not liking to operate on his own flesh and blood,) attempted to insert a seton, but found it quite impracticable from the tense state of the skin. Altogether I have suffered exceedingly,

both from the disease and the treatment. In proof of this I may mention, that, since the commencement of my illness, I have been bled and blistered twenty-six times. When I shall recover, God knows; but, during the summer, at any rate, I must be a useless vessel. May God bless you.

"This letter is written in bed with great difficulty. I have an immense deal to tell you, when I am able. R. M."

From this state of horrible suffering and misery, which he bore throughout with philosophical fortitude, Mr Macnish slowly, but gradually recovered, to the great joy and gratitude of his relatives and friends—all of whom felt aware, that the utmost watchfulness over him, would be for a long time necessary.

The receipt of this letter shocked me exceedingly, as I had entertained no adequate idea of the extent and danger of my dear friend's ailments, which now seemed on the point of breaking up his constitution entirely, passing from general fever to one painful local affection after another. Immediately on its reaching me, which appears to have been on 4th May, I sat down to answer it. Part of this letter I extract, principally for its literary remarks.

"I duly received your letter this morning, and

loathe, hate, and abominate myself for not answering your last before this; but my apology is, that I wished to give your 'Chapters on Dreaming' a careful perusal, and write you along with them, some time this week. I shall now defer doing so till beginning of next.

"It grieves me exceedingly to hear that you are still so very unwell, but strongly trust that the genial weather, now seemingly about to set in, will restore you in a little while to your accustomed health and vigour. Our climate has been for the last two months so villanously bad, that recoveries from complaints of any kind have been exceeding tardy, and sickness has prevailed so generally, that there must have been a sad thinning of his Majesty's subjects. If you read at present at all, let it be only works of sheer amusement; and, for any sake, dont tax your mind with any literary speculations, until your strength improves. Your Chapters on Dreaming are excellent,—but of these hereafter.

"With your Man Mountain I was much pleased. There is a great deal of poetry and power of writing in it, and it has, I believe, been very generally liked. There is a wild shadowy Coleridgean indefiniteness also, and the variety of its illustration is extraordinary. I do not like 'The Loves of the Learned' so well as

'The Red Man,' though you seem to prefer the former. Not that 'the Loves' is not a good thing—far from it—I agree with Mr Blackwood that there are some capital touches in it;—but his royal Redness I consider one of your very best stories; and, if the end had been a little improved, it would to me have been a perfect thing in its way. There is a deep rich mellow vein of humour in it; and its descriptive touches equal those of Diedrich Knickerboeker himself. * * * * * As I said before, I must defer any remarks on the Philosophy of Sleep till I return the Chapters. Heaven grant that I may soon hear of your convalescence."

On the 11th May he concludes a note to me, by saying, "Excuse the brevity of this letter. I am really so weak that I cannot get on farther. My breast is better, but my general strength is not improving so rapidly as could be wished. I am taking quinine and claret, by way of giving me a little vigour. If you have any packet for Mr Chorley of Liverpool, you had better send it to me, when you return my Chapters on Sleep, as I can get it forwarded by a mercantile friend of mine, having a daily parcel. How did you like my 'Man Mountain?'

My answer to these letters having been preserved, appears to have been as follows:

"Musselburgh, May 11, 1829.

"My Dear Sir,—I take up my pen to write you a few lines, sincerely hoping that you are now nearly recovered, and that the genial season, rapidly and steadily setting in, will completely renovate you.

"With this I return your most interesting MSS. from which I can sufficiently judge, that you will be able to make of 'Dreaming' as popular a subject, as you have made of 'Drunkenness.' Sleep, indeed, is just the poetry of physiology; and, in your hands, I have no doubt that it will be proved to be so,—as it affords room for illustrations and imagery, which can alone be modified by the mind of him who treats of it.

"I see that you differ from Hazlitt, who, in a paper in the Round Table—if I remember right—contends among others for the doctrine of ideas perpetually going on during sleep, and that, if a person is suddenly awoke at any given time, and asked what he has been dreaming about, he will at once be recalled to a train of associations, with which his mind has been busied. I must confess, that I am somewhat a convert to this doctrine; as, in my opinion, it constitutes one of the prime distinctions between sleep, syncope, and death. Sleep is natural, and if dreaming be disease, why do the healthy dream at all?

"In this point of view, man must be considered as

a being of a compound nature, and accountable only so far as his intellectual can keep in subjection his mere animal nature. When the former is the case, he is said to be awake—to be himself; when the latter, to be asleep. The more profound that sleep is, of course the less vividly do the trains of thought pass through the mind, and of course also the associations are more or less distinct—the dreams more or less vivid. When the animal part of the economy has been sufficiently renovated by rest, the intellectual part of our nature throws off the trammels, which have been imposed upon it, and the person then awakes to a state of consciousness and accountability. I have expressed myself very imperfectly, I am aware, but I dare say you see what I am driving at;—which is the establishment of the theory of Dreaming being an integral part, and inseparable adjunct of sleep.

"In your section 'On the Phenomena of Dreams,' you may borrow some beautiful poetical illustrations from Byron, Scott, and Wordsworth—especially from the last in his sublime 'Ode on the Indications of Immortality,' in which there are some curious metaphysical views, in a great measure borrowed from the *ancient Pythagorean* philosophy. In the Lay of the Last Minstrel you recollect a very beautiful passage

in which the greyhounds, slumbering at the hall hearth, are said to be chasing the deer in their dreams

'From Teviot stone to Eskdale-muir.'

"Of the Prophetic Power of Dreams, Sir Walter has lately given a very curious specimen, which is now going the round of the Newspapers.* It is said to be an illustration of Miss Grizel Oldbuck's dream '*Charta, Charta,*' in the Antiquary. Sir Walter's solution is also excellent. On the same subject there are some curious particulars in 'Hibbert on Apparitions.' I would advise you to give as many curious illustrations as possible, that being the way to make the book a popular one. See also, and consult Dr Alderson of Hull, whose essay is exceedingly interesting.

"Your chapter on Night-Mare is strikingly and graphically written; but of Day-Mare, even after Mason Good's illustration and your own case, I am still somewhat sceptical; and rather think, that, in both instances, it must have been some spasmodic attack, of no specific nature. To produce the disease I should imagine sleep to be an indispensable ingredient; and if you allow that you were dozing on the sofa, it is all one, whether you call the thing night-mare or

* *Vide* Waverley Novels, Vol. v. New Edition, with the Author's notes.—Antiquary, Vol. i. Note to Chap. ix. p. 132–4.

day-mare. If, on a summer afternoon, the latter is certainly not the least appropriate of the two appellations. By all means, however, retain the section, and annihilate my hypothesis.

"Our new Literary Gazette starts on Saturday, and I will cause them to send the numbers to you. It is I believe to contain an introduction by De Quincey, and a review of the Hope of Immortality by your humble servant, along with two little poems of mine. No. 2. will have 'Life of Galt' by me, and review of Dugald Moore's poems; No. 3. 'Life of Wilson' by De Quincey; No. 4. 'Life of Hogg' by me; No. 5. 'Life of Coleridge' by De Quincey; No. 6. 'On the Genius of Wordsworth' by me, and so on. I should like for the credit of Scottish literature to see the thing fairly established,—but there are many obstacles.

"I had a note from Balfour on Saturday, in which, after thanking you for your kindness in sending him the Anatomy, he requests me to say, that he has been a dreamer of dreams from his youth upwards, and can give you, if you wish it, a variety of intelligence on the subject. Believe me, my dear friend, ever your's most sincerely, D. M. M.

"P. S.—I had almost forgot to say that your 'Man Mountain' is a capital thing, and quite worthy of your pen."

The verses "To a Tear" we subjoin. They were published in the "Winter's Wreath" for 1830. 'The Man Mountain' appeared in Blackwood's Magazine for March 1829.

On a Tear.

I was led in a dream to the gate of the Upper Heaven, and I saw many sights on which I must be silent; and I heard many sweet sounds, like the voices of angels, hymning to their lyres. And the seraph Uriel was with me, for he is the regent of the sun, and the conductor of errant sojourners through the paths of Infinity. And the light of Heaven dazzled mine eyes long before I reached its glorious portal; and I must have sunk beneath its insufferable splendour, had not the angel shaded me with his ambrosial wings, and touched mine eyes with balm of amarant, which only grows in Heaven. And when he touched them with this balm, I felt them strengthened, and I could gaze undazzled on any part of the bright Kingdom save one; and I asked Uriel the cause of this surpassing light, and he said it was the light of the Sanctuary. And, lo! at the gate of Heaven stood a pedestal of jasper, and on this pedestal a vessel of pure sapphire, encircled with gold—and within this vessel lay a tear, which evaporated not in the light of Heaven, but remained the same for ever. And I said unto the angel, "Whence cometh this tear?" And he answered, "From the eye of an earth-born maiden, named Leila; if thou wouldst know more of this tear, speak to it—it will answer thee." Then I marvelled, saying, "Can a tear answer?"—"Yea," responded Uriel, "this tear is not as other tears,—it hath a spirit within it, and a voice, for the sake of the maiden Leila by whom it was shed." Then methinks, I spoke to the tear, and a voice arose from its bed of sapphire in reply.

BARD.

Crystal gem of mortal birth,
Fairer than the gems of earth,
Was it Grief that bade thee mount
Upwards from thy coral fount?
Was it Care, with dewy sigh,
Moulded thee on Leila's eye?

TEAR.

Minstrel, nay, it was not Care
With his breath that framed me there;
Neither did I quit my fount,
From its crystal floor to mount,
(Like the dew on autumn's leaf,)
By the sceptered spell of Grief.

BARD.

Jewel of a maiden fair,
Was it Mirth that brought thee there?
Was it touch of Laughter's spell
That o'erflowed thine azure well?

TEAR.

Neither Mirth invoked me here,
(Yet thou seest I am a tear,)
Nor Despair's terrific dart
Bade me from my fountain start;
Tear like me had never birth
Or by Sorrow or by Mirth.
Whilome was my fountain dry,
Laughter beam'd in Leila's eye;
Round her bosom Joy was flung,
Mirth was floating on her tongue;
And her step was gay and light,
And her eye was pure and bright;

And her soul, with Rapture fraught,
Harbour'd no desponding thought;
But a vision of Distress
Came athwart her loveliness,
Like a thunder-cloud in June,
Or a mist before the moon:
Straight the voice of Pity fell
O'er her spirit, as a spell,
And her eye distill'd a tear
Lovelier than Grief may rear;
Unto me the power was given
Leila's cause to plead in Heaven,
For I have been shed upon
Others' sorrows—not her own.

And I inclined my head while the voice was yet speaking; and it seemed to come from the drop within the vessel of sapphire—and I knew the tear to be a spirit. And I said to Uriel, "Do all tears find their way to Heaven?" But he answered, "Nay—none but those of compassion: all other tears perish, as a drop of water, when they are shed; but those of pity come hither, and, after sojourning for a season at the gate of Heaven, lo! some of them are changed into jewels, and hang upon the crowns of the archangels; others are mingled with the fountain of benevolence, and they all plead with seraphic tongues for those that shed them." And I knew from this response of the angel that there were no tears like those of compassion.

For the elucidation of the immediately subsequent correspondence between Mr Macnish and myself, it becomes necessary, that I should for a little step more immediately into the foreground, than one similarly situated is particularly anxious to be placed. But as there is no help for it, be it so.

The following are extracts from a letter of June 3d, to Mr Macnish.

"I have no doubt that you have set me down for a careless, negligent fellow—and considering the length of time since I received your last—you have ample grounds for such an accusation. Believe me, however, when I declare to you, that want of time, and not of will forms the excuse; what day after day I purposed, day after day I was obliged to postpone; and up to this hour I can safely say, that I have scarcely had a leisure one to devote to the purposes of friendly correspondence. This has arisen from sundry causes. I had promised to the proprietors of the Edinburgh Literary Gazette to give them some aid at starting, understanding that De Quincey was to be their Magnus Apollo, when lo! and behold! the eloquent chewer of opium takes sick in Westmoreland, and, up to this hour, has done little or nothing for them. In this dilemma they applied to me, and implored; and you may guess at my exertions in their behalf, when I enumerate what I have done for them. * * * * In fact I am getting sick of such exertion: for all this is only bye-play to our medical matters, with which I have been hurried and worried to death—not a day having elapsed, for several months, on which, at an average, I have pedestrianiz-

ed less than eight or ten miles, and rode the same distance; so, as the old song says,

'No wonder he was a weary wight, when he came hame at e'en.'

"But to sum up all, Joe Hume's tottle of the whole is, that matters are now rapidly verging to a consummation: and, I know you will be happy when I tell you, that, at the church of Carham in Northumberland, I am next Monday to sacrifice my hitherto held bachelor liberty, and become, I trust for the rest of life, like Coleridge's Mariner, 'a better and a wiser man.' As I will not be home till end of next week, do not write before that time, and then I will be rejoiced to show your congratulations to my beloved partner, whom strange to say I have not seen since the day I left you in Glasgow, last year. * * Now, amid all these selfish considerations, on which, as Lord Byron says, 'all are fluent, and few agreeable,' allow me to express my most sincere wishes, that you are now a steady convalescent, and getting *as strong as a horse*. The summer months will work marvels upon you, and, when we meet next—it cannot be too soon—I hope to find you quite recovered.

"'The Vision of Robert the Bruce' is capital, and pleases me almost as much as any thing you have ever done. It is boldly graphic, and full of force and ori-

generally. The pieces you sent me I in general like much; and, as I am not sure that I told you before how I distributed them, I shall now mention. 'The Red Man,' (excellent,) 'To the Forget me Not.' The Loves of the Learned, (good,) To Winter's Wreath, To a Tear, (ditto) ditto. Verses To a Child, (ditto) Amulet."

On the 25th of the same month, my affectionate friend wrote me as follows:

"Glasgow, 25th June 1829.

"My Dear Sir,—I am sure you would never excuse me—at least I would never excuse myself—for delaying to congratulate you upon the most important, and need I add, auspicious event of your life; were you not aware, that the delay must have alone proceeded from my state of health. It is true I might have written you by proxy, but I felt that to do so on such an occasion, would be almost an insult, and I preferred waiting, till I could do so myself, which I now try with much difficulty, owing to the state of my eyes. May God then, my dear Sir, shower down every happiness upon you and her, who, I am sure, is dearer to you than your own life—may the stream of your lives flow sweetly as a song of Zion,—and may you never feel, to use your own impressive language, 'the

miseries that corrode amassing years.' Had my health permitted, I would have written you a very long letter upon this joyful event, but as things are, you will I am sure excuse me for not indulging at greater length. * * * *

"I am glad that you like Robert the Bruce. You can do with it as you please. My general health is much better; but the intolerance of light is still very great, and I have not yet been out. This day, it is exactly four months since I was confined to the house. What a dreary imprisonment! Make my kindest respects to Mrs M., and believe me, my dear Sir, most truly your's, R. MACNISH."

This intolerance of light continued for some time after this, but, as his nervous system recovered its tone, gradually abated, and, by the end of July or beginning of August, he was able to take a short walk in the open air at twilight. Although incapable of much exertion, he amused himself in arranging and correcting such manuscripts as he had about him; and his sisters or brothers occasionally read to him. In a letter of 16th September he thus writes me: "I ought to have replied ere this time to your last kind letter, but really I had nothing to say, and my eyes, though much better, are still so weakly, as to render writing any-

thing but an easy matter. For the last ten weeks, we have all, with the exception of my father, been in the country; and only returned home yesterday. This change of air has greatly benefited me, and I am now to external appearance, as well as ever, although my own feelings tell me that all is not yet as it ought to be. I am, however, certainly very much improved, God be praised for it:—for I would rather be dead, than go through such another six months of misery. A fine young man, Mr Candlish, a fellow practitioner, died two days ago, of a similar complaint. He caught it, as I did, by exposure to cold, and is much and very justly regretted. I am truly concerned to observe the announcement of poor Balfour's death. I did not know him, but, as your friend, he was almost mine. I am sure he was a worthy fellow. Many thanks to you for the friendly, and much too flattering notice of me, in the Literary Gazette—for to your pen I am sure I owe that kind and considerate paragraph.

"The whole of my MSS. on Sleep are in Mr Blackwood's hands, he having desired me to send them to him, three months ago, that he might see what sort of things they were. I know not what he thinks of them, as he has not yet written me on the subject. They should not have been sent in their present imperfect state. I shall be unable to do any thing to the

work for some months—so much for being unfit to read and write.

"I see your name mentioned as a contributor to the Souvenir; and, along with mine, as one to the Winter's Wreath. In the list of authors belonging to the latter work, I observe a number of names that I never heard of before—so that I suspect we may say with Charles the Second, 'Ods fish! what sort of company have we got into!'

"In a day or two, I intend taking a ride to Hamilton to see the truly magnificent palace of the Duke—now completing, and said to be the finest building in Scotland.

"Your account of —— has quite mortified me. * * * Authors should only be known in their works; for, when you come in contact with the real flesh and blood, you are sure to be disappointed. If I can venture upon it, I shall be in Edinburgh next month:—in which case I shall have the pleasure of seeing you. I had almost forgot to say, how much I was rejoiced to see a notice of your intended work 'On the Diseases of Children.'"

In October, Mr Macnish was so far recovered, as to be able to make out this promised visit; and he remained some days with us. His appearance was very much changed, and in the course of a few months

years seemed to have been passing over his head, and leaving their usual effects. The juvenility of his appearance had passed away,—his hearing was considerably impaired;—his hair having fallen off from the effects of his fever, was replaced by a wig, and, to aid his sight, he wore spectacles. Still the brightness of his mind shone through these loopholes of decay; and, at intervals he exhibited all his accustomed buoyancy and lightness of spirit. Whatever dire experiences he had undergone, in heart he was still a boy.

Shortly after his return home, he thus writes: "I am still labouring under that unpleasant affection of the eyes; and to say the truth, I fear I shall never entirely get the better of it. If such be the case, my reading and writing days are at an end, and I must try and get through the world, like some other good folks, without them. There is, indeed, no improvement whatever for the last two months; so that I have a fine prospect before me. Remember me most kindly to Mrs Moir, and be assured that I shall never forget her attention to me while in Musselburgh.

"We are all well, with the exception of my father, who has been so badly for some time, as to cause me much uneasiness, and throw the whole of the business on my at present inadequate shoulders. I hope, however, that all things will end for the best.—Excu

this scrawl, which I have written without being able to look at the paper."

By November, matters were clearing up, as to health, both with father and son, as will be seen by the following short letter, written much more in Mr Macnish's lively accustomed manner.

"Glasgow, 30th November.

"My Dear Sir,—Along with this you will receive three small engravings framed, which you will be good enough to present to Mrs Moir, as a slight mark of my friendship towards her, and yourself. I regret that the gift is not in itself more valuable; but, such as it is, I daresay she will not refuse to accept of it for my sake.

"I dined at Mr M'Phun's with Mr Blackie last Friday. Upon the whole, I was a good deal pleased with him. He is shrewd and sensible; as sharp as a razor; with a good deal of pepper and mustard in his composition. At first, I thought him a dry, vulgarish, common-place mortal; but in the course of the evening, he improved immensely upon me, and I liked him very much. He talks of bringing out a double number of the Gazette, with the names of the contributors annexed. I expect to see something splendid from your pen. He talked also of having your portrait en-

graved as a frontispiece to the first volume. If he does, I hope in the name of Rubens, Raphael, and Vandyke, that he will not permit it to be a copy from that horrid likeness over your dining-room-mantel-piece. If you do, your character as a good-looking fellow is gone for ever, and not a lady who sees the portrait, will ever read another line of your poetry. If a poet gets a reputation for ill looks, he is a dead man; and let him write as divinely as Milton, he can never again show himself before the public. So have a care, and if your likeness must be taken, let it be a *bona fide* likeness, and not a frightful caricature, like the aforesaid portrait over your mantel-piece, which I trust Mrs M. from a due regard to the renown of her husband's physiognomy, will instantly displace, and consign to the lumber-room. So much, my dear Sir, for nonsense—a theme so foreign to your character, that I know not how you will relish it;—but it has been so long since any thing in the shape of jest or mirth has passed through my mind, that I think it would be a sin to resist the impulse, when it is felt upon the spirit. However, adieu to moralizing.—'What can't be cured, must be endured.'

"I have been very busy for some time, killing and curing. This gloomy weather is exercising a beneficial influence upon my optics, and I hope that, ere the

sunshine of next year sets in, they will be wholly recovered. My father is yet not at all well; but he is now I think getting better.

"Mr Blackwood has been kind enough to send me Mr Hamilton's new work, (Annals of the Peninsular Campaigns,) which is beautifully got up, and I have no doubt is admirably written. I have not yet ventured upon any thing in the literary way.

"Write me soon, and with kind compliments to Mrs M.—Believe me, my Dear Sir, your's very truly,

R. MACNISH."

This affection of the eyes gradually disappeared, partly owing, perhaps, to the mitigated power of the sunlight,—the season being now advanced into the winter,—and partly from the *vis medicatrix naturæ*, still buoyant in his constitution. He could scarcely, however, be said to be "himself of yore;" and the whole nervous system seemed to own an irritability, very different from its accustomed placidity. This restlessness is even traceable in the following extract from a letter of 16th December.—"I have just an instant's time to write you half a dozen of words,—the Edinburgh packet, which is to contain this letter, being on the point of being dispatched to the coach. Some time ago, I sent you a large parcel, concerning the fate of

which I am anxious to learn, as from your long silence I dread some mishap has befallen it. Now, do not suppose that I am hurt at your not writing me; for, it is just as impossible that I should be so, at any thing you could do, as it is that you could do any thing to hurt any body. At the same time, I shall be exceedingly happy if you will let me hear from you, as soon as you can,—and send me all your news, and how you and your's are keeping. There seems to be a conspiracy against me, by all my correspondents, not to write me; and I am sorry to find you among the conspirators—*en tu Brutè*. For I cannot manage to get a single letter of mine answered from one of them, and you among the rest. I must now begin and think of doing something for Ebony, who is one of the gang, and who, I suppose, thinks my indolence quite a sufficient reason for enrolling himself among you."

This irritation of Macnish's gentle spirit, which was like that of the dove's "pecking the hand that hovers o'er its mate," was readily appeased. I wrote him my reasons, which were those of professional hurry, and gave him all my news, literary and social. To make security doubly secure, Mrs M. added a long postscript, thanking him for the pictures which he had so kindly presented her with. The correspondence,

for 1829, closes with a letter, from which the following are extracts.

"24th December 1829.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am duly favoured with your and Mrs Moir's joint letter, and it gave me great pleasure to learn that the packet reached you in safety.

"Last night I was waited upon by Dugald Moore, who gave me three bound copies of his poems—one for Professor Wilson, and two for myself. Of these latter I beg you will oblige me by accepting one. Dugald has, I fear, offended the Professor, by dedicating the book to him without permission, which he did, contrary to my advice. I was exceedingly angry at him for this step, and wrote him a most severe letter, in which I told him I would have nothing more to do with him. But, upon my soul, I could not bring myself to entertain hostile feelings against a person so truly dependent, and my irritation subsided almost instantly into pity and regret—more especially as he expressed his sorrow for what he had done; and said he had been ill-advised by a set of forward heartless fellows, into whose hands he had fallen. * * * *

"I observe what you say about Blackie's papers, and am sorry for it. I send you a Hebrew Melody, which I wrote some time ago, and which, if you

think good enough, you may send to their *grand* Number of the Literary Gazette, with my signature attached to it. I am afraid I shall be shamed by the other poetical contributors, some of whom I understand are to be eminent names—for you know that poetry is not quite my forte.*

"I was a good deal amazed by the arrival of a huge parcel from a friend in Caithness addressed to me. On opening it, it was found to contain a smoked goose

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* Mr Blackie, the gentleman who is here, and who has been more than once formerly alluded to, was, I believe, a nephew of Mr Jerdan of the London Literary Gazette. He was a person of some talent, great smartness, and still greater enterprize. Shortly after the fall of the great book-selling firm of Constable, Mr Blackie took the extensive premises which they occupied at the eastern extremity of Prince's Street; purchased the copy-rights of the Edinburgh Evening Post and Weekly Chronicle; and started a new periodical, under the title of the Edinburgh Literary Gazette. This latter work was ably edited by the Rev. Andrew Crichton; and the literary department was to be principally entrusted to Mr De Quincey and myself. Two quarto volumes appeared in 1828–29—and the thing would, no doubt, have gone on prosperously but for the unfortunate entanglement of Mr Blackie's affairs, owing to some previous speculations, I believe, in shipping. Mr Blackie afterwards retired to London, and was suddenly cut off at the house of his uncle, at Brompton, during the awful visitation of Asiatic cholera, in 1832.

The contributors to the Number Mr Macnish refers to, were John Galt, Mary Howitt, Miss Jewsbury, Leitch Ritchie, Mrs Hemans, John Malcolm, Thomas Pringle, Andrew Picken, Vedder, Pollok, De Quincey, myself, and others.

and a large cheese—no contemptible matters at this season of the year. I hope my honest friend will go on with is hyperborean presents. * * * My sisters were angry with me, for not getting the little pictures more elegantly framed, The fact is, I gave them to the gilder without any instructions, and he did them as they are. I am a stupid thoughtless fellow in these matters, or I would have looked better into it.—Believe me, my dear Sir, your's very truly,

R. MACNISH."

The verses here designated "A Hebrew Melody," have scarcely any especial claim to that title,—as they consist of reflections referable to all who live in the light of revelation, in all the divisions of the world. The style is terse, the versification melodious, and altogether the little effusion is not unworthy of its author. It was not used for the occasion specified, and has never, so far as I know, been published.

TIME SHALL BE NO MORE!

I.

"Time shall be no more!"
'Twas thus the Archangel said—
"The earth shall be a voiceless shore,
A city of the dead;
A sepulchre whose gloom
Accords too truly well,

With the silence of the slumberers,
In its embrace who dwell.

II.

" The Sky whose heights unfold
A thousand visions fair,
Shall hang no more her robes of gold
Upon the expanse of air;
The Sun, that caused to glow
The circling spheres with light,
Shall darkling through the silence go
Of everlasting Night!

III.

" Time shall be no more!"
And the silvery Moon whose tears
Refreshed with due Earth's thirsty shore,
Shall own the spell of years.
The bright stars in their turn
Shall fade at Nature's call,
And the spirit of Creation lie
Wrapt in her funeral pall!"

In the first week of January 1830, Mr Macnish had less a relapse of his former complaint, than an attack of inflammatory fever, which went on with great violence for nearly a fortnight, and rendered it necessary that he should be twice freely bled. On the 16th I had a letter from him, in which he says, that he was even then, quite reduced, and still very far indeed from being convalescent. " Can you conceive," he

adds, "such an unfortunate fellow? It will be a fortnight more probably, before I can venture out?"

"Return my best thanks to Mr Balfour's family for the copy of 'Weeds and Wildflowers.' Your conduct regarding the volume does you the highest honour. I am unable to notice it myself, but shall get my friend Bennet of the Free Press to do so. I wish it all possible success. Excuse this wretched scrawl, for I really feel so weak and unwell, that I can scarcely hold the pen.

"For your amusement I enclose you a character of me, which Bennet sent me the other week. You can return it, when you have an opportunity, and let me know whether you think it true. Rather flattering I suspect."

As this character is both clever and a curiosity, we take the liberty of subjoining it. By some oversight, it appears never to have been returned, and I found it enclosed in the letter, from which the preceding passages are extracted. As in due time we shall come to a phrenological analysis of Mr Macnish's mind, the following ethical one possesses a greater interest to us, from its points of congruity or antagonism.

"CHARACTER.

"The great distinguishing feature in the character of Mr Macnish, is his extreme sensitiveness, which, on a first interview, gives him an air of shrinking timidity, and leads him in-

to a manner that is somewhat awkward and disagreeable. On this account, he is very ill calculated to make a favourable impression upon strangers; but to those with whom he is intimate, he soon becomes exceedingly agreeable, by his freedom from presumption, and the candour of his disposition, and the simplicity of his taste. The presence of self-esteem is obvious in his character, but in the most inoffensive shape in which it could appear, as it operates only in relation to objects of an elevated cast, and stimulates to the acquisition of honourable fame. It is not personal, but mental, in its tendencies, and seldom displays itself but as the offspring of literary ambition. He is, both from disposition and principle, very honest, and is too much resigned to the sway of natural impulses, ever to be a hypocrite. Fancy predominates too much in his mind, to allow him to be a severe reasoner; and yet, owing to his natural simplicity and straight-forwardness of feeling, he expatiates with a very great degree of logical accuracy. He generalizes happily to a pretty wide extent, but stops considerably short of universality. This defect, however, is compensated by his aptitude for dwelling on particulars. His imagination is of the exuberant and hyperbolical kind, and is often allowed to break the strict trammels of judgment, both in acts of personal conduct, and in conversation and composition. His sensibilities, too, are frequently allowed the same latitude; for he is regulated more by impulse than by reason, and thus, in many instances, is apt to become chargeable with imprudence and inconsistency. He is also, from the same cause, extremely wayward, and liable to fits of great buoyancy, and of great dejection. The lessons of practical experience do not operate with so sedative an effect upon his mind, as upon the minds of many men of talent; and yet it is evident that by-and-bye they must induce upon him very considerable sobriety of judgment. But he will never be much given to the deduction of moral maxims from the phenomena of human life which pass before him. He will be more observant of its odd peculiari-

ties, and of all those qualities by which humorous ideas are excited; for he has a tendency to humour, is often very extravagant both in his perceptions and indulgence of it. This springs from his inaptitude for a very close and severely rational scrutiny of nature. He often takes illusions for realities. He is calculated to excel in poetry; and so true is this, that he cannot write prose without imbuing it with poetical feeling. But it is the poetry of fancy rather than of sentiment and affection, for in tenderness and depth of moral remark, he is rather deficient. His amatory propensities are very weak, as are also all the more ignoble of the passions. This imparts to his whole character an air of Platonism, which renders it too little striking, because it is thereby deprived of depth of shading. He has too much of the sunshine, and too little of the shade—too much of the meekness, and too little of the power of humanity. Thus, so much abstracted from the world, he is well fitted to shine in literature."

Sickness again appears to have produced its usually irritating effects on Macnish's mind, and before me are two or three of his letters, all dated this same month, on a subject of mere temporary interest,—the advertising of his name by Mr Blackie, among the supporters of the Edinburgh Literary Gazette. To exhibit my dear friend with his amiable temperament under the influence of a hurricane of epistolary wrath, would be some inducement for their insertion here. The whole force of it fell upon poor Blackie's unoffending head,—for it appears that gentleman had consulted me before committing the crime libelled, and on learning this, I immediately took the whole brunt

upon my own shoulders; wrote to him the facts, and my apology, and thus succeeded in allaying the *tempestas in matulo*.

From a letter dated 24th January 1830, we must content ourselves with giving a passage or two, the peroration of this little affair. In addressing me he thus says: "I was duly favoured with your letter of the 21st, and it made me exceedingly unhappy. While I conceived Blackie to be the author of my public appearance in the newspapers, the intense resentment I felt at his presumption, inspired my heart with fierce and untameable energy, and urged me on to give him the castigation he deserved; but, now I find, I have been digging my stupid fist into an innocent man; abusing him in a most abominable manner; and hitting out right and left, with all the furious absurdity of a madman. Under the belief, however, of his culpability, I feel that I was perfectly justified in writing him in the virulent manner in which I did; for had the thing originated with himself, he was entitled to no quarter, and should have received none at my hands. He is, as it stands, perfectly blameless, and here stand I with the horrid consciousness of having vilified an unoffending individual. With whom then does the offence lie? with nobody—for there is none whatever. And yet had any other person

than yourself suggested the publication of my name, I know well, that I never would have forgiven it,—but such, my dear Sir, is the ardent personal attachment I feel towards you, and such is * * * * * that nothing you can do will ever hurt my feelings; and hat in others would be an injury, is perfectly innocuous when proceeding from you. * * * * * * In saying this, you will not I am sure suspect me of the vile meanness of flattery, for I have too much regard to my own character, ever to stoop to such a pitch of degradation, and too much respect for your shrewdness to practise an art, which, at half a glance, you would instantly perceive.

"I have always entertained the most extreme aversion to see my name introduced as a contributor to literary works. There is a puffery about the whole affair which I cannot tolerate. No literary man gains any honour by this circumstance; it only tends to degrade him, and benefit the proprietors of the works in which he appears. It is my wish to appear nowhere but in Blackwood, and that only occasionally; and never, except when I can do so with some credit to myself. A man's name is his own peculiar property, and ought to be as dear to him as the affections of his mistress, and cherished with equal solicitude and care."

The rest of the letter is full of affection and kindness; and for my error, he seems to have "heaped coals of fire upon my head." The conclusion of it thus runs: "Prudence is not my most besetting sin, but you see I have a little of it after all. I have not made up my mind, whether I shall do any thing for Blackie or not; but I shall think of it. I am getting slowly better."

By the middle of February, Mr Macnish's health had so much improved, that he might be said to be himself once more. With health came his wonted serenity of mind; and on the 15th of that month, he thus expresses himself:

"Since my last epistle to you, I sent a letter to Blackie explanatory of the mistake, under which I laboured when I quarrelled with him. This I thought due not less to myself than to him; for I could not bear the thought of having causelessly abused any man, without making him due reparation. * * *

"When does his *grand* Number come out? I shall give him something for it both in prose and verse—if you wish it.

"I daresay you will be glad to hear, that I am now quite well. Indeed I felt an immediate change for the better, whenever the thaw made its appearance, and I am now going about as usual. My illness was

brought on by careless and unnecessary exposure to cold. In this respect I daresay there is not a man in Scotland, who neglects himself more than I do."

In the letter, which responded to this, I find that I gave him sage advice. "I am glad to learn that your health is now so far restored, and hope that the summer weather will put you completely to rights again. Be cautious, however, about exposure to cold and damp; and tax not your mind, unless your body be sufficiently strong."

In April Mr Macnish made trips to Bothwell and Hamilton, and afterwards to Gourock, and other places at convenient distances; finding that occasional relaxation from his professional duties and change of air were necessary to the preservation of his health. In this month also, the students of Glasgow College published a volume of miscellanies, which they entitled "the Athenæum," and, Mr Macnish having been solicited for a short contribution, gave them the following translation from the German.

THE NIGHT WANDERER'S SONG.

(From Goethe.)

I.

Spirit of Peace! from thy abode
Within the dwelling-place of God,
Who com'st our souls to cheer,
And bid'st a double portion flow

Of solace, when the load of woe
Is doubly hard to bear.

II.

Deprived of thee, oh what is life,
With all its joys—its cares—its strife!
A desert bleak and bare;
Then mayest thou for ever dwell
Within my bosom's inmost cell,
And shed thine influence there.

On the 9th of May I had a long miscellaneous letter from Glasgow. It will not bear publication save in extract.

"The day before yesterday," he says, "I received your long-looked for, and very welcome letter. Allow me to send you my most heartfelt congratulations on the occasion of your first-born, which I am sure must still add to the happiness of your domestic circle,—happy as that must have been, since your marriage. I sincerely trust, that heaven will watch over the innocent little pilgrim in her journey through life, and that she may escape or triumph over the thousand ailments, which lie in ambush, along the flowery paths of childhood. Remember me most kindly to Mrs M. and tell her to take care of herself, both for her own sake, and that of her child.

"I am glad to hear of your bust being taken by young Ritchie, whom I have heard of often, and be-

lieve to be a person of singular talent in his profession. You will be amazed to learn that, at the present moment, I am sitting for mine. The artist is Mr Paterson, a young surgeon, who possesses a fine taste for sculpture, and has executed a number of admirable things, not busts merely, but fancy pieces. He has also done some fine bas-reliefs and medallions. I read him that part of your letter relating to Ritchie; and he is going in the course of the month to Edinburgh, to visit the exhibition, where he is particularly to notice Ritchie's works, and let me know what he thinks of them. * * *

"You did not tell me how you like my 'Poetical Portraits.' I have another poem in view, entitled 'The Court of Olympus,' which I mean to do in the same manner, hitting off all the Heathen Deities—Muses—Furies, &c. &c. a string of stanzas. * * *

"By the bye, talking of sonnets, you say you expect me to send you one. If I could I would, but I never could finish a sonnet all my life, although I have tried it fifty times. I never can manage to get beyond the ninth line, and generally stick at the seventh.

"I intend being in Edinburgh early in June, in which case I shall have the pleasure of seeing you. I have some intention of going to Caithness, next month, for a few weeks, to get the benefit of the

northern air. * * * What a fuss Tom Campbell and Lady Byron are making about nothing."

On the 29th of the same month, he again wrote me; informing me, among other things, that his plans for his northern trip were matured. "On Thursday next," he writes, "I leave this for Caithness, where I will remain for a month. It was my intention to have passed the whole summer there, but a friend who is to get married, upon the 13th July, called upon me to request, that I would officiate as his 'best man',—an office which I at once agreed to perform to the best of my ability; and, consequently, I must shorten my northern trip. I go first to Inverness by the west coast. Perhaps I may return by the east, when I of course shall have the pleasure of seeing you. But, at all events, I expect to be in Edinburgh before the summer is over.

* * * * *

"I wish much that you would write me, so that I might get your letter by Tuesday night at farthest; as I shall be exceedingly busy all Wednesday, preparatory to my departure on Thursday morning at six o'clock. Tell me all your news, and what you are about. Glasgow has, for two days, been in the greatest possible bustle with *flitting*, &c. augmented yesterday by the ascent of Mr Green in his balloon.

* * * * *

" P. S.—Knowing that you are curious in autographs, I enclose you two more, one is that of Dugald Moore, author of the African, Scenes before the Flood, &c. and the other is that of Motherwell, editor of the Glasgow Courier, and of Minstrelsy Ancient and Modern,—one of the finest little fellows in the world, and a man of real talent. Some of his ballads and songs seem to me most admirable. I had a very amusing party to dinner the other day, consisting of Tom Atkinson, Motherwell, Bennet, Dugald Moore, M'George, &c. Most of them are originals in their way, and some of them laughably so. I believe I never got more amusement all my life. M'George is a very young man, of considerable talent, and author of the notes of a voyage to Bombay in the Literary Gazette, and other articles."

I have no memorials past me of this excursion of Mr Macnish to the north; although his health gradually renovating, I have no doubt that he enjoyed himself exceedingly; having learned from his friends, that, from local associations, he was much attached to the shire of Caithness, being in terms of intimacy with many of the principal families, and having formed valuable friendships there, to which he looked for solace in distress, and for fun and frolic in the days

of health and enjoyment. When loosed from the trammel of professional occupation, no one was more a child in heart and spirit; no amusement was too slight for him; no sport too hoydenish; no humour too grotesque. He carried this bouyancy into mature life; and had he lived to the age of Methusaleh, I have little doubt, that he would have preserved the greenness, and the unsophistication of boyhood. From arguing a metaphysical point, in which his whole soul appeared to be engaged, he would, next moment, turn to a child, to shew him the shadow of the rabbit on the wall, with his closed palms; and I verily believe, from his expressions of delight, that he received as much gratification from the exhibition as from the argument.

On his return home, he set himself stedfastly to the writing out and arranging the materials for his projected work on Sleep; and, by the end of July, he had nearly completed the task, which he had assigned himself. As connected with the subject, I give the following letter, and hope, that in publishing it, there is no breach of confidence. It exhibits a peculiarity in my friend's mind, that we might not have another opportunity of adverting too—the idea of his being incapable of completing a task, after he had overcome all the obstacles that primarily lay in his way I feel

proud, that to my friendship he relied in almost all his literary difficulties; yet no one can be more aware than myself, how greatly his partial opinion over-estimated everything that I did, and everything that he thought me capable of doing.

"2, Scotland Street, Edinburgh, Friday Evening.*

"My Dear Sir,—I am really ashamed to write you at present, having been on many occasions so very troublesome to you, and so much indebted to your friendship, but I find that this is an occasion in which circumstances oblige me in some measure to intrude upon you, and to draw that from the stores of your own fertile genius, which the supplies of my own barren mind refuse to grant to me. On coming here yesterday I set to work, but in vain, to try and do an introduction for my work, and this day I have made the same attempt with a result equally fruitless. I have now tried the same thing at least a dozen of times, and find that I cannot possibly succeed. This incapacity seems to proceed from a radical defect in the structure of my mind. I cannot, and never could, as you can, with

* This letter is dated from the house of his uncle, Dr Macnish of Edinburgh. From the post-mark, it appears to have been written on the 13th August.

ease, write upon all subjects, and upon every occasion. My mind just runs one way, and I cannot for the soul of me turn it out of that channel in which it pleases to glide. Hence, when I write I am compelled to do so in a strain which my judgment often utterly condemns. For the same reason, when I have a certain task laid out for me it is impossible for me to succeed in it, unless it chances to be one which strikes my peculiarly constituted and most intractable intellect. On this account I feel it out of my power to write an introduction good, bad, or indifferent, to Sleep; and if you refuse to assist me I fear that my work will be dished. In fact, without this preliminary chapter I do not see how I can publish it at all. Now, my dear Sir, would you have any objections to try and do one for me? I know it is not right in me to ask such a thing, both on account of the direct indelicacy of troubling you, and the impropriety of decorating myself in the plumage of another person; but you will remember that you once did the same thing to a far abler man than I—viz. to Mr Galt, when you wrote the finishing chapters to his Last of the Lairds; and what he did under probably similar circumstances I am sure you will excuse me for doing. If you will be so good as do so, I need not say that I shall be infinitely obliged to you, and if ever I can be of the slightest

literary service to you, or any one whom you wish to befriend, you have only to let me know, and I shall do so to any extent that I am capable of. You have no idea how much this said introduction has pressed upon my mind. It oppresses it like an incubus, and makes me look upon the whole work with feelings of dissatisfaction and indifference.

"With regard to the topics, you may say absolutely any thing you like. There is no occasion, unless you please, to introduce a single physiological or metaphysical fact. If it were possible to give a light, pleasant, poetical sketch, this would be all that was required, and to a person of your imagination, and singular facility in writing, I am certain that this would be a very easy task. To me, on the contrary, it is an impossible one. You might describe the analogy between sleep and death, between the light of day, when all nature is awake and active, and darkness, when it is involved in slumber. Then you might glance at dreaming, nightmare, somnambulism —allude to the sleep of death—the sleep of the soul—reveries, day-dreams, and a thousand other things. There of course could be no necessity for giving the slightest theory, as this has been already fully done, but merely to give a fine poetical glance at the different subjects. This I feel certain would

be nothing to you. Make it as long or as short as you like. If it only were eight or ten pages of print it will do, although the larger the better. I suspect the tension of my mind, occasioned by looking so minutely over the subject of sleep in all its details, has disabled me from the generalization necessary for a leading chapter, but your mind being free from this, as well as naturally much more exuberant than mine, and far better organized, will vanquish the difficulty with comparative ease. If it were possible for you to send me this in the course of eight or ten days, I cannot tell you how much I shall feel indebted to you. I shall delay putting the work to press till you do it. You mentioned that we might begin printing with page 17, leaving the first sixteen blank for the introduction, which I might do in the course of printing, and which you kindly offered to do for me should I be unable. That I shall be unable I feel perfectly confident, but I would rather have the whole contents of the work in my possession before I begin to print—so I beg you will try and oblige me as soon as you can. Be so good also as send the anecdotes you were kind enough to promise me. I leave this for Glasgow on Monday. Blackwood got my letter, and allowed that M'Phun's offer was very liberal, and said he was disappointed but in no way offended by my going past him, and that

he would do all he could for the work, by whomsoever published. He wanted me to stop till Wednesday to be upon the scaffold and see the carters executed, that I might write an account for his Newspaper; * but the task was too disgusting for my taste, to say nothing else.

"Now, my dear Sir, may I trust that you will do what I have requested of you, and before the work goes to press, which will not be for ten days. I shall acknowledge greatly my obligations to you in the Preface, and in a way which I am sure will be gratifying to you. When I look back to what I have written, I really feel ashamed of myself, but I hope you will excuse me. Remember me very kindly to Mrs Moir, and, with many thanks for her and your attention to me,—I remain your's very truly, R. MACNISH."

"August 1830."

Although aware that Mr Macnish could have done, what he requested me to do, much better than it was possibly in my power to accomplish, yet, as the idea had taken possession of his mind, I thought it best, rather than waste time in arguing him out of the delusion, to accede at once to his request, that the work

* Mr Blackwood was at this time proprietor of the Edinburgh Weekly Chronicle.

might without delay be sent to press. The matter was altogether a trifle, but to his eyes, where difficulties had been magnifying themselves, it seemed otherwise,—as will appear from the following extracts from a letter, dated 16th August.

"I cannot tell you," he says, "how happy I am to find, that you have been so good as engage to do for me, what I unluckily cannot accomplish for myself. We shall defer going to press, till we get the introduction, &c. from you, and we shall wait till the 1st of September, on which day, M'Phun will commence printing. I would have desired him to begin at once, but, I am anxious to have the whole before me in the first place; and therefore we shall wait till your parcel arrives, when the introduction by yourself will be the first thing that is printed. In the preface I will acknowledge my great obligations to you generally. This I think will be the best plan.

"The part which you mentioned, as laying me open to materialism, I have softened down a little; so that I think this objection will be quite quieted. I have represented the mind as immaterial, but as operating through the agency of a material organ; and that, consequently, when this organ falls asleep, the mind, as being manifested through it, falls asleep also. This I know is carrying the point farther than you

do, but it at least keeps me free of being thought heterodox in my opinions. I mention this, in case you should say anything in the Introduction, which might clash with my doctrine. You see now how the thing stands. I suppose, however, that you will not meddle with any hypothesis, but favour me rather with an elegant literary and poetically written disquisition.

"The chapter called 'Sleep in General,' I have divided into two, entitled 'Causes of Sleep in General,' and 'Phenomena of Sleep in General.'

"Do not mind about the poetical mottoes for the chapters, unless you please; as I have given you too much trouble already, and can easily do without them. There is so much science in the work, that the great thing it wants is some light elegant introduction, which I know you will supply, and for which I shall feel infinitely obliged. I hope you will be so good as remember also the cases you promised me.

"I yesterday visited the condemned cells of the prison, and saw the two miserable wretches. I find I must stay till Wednesday; as Mr Blackwood has urged me so strongly, that I do not like to refuse. The business is altogether a most unpleasant and revolting one.

"Yesterday I dined with Mr Blackwood, and on Saturday dined and supped with Professor Wilson.

I suspect you have not a warmer or sincerer friend than he." * * * * *."

The letter, from which these passages are taken, was, like its precursor, written in Edinburgh. On his return home, Mr Macnish found his publisher anxious to put his work to press, that it might make its appearance at the commencement of the season. Immediately the following letter came to hand.

"Glasgow, Monday Evening.

"MY DEAR SIR,—M'Phun has requested me to write you, for the purpose of saying that he goes to press on Monday morning next, and that he is anxious to commence with the introduction, beginning it with page first. The paging of the preliminary parts, such as the preface, table of contents, &c. is to be in numerals and not in cyphers. On this account, we can proceed not, until your handiwork appears. * * * You need not mind about the poetical head-pieces, unless you like. The introduction, and the anecdotes, viz. Lord Hailes, the Umbrella case, and Catalepsy, are the main things; and when they are incorporated with the work, I flatter myself it will do me some credit, and be decidedly as good as the Anatomy.

"I have been improving it a good deal, since I saw

you, and it now pleases me very well. I am just preparing the preface, which I mean to make rather long; and I shall mention my obligations to you in a way, which I trust will give you satisfaction.—Believe me, my dear Sir, your's very truly, R. M.

"P. S.—Are we not to have the pleasure of seeing you? I really wish much you would try and get our length for a few days, and have a little recreation."

Knowing my friend's anxiety in the matter, I took care to have the slight chapter he had allotted for me, ready at the time appointed; and had it dispatched, that no delay might be occasioned to the printer. Feeling quite aware, after the attention which he had paid to his subject, and his knowledge of it in all its bearings, that no one was so well qualified to generalize upon it as himself, I, accordingly, confined myself to a few superficial observations and remarks. That he was satisfied, however,—whatever his readers might be—was evident from the following portions of a letter written on the 4th September.

"Allow me to return you a thousand thanks for the additional proof of your friendship, afforded by the contents of your last packet—which reached me safely, and delighted me very much. The introduction is most excellent. There are some beautiful passages

in it, and altogether it will do the work great credit. I have taken the liberty of erasing one or two parts which ran counter to my own theory. This was absolutely necessary, and I make no apology for it. The liberties, after all, are few in number.

"M'Phun paid me down in cash one hundred and eighty pounds, and is to give me twenty pounds worth of books,—in all L. 200 Sterling, which I suppose is very well. * * * The work is now in press, and will be out by first October. I have ordered six copies to be printed in quarto, one of which handsomely bound I shall send to you, as soon as it is fit for binding. I think the book will be 350 pages at least, and I hope it will do me some credit. * * *

"I forgot to say that your mottoes are admirable, your own ones, especially that—'Day-Mare,'—I like very much. I have inserted Lord Hailes, and the additional matter you sent me. Altogether I am greatly obliged to you, and, if I can be of any literary use to you, it will give me great pleasure."

On the 17th of the same month, I had a letter from my friend informing me, "that his book is now going rapidly through the press, and will be issued in Glasgow on the first October," and of his anxiety that a friendly notice of it should appear early in some favourable quarter, from the dread that some literary

opponents might catch time by the forelock, and either set down the treatise as worthless, or, what would be equally pernicious, "damn it with faint praise." Having satisfied his fears on this head, I again heard from him on the 29th, informing me that his book was then fairly afloat in the world, and that he had sent me an early copy. To this, I find that I replied on the first October, saying, "Allow me to congratulate you on the publication of your 'Philosophy of Sleep,' and to assure you, as far as my judgment goes, that I account it a work which will do you infinite credit. That it will diminish the reputation you have acquired by 'the Anatomy of Drunkenness,' I have not the slightest fears,—but, on the contrary, have the strongest hopes, that its success will be such, as to induce your making a third inroad on the territories of medical philosophy."

My only other letters from Mr Macnish for 1830, which have been preserved, are dated respectively on the 28th October, and 22d December. In the former he says, among other things.—"Two days ago, I set to work to do something for Maga, and wrote a queerish piece called Punch and Judy, which I sent for Blackwood. I have not yet heard how Mr B. likes it. I hope it will please him. It is the first thing I have done for Maga for two years. I have some intention

of being in Edinburgh in about eight days, for the purpose of hearing the different professors of your college. If so, I shall take a run out the length of Musselburgh, and have half an hour's chat with you." And in the latter, he thus expresses himself regarding the prospects of his recently published work. "You will be glad to hear, that the Philosophy is doing admirably both in Scotland and in London. The edition was two thousand, and there is no doubt of its being sold out. When a second is needed, I will enlarge it something, and get twenty pounds more from my publisher, who is really a pushing fellow. I expect a new edition of the Anatomy will be called for soon; it also continues to go off well. * * * What a shocking day of wind, and sleet, and clouds, this is. We have, however, had no reason as yet to complain of the weather, which has been unusually mild for the season."

The January Number of Blackwood's Magazine, for 1831, opened with a Noctes Ambrosianæ, which contained two little *jeux-d'esprit* of Mr Macnish. The one was a series of stanzas, supposed to be chaunted by the contributors in honour of Maga, and was as follows. We do not think, that here he has been eminently successful, although parts of the composition are spirited enough.

A Christmas Carol.

IN HONOUR OF MAGA.

SUNG BY THE CONTRIBUTORS.

TICKLER.

Timothy depicteth the consequences of North's death to Maga.

When Kit North is dead,
What will Maga do, sir?
She must go to bed,
And like him die too, sir!

Chorus, in which the whole company joineth.

Fal de ral, de ral,
Iram coram dago;
Fal de ral, de ral,
Here's success to Maga!

SHEPHERD.

The Shepherd waxeth melancholy, and wipeth his sky-lights.

When death has them flat,
I'll stitch on my weepers,
Put crape around my hat,
And a napkin to my peepers!
Fal de ral, de ral, &c.

NORTH.

North apprehendeth death, and falleth down in a swoon.

Your words go to my heart,
I hear the death-owl flying,
I feel death's fatal dart—
By jingo, I am dying!
Fal de ral, de ral, &c.

COLONEL O'SHAUGNESSY.

The Colonel describeth the appearance of Kit.

See him, how he lies
Flat as any flounder!
Blow me! smoke his eyes—
Death ne'er closed eyes sounder!
Fal de ral, de ral, &c.

DELTA.

Yet he can't be dead,
For he is immortal,
And to receive his head
Earth would not ope its portal!
Fal de ral, de ral, &c.

Delta declareth him immortal.

ODOHERTY.

Kit will never die:
That I take for *sartain!*
Death "is all my eye"—
An't it, Betty Martin?
Fal de ral, de ral, &c.

Odoherty declareth death to be all in his eye.

MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

Suppose we feel his arm—
Zounds! I never felt a
Human pulse more firm:
What's your opinion, Delta?
Fal de ral, de ral, &c.

The Pythagorean feeleth his pulse, and giveth a favourable prognosis.

CHARLES LAMB.

Kit, I hope you're well,
Up, and join our ditty;
To lose such a fine old fellow would be a pity!
Fal de ral, de ral, &c.

Charles hopeth Kit is well, and adviseth him to get up and sing.

NORTH.

Let's resume our booze,
And tipple while we're able;
I've had a bit of a snooze,
And feel quite comfortable!
Fal de ral, de ral, &c.

North awaketh from his swoon, and singeth.

MULLION.

Mullion adviseth all men to drink to Kit and Maga.

Be he who he may,
Sultan, Czar, or Aga,
Let him soak his clay
To the health of Kit and Maga!
Fal de ral, de ral, &c.

OPIUM-EATER.

The Opium-Eater declareth Maga to be matchless.

Search all the world around,
From Greenland to Malaga,
And nowhere will be found
A magazine like Maga!
Fal de ral, de ral,
Iram coram dago;
Fal de ral, de ral,
Here's success to Maga!*

The other, which to our taste is better, was entitled the Five Champions of Maga, a song purporting to be written by the late Dr Scott, and sung by James Hogg at the imaginary symposion.

THE FIVE CHAMPIONS OF MAGA.

A SONG BY THE LATE DR SCOTT.

(As said to be sung by the Ettrick Shepherd, at the Noctes Ambrosianæ.)

I.

There once was an Irishman, and he was very fat;
He wore a wig upon his head, and on his wig a hat;

* Admirable impersonations! The faculty of imitation always belongs, in excess, to original minds.—C. NORTH.

The Cockneys, in his presence, ceased to gibe at North and Hogg, sir,
Bekaise he gave them blarney, and bother'd them with brogue, sir.
Och! by my *sowl*, this Irishman most sturdily attack would,
Whoever dared to sport his *chaff*, or run a-muck at Blackwood.

II.

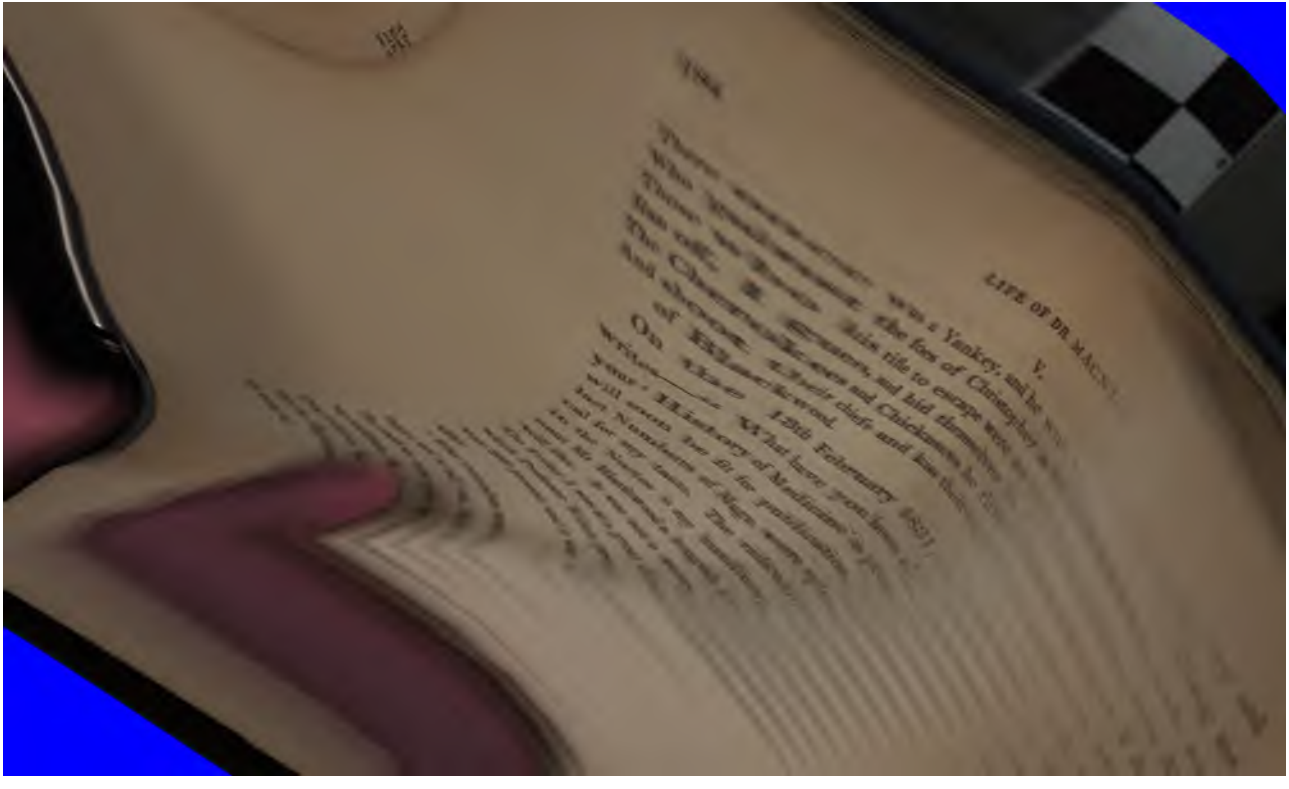
There once was a Scotchman, and he was very lean:
A prettier man in philibegs was nowhere to be seen:
For fighting in the cause of Kit, he was a perfect satyr;
Upon the Whiggish ranks he rush'd, and spilt their blood like water;
Though wanting "*inexpressibles*," he constantly attack would,
With fury *inexpressible*, the enemies of Blackwood.

III.

There once was an Englishman, and he was very short;
For every mutton-chop he ate, he swigg'd a quart of port.
Of Tickler, Mullion, North, and Hogg, he did nought but dream all night, sir,
And in the day-time, for their cause, he nothing did but fight, sir.
Whigs, Cockneys, Revolutionists, he furiously attack would,
And floor them with his *bunch of fives*—this champion stout of Blackwood.

IV.

There once was a Welshman, and he was very tall,
When North's opponents heard his voice, they look'd out for a squall:
In Maga's cause he was as fierce as General Napper-Tandy:
All foemen were alike to him—the bully or the dandy—
He thrash'd them right, he thrash'd them left, their hurdies he attack would,
With Christopher's own potent knout—in honour all of Blackwood.



to be a great public meeting
y, and I hope the day will be
in and wind. This will keep
ve a great deal of eloquence

, in this letter of inquiries let
after Mrs Moir? I often think
the many pleasant hours I have
f you both. I hope she is quite
say happy, but this is unneces-
sible she can be otherwise than
e and write me soon—the sooner
ve me, your's ever very truly,

R. M.

u seen Aitken's Cabinet? It seems
on upon the whole. There is a
ction of pieces started here, very
ntitled 'the Republic of Letters.'
xtracted I believe one or two of your
e you are game for all the literary
hese folks spare my bones more se-
ose they are worth the picking.
what a pug et of people you
Whe that a duel had
n to fear that
ome blood-

V.

There once was a Yankey, and he was very sage,
Who 'gainst the foes of Christopher a bloody war did wage,
Those who his rifle to escape were so exceeding lucky,
Ran off, I guess, and hid themselves in Erie and Kentucky.
The Cherokees and Chickasaws he furiously attack would,
And shoot their chiefs and kiss their squaws, if they spoke ill
of Blackwood.

On the 13th February 1831, Mr Macnish thus writes—"What have you been about of late? I hope your 'History of Medicine' is progressing rapidly, and will soon be fit for publication. Altogether the two last Numbers of Maga were splendid, only too political for my taste. The ridiculous song of Dr Scott's in the Noctes is my handiwork. Some days ago I sent Mr Blackwood a longish article, which I hope he will like. It was not a merry one, but the reverse. On Friday I was at a great dinner given at Paisley, at which Professor Wilson presided in fine style. There were 200 present, and it was altogether an excellent affair.

"What tremendous weather last week! I am truly happy, and so will you, that thaw has come at last. The roads are now quite open here, and the weather very moderate. In about a couple of months, I intend going north as far as Caithness, for a few weeks, to enjoy the Highland air, which I think I will be none the worse of.

"There is not a particle of news stirring hereabouts. Every thing is in the usual hum-drum style. I hope Musselburgh is more brisk. How is Ritchie coming on by-the-bye with his piece from Ariosto?* It pro-

* My friend, Mr Alexander Ritchie—one of the favourite pupils of Thorwaldsen of Rome, has amply fulfilled the promise of excellence at this time given, and has now risen to eminence as a sculptor. His bust of the Countess of Lincoln has been universally admired, as one of the finest models of feminine grace and beauty; and his statue of the late Mr Marjoribanks, M. P. for Berwickshire, erected at Coldstream, is perhaps the best adaptation extant of modern costume to the purposes of sculpture. His recent figures of Sir Walter Scott and of the Duke of Gordon are not less excellent. As to the groupe alluded to above, the memory of Mr Macnish must have misgiven him, as it was designed from Tasso (Gerusalemme Liberata, Canto II. Stanza 15,) and not from Ariosto; and embodied the Lovers, Olindo and Sophronia at the stake, ere timeously rescued by the intercession of Clorinda.

Pur guardia esser non può, che'n tutto celi
Beltà degna ch'affraja, e che s'ammiri.
Ne tu il consenti Amor, ma la riveli
D'un giovinetto ai cupidi desiri
Amor, ch'or cieco, or Argo, ora ne veli
Di benda gli occhi, ore ce gli apri a giri;
Tu per mille custodie entro a piu casti
Verginei alberghi il guardo altrui portasti.

The portrait prefixed to this volume is from a bust of Mr Macnish modelled by Mr Ritchie in 1833 and acknowledged by his family and friends to be an admirable likeness. His portrait by Mr M'Nee of Glasgow, painted shortly afterwards, and exhibited last season at the Scottish Academy, is also full of spirit and fidelity.

of them very much to general principles. The passing of the Roman Catholic Bill, however, shewed him and many others, as it did myself, that an urgent necessity had arisen, for amending the representation of the people—that measure having been unequivocally passed in opposition to an overwhelming majority of the subjects of this Protestant realm. It was, in this point of view, that the necessity of a Reform Bill was justified in Mr Macnish's mind:—that in the one given, some things might have been withheld, and others substituted, he was in no way inclined to dispute.

The "Medical History," here alluded to, was a little work, in which I had been for some months engaged. It was undertaken at the suggestion of my distinguished and excellent friend Mr Galt, and was half intended as one of the volumes of Colburn and Bentley's National Library. On the abandonment of the plan, from an anterior application of one of the publisher's to another medical author, the first division of my book was brought out, under the title of the "Ancient History of Medicine." * In a sub-

* "Outlines of the Ancient History of Medicine, being a view of the Progress of the Healing Art among the Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, and Arabians." Post 8vo, 1831.

sequent division, it was my intention to have brought down this view of the medical sciences from the dark ages till the middle of last century; and then in a third, to have completed my survey of the subject, by commencing with the nosologies of Sauvages and Cullen, and concluding with an exhibition of the present state of our professional knowledge.

In answer to the preceding letter, and in sending my friend an early copy of the Ancient History of Medicine, I find among other things, that I had then suggested to him, the publication of the present work. On the second of May, it would appear that I wrote as follows: "I read your Punch and Judy in last Frazer, and was much pleased with it. It has a great deal of genuine humour, but I cannot conscientiously say, that I think it one of your best things. The other story 'Singular Passage in my own Life,' will probably appear in next Number,—and I will then tell you what I think of it.

"What are you doing at present? not idle I hope. I think you should collect all your prose tales from Blackwood, the Annuals, &c., into a little volume, and it will be one of the most popular things you have done. There would be no need of your name—merely say, by 'The Modern Pythagorean,' whose story should stand first in the list.

"What have you resolved about your travels this summer? If you go, by all means keep a journal and a sharp look out from right to left. I wish I had such an opportunity of surveying mankind."

From his professional occupations, Mr Macnish found it, however, impracticable to make out his intended visit to the continent at this time, as will be observed in the following letter, dated 17th August.

"My Dear Sir,—As Mr Ritchie leaves this to-morrow, I take the opportunity of sending you a few lines. His works will, I am sure, excite high admiration, for they are most excellent, and indicate uncommon genius. The exhibition opened to day; and there is your bust—I had almost said yourself—along side of Joseph Hume—the poet and the politician, cheek by jowl—the one full of fine imaginings, the other brimful of pounds, shillings, and pence. I forgot to tell you how I liked your work on Ancient Medicine, It is in my humble opinion, a very ably written, learned, and ingenious production, and does you the greatest credit. It has, I am happy to find, been most favourably reviewed in the Lancet and Medical Gazette, both of which you have of course seen.

"I suppose you have been very busy all this summer, at least we have been so; indeed, the unusual

quantum of sickness on our list, has kept me rigidly at home, in spite of all my wishes to get away, and, with the exception of my northern trip—a most delightful one—I have been nowhere this season. For this reason, I found it quite impossible to get to the continent as I fully intended.

"What have you been about? Ever busy I suppose. For my part I have not written a single syllable since last December; any thing of mine published since, having been written before that time; so you see, I for one am not smitten with the *cacoethes scribendi*. You never told me how you liked the 'Singular Passage' in Frazer. I had a letter from him yesterday, asking me to send him something.

"I met Mr Blackwood about a month ago in the Exchange, and shook hands with him. I believe I was in the wrong after all—a circumstance very common with me, as I have got the unhappy knack of raising posts, and knocking my head against them. I am certainly a horrid ass. The first thing I write, I must send to Ebony, and thus try to make all things square. When a man is wrong, it is in my opinion, best to say so at once, and not be guided by blind obstinacy.

"I have been disappointed at not having a visit from you this season, but seeing how my occupations have

prevented my own getting from home, I can readily see how a similar cause has kept you there. I really wish you could come yet, before this fine weather terminates. I hope Mrs Moir is well, and as happy as I could wish her to be. Remember me most kindly to her,—and believe me, most affectionately your's,

R. M."

From 1826, when Mr Macnish first came out as an author, he had been personally known to Professor Wilson,—for the almost universality of whose powers he entertained the most profound respect. He had also met with Mr De Quincey, and the Ettrick Shepherd—those antipodes, among the illustrissimi of modern literature; and appreciated the erudition and scholarship of the one, as he did the imagination and nature of the other. As being more of his own standing with respect to age and authorship, however, Mr Thomas Aird, the author of "Religious Characteristics," "The Captive of Fez," and other works of superior merit,* enjoyed at this time, perhaps next to

* Perhaps not one of the rising writers of this age has been less appreciated than Mr Thomas Aird. In his "Devil's Dream on Mount Asbeck,"—certainly one of the most magnificent ballads in our language,—and in "the Demoniac," there is a power and a prodigality of imagery, conjoined with a splen-

myself, more of the confidence of his literary friendship, than any other person,—how deservedly, those who know Mr Aird best, will easiest understand.

Among other *disjuncta membra* of epistolary reminiscence, Mr Macnish, in the following very pleasant, gossipping letter, thus alludes in chit-chat style, to our mutual friend, and the unpromising way—for such a mind as his—in which great part of his time was then employed.

" Glasgow, 22d October 1831.

" My Dear Sir,—This being a very wet day, and having it in my power to send off this letter, at least as far as Edinburgh, I have determined to write you a few lines. But in the first place, let me ask you if you are dead or alive. If you are dead, write me (if you can) at once, and try to excuse your long silence. If you are not dead—which I hope—equally write, if it were for no other reason than to let me know why you have not written. I daresay, after all, you have been something like myself, very busy for some months past; with little leisure on your hands to waste on such a rigmarole fellow as I.

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dour of imagination, which mark out his mind as one of a high order. All that we could wish for, in these and his other poems, is a more cordial knowledge of human character.

pre- Yesterday I had a letter from Shoberl* with a copy of Forget-Me-Not, and an order to draw on Ackermann for twelve guineas for my contribution, whi pleasant duty I did a little ago. It is I think ' more than the trifles are worth. I am at a ' know why ' the Tear' has been inserted, for I certainly never sent it. I suspect you must h done so long ago, before it appeared in the Magazin and Shoberl has now used it, not knowing that it has been previously printed. It is a pity, but can't be helped.

" Your stanzas addressed to Ianthe are quite equal to any thing you ever wrote. They are full of tenderness and poetry, and must delight every reader. What an impulse love gives to poetry !—for I am sure those beautiful stanzas were written under that feeling, which is said to be very delightful, although I am sure if I had the misfortune to be in love, I should be confoundedly unhappy. And yet under such very ridiculous circumstances (a man in love is always ridiculous,) I ought to be a great deal happier than you, for I have not a particle of your gravity and gentleman-

* Mr Frederick Shoberl, the able editor of " Forget-Me-Not," and translator of M. Thiers' History of the French Revolution, now publishing with embellishments by Bentley.

like melancholy, but, on the contrary, am always absurdly good-humoured, except when I run myself out of money, a thing which happens once and away. But a truce to philosophizing. Philosophers are either knaves or asses, and as I am not the former, I suppose no alternative remains for me except ranking among the latter.

"How is your friend the Rev. Mr Forsyth? I hope the coffee he partook of so copiously at the Temperance Coffee-House has not damaged his appetite. What a sound Constitutionalist the minister is! He is a capital fellow—too good for a parson—and I expect to have more badinage with him the next time I see him.

"How is Ritchie? His sculpture is much admired here, and Sir Archibald Campbell has, I understand, purchased his Sleeping Child. He is a fellow of real genius, and deserves encouragement.

"We are at press with a fourth edition of the Anatomy, which will be out next month. I have greatly enlarged and improved it,—contrary to my original intention. M'Phun has given me ten pounds extra for my trouble in seeing it through the press. When the work is out I will send you a couple of copies. With this I send you the Phrenological Catechism. It was wholly written by my brother George, and has sold remarkably well. I always forgot to send you it.

"What is Blackwood about now? I must try and write him an article, or he will be a black-balling me without mercy. Do you think if I were to ask him to republish in a separate form my tales from his Magazine he would do it? I fear to ask, now that I have got into his bad graces—a plague on my own stupid head. * * * By the bye, talking of Aird, what is he about? It is a great pity to see a man of his powerful genius so utterly lost. There is something utterly horrible in the idea of one like him, wasting his time in the attempt to hammer Latin and Greek into the sconce of some brainless blockhead. If such an infernal destiny were mine, I would hang myself. But it never could be mine, for rather than submit to it, I would be a knapper of his Majesty's granite on the highway, or shoulder a musket and face the devil. Have you heard lately of that curious production of genius De Quincey? I suppose still writing for Maga at the rate of a quarter of a page per day. Knowest thou the name of the writer of the Physician's Diary? I have more than once heard it attributed to yourself. It has been exceedingly popular, although I do not like it so well as most people. I question much if it is written by a medical man.

"I was going to say something about Reform, but am sick unto death on the subject—therefore let it

rest in peace. There is to be a great public meeting on the Green on Monday, and I hope the day will be such as this—one of rain and wind. This will keep the orators cool, and save a great deal of eloquence and stinking breath.

"Now, my dear Sir, in this letter of inquiries let me conclude by asking after Mrs Moir? I often think of her and you, and of the many pleasant hours I have spent in the society of you both. I hope she is quite well—I was going to say happy, but this is unnecessary, for it is impossible she can be otherwise than happy.—Now be sure and write me soon—the sooner the better; and believe me, your's ever very truly,

R. M.

"P. S.—Have you seen Aitken's Cabinet? It seems an excellent selection upon the whole. There is a new periodical selection of pieces started here, very elegantly got up, entitled 'the Republic of Letters.' They have also extracted I believe one or two of your pieces; so you see you are game for all the literary birds of prey. These folks spare my bones more sedulously; I suppose they are not worth the picking.

"By the way, what a pugnacious set of people you Musselburghers are. When I read that a duel had taken place in the Honest Town, I began to fear that it might be between Mr D. M. M. and some blood-

thirsty Grub-Streeteer; till, on getting farther on, I found that the dreaded you was somebody else. I hope you have got the ball out of the poor gentleman's leg. * * * I am thinking of trying my hand at a sermon, which a clergyman in town has promised to preach, if I will write it. The duties of husbands and wives to each other, is the subject I have fixed upon. This will not require much gospel or scriptural knowledge. As soon as I do it, I mean to take all my friends to hear my discourse delivered *ex cathedra*. I have fixed upon this subject, because I am perfectly ignorant about it, and therefore more likely to be original."

All this is very pleasant and gossipping, and withal is extremely characteristic of Mr Macnish, whether we regard the variety of topic, the light heartedness, the natural propensity to extract humour from the phases of every subject, or the unconstrained benevolence of feeling, which, like the genial sunshine, was reflected almost equally on the good and on the bad. With him some apparent contrarieties seemed conjoined. Such was his sense of humanity, so delicate his perception of suffering, that I verily believe his aversion to angling arose entirely from the horror which must have overcome him in extracting the hook

from the trout's mouth; yet to my amazement I found on one of my visits to him that his study was hung around with plates from the Boxiana and Pierce Egan, in five portly volumes, occupied a prominent place in his library. In this and in many things else he was a humorist. He could not, or at least would not, venture to reason on some subjects, yet he acknowledged his convictions, as if they had come to him by intuition. Of one or two more of these unaccountabilities we must come to speak hereafter. Meanwhile, let us conclude the correspondence of this year, by the following extracts from an equally characteristic epistle.

"Glasgow, November 9, 1831.

"My Dear Sir,—I wrote you my last letter while confined to the house by bad weather. I am now confined by a vile cold in the head, which has gone down to my chest, and annoys me a good deal. Thanks to myself for this, for I owe it to sheer carelessness in being out late at night, supping with a set of bachelors. This is the great advantage you married folks possess over us. You become quite regular and orderly, staying at home with your wives, and going to bed early, and not quite seas over, as we honest bachelors are enticed to do. Do not suppose, however, from this,

that I am going to get married, for I look upon a wife as an incumbrance, fully as great as a walking-stick, and not quite so useful. Not but there are exceptions, as you know, not to your cost, but to your own great happiness. This last sentence I insert both because it is true, and that it may save me from getting a scold from your own excellent wife, when I next see her.

"Talking of wives, by-the-bye, let me congratulate you upon the birth of your son. God bless the little chap! * * * * I think a virtuous and amiable woman must be a poetess, for what the plague is virtue but poetry. It follows, then, that poetry is virtue; and such being the case, no person who can write (or think or speak,) poetry, must be hanged in future, or even suspected of a crime. Q. E. D. There is sound logic for you.

"I sent Blackwood a few days ago a most absurd poem entitled 'Miss Pipson.' If he does not like it I will send it to Frazer.

"We are getting on well with the Anatomy. When you see the new edition you will allow it to be much improved. I have been converted into a believer in spontaneous combustion, by the mass of evidence in support of the phenomenon. I have also a slight wipe at temperance societies, but only a slight one, for I think they deserve credit for good intentions.

"My sublime acquaintance, Tom Atkinson, has published his Chameleon, in the style of the Annuals, and a most elegant affair it is, so far as exterior goes. I believe I am answerable for the publication, for Tom sent me all the MSS. to read, and I returned them to him with the highest commendations without having read a single page. You see the advantage of a good wide conscience. I now make a practice of praising every thing written by asses. When I condemn a thing, I think I am paying the author a compliment, as it is a proof I have read his work. After all, blockheads are useful animals, and should not be abused. I am a huge favourite with all the literary idiots about Glasgow, and I impute it solely to this absurd system of flattery, by which they are gammoned into a belief that they are men of genius. The system answers two purposes. It makes them imagine themselves clever, because I say so—even I myself; and it makes them suppose me clever, seeing that I have judgment to admire their great talents. It was while supping with one of these intellectuals that I caught cold—a punishment, I suppose, for the hypocritical praises I bestowed upon them. Did you see Jem Ward and Harry Holt while they were in Edinburgh? I saw them exhibit three times here. Jem is a formidable fellow, stands well upon his pins, and hits

equally well with both hands,—a rare quality among pugilists, and possessed in perfection only by a few, such as Gully, Jack Randall, and two or three others. I won two or three bets in the battle between Ward and Byrne. I was present at a prize-fight about two months ago. It took place at Kilmalcolm, between Amos and Docherty, and was won by the latter. It was a terribly blackguard business, but very well worth seeing. Amos, however, though the best boxer, wanted pluck, and was terrible damaged about his upper works.

"When did you see Professor Wilson? I wonder what he is about. What a sad pity it is, that, with one of the most powerful and beautiful minds ever formed, an intellect overflowing with the divinest poetry, and blended pathos, and humour, and philosophy, he should not have tasked it more than he has done. It is really an outrage upon nature, who has so bountifully gifted him, to waste these vast powers as he has done, instead of consecrating them to some immortal work. * * * Hogg is rhyming away in Frazer. I do not know what sort of affair his last is, for I have not yet read it. I see those masculine-feminines, the * * * * damsels, have brought out a couple of volumes. What an itch for writing these ladies have! I should not like to marry one of them:—con-

firmed blue-stockings. What a lot of them there are in Edinburgh! In fact I think the Edinburgh women are confoundedly disagreeable, speaking in a general way, on account of their blue-stocking propensities. They have a tremendous opinion of themselves, which accounts for there being so many old maids in the Modern Athens. Our Glasgow ladies are nice and ignorant, and do not plague one with learning. On this account, I greatly prefer them to the self-conceited damsels of the metropolis. Women should never be as wise as men.

"There is nothing particular doing in the literary way in this quarter. * * * I had a chat with little Motherwell the other day. He was talking of publishing a volume of poems, and sent me the MSS. to read over. Them I did read, (unlike Tom's,) and I assure you many of them are truly beautiful.

"You will think it very curious, but I have somehow lost the power of writing. I can neither invent a subject, nor could I write upon one, even if invented. This is very curious, but I suspect it proceeds from an exhaustion of my mind—never a very fertile one. I can absolutely write neither prose nor verse, so that, intellectually speaking, I am a very old man, and good for nothing. I hope, however, the *potestas scribendi* will return. I suspect much that this deficiency is

owing to want of practice, as I have scarcely written a single line for twelvemonths past. How are all Musselburgh friends? I hope the minister is well, as also Captain and Mrs Orr. I was raising the devil lately with the Captain's diabolical invention of salt and whisky, to the no small amazement of the company.

"I thought to have had the pleasure of seeing you about this time, as my sister intended going to Dunfermline, and asked me to give her a convoy the length of Edinburgh; but she has given up the idea, and so I shall not have the pleasure of seeing you till next summer, which I shall certainly do, if Fate spares me till then.

"There has been a terrible mortality among the medical men of Glasgow during the last two years, and all of fever. Two widows were thrown upon the faculty fund lately. They are allowed L. 50 per annum as a right, but considering that they were very destitute and with families, we voted them yesterday L. 20 additional, so that they have now L. 70 each—a very proper and liberal action.

"What do you think of our Reforming friends in Bristol? They have given us a lift with a vengeance, and no doubt vastly forwarded our holy cause, by rather unholy means. Well done the Bristolians—fel-

low-citizens of Cribb, Belcher, Neat, and the Game-chicken. They do honour to the pugnacious spirit of their valiant townsmen. After all, seriously, did you ever read such a rascally business? What a set of ruffians the British mob are, and what a humiliating contrast to the truly gallant Parisians of the three days. Do you take me? Ah!—I am, my dear Sir, your's truly, R. MACNISH."

While perusing such a letter as the above, it is somewhat amusing to hear the author deploring that he has lost the power of writing. This reminds us of Coleridge and Lord Jeffrey. While on a morning walk in Westmoreland, as the reader will remember, the critic asked the poet, whose flow of eloquence resembled his own river "broad as any sea," why he seemed to have forsworn the muse? The Ancient Mariner replied, that the muse had for many years bypastforsworn him."—"How can that be?" was the rejoinder, "since your conversation for the last two hours has been nothing but poetry."—I remember Mr Blackwood, many years ago, telling me of his occasionally having received from De Quincey long, elaborate, and admirable letters,—perfect articles in themselves,—apologizing for his not being able at the time to write an article. Such at this period seems to have been the

hallucination, the *importuna e grave salma*, which haunted and lay like a night-mare on the mind of the Modern Pythagorean. It required but an effort to convince him how unfounded were his fears; yet the difficulty of making it seems to have been with him at this time, next to insurmountable.

In the October Number of Frazer for 1831, appeared a humorous fragmentary sketch, entitled "Who Murdered Begbie?" which is reprinted in the present work, and a poem of considerable fancy and power, which we here subjoin. Our author, after the manner of the Ettrick Shepherd, and other recognized authorities on the superstitions of the dark ages, has adopted something like the antique spelling to be found in the chartularies, referring to these.

ANE FLICHT THROUGH FAERY LANDE ONNE ANE FAMOUS STEEDE YCLEPT THE NICHT-MARE.

I wals brocht, but how I cannotte telle,
To the wairde land quhere the faeries dwelle;
And O! sic ane wilde and ane witchynge scene
Wals opened before my mortall eyne!
I wals notte awake, I wals notte asleepe,
But inne ane confusione strange and deepe;
I could notte telle, sae strange wals my hedde,
Quether I wals alive or dedde,
Quether this wals the realme of blysse,
Or the wilde warld of wretchednesse!
Quhere could I be?—alacke and welle!
I thocht againe, but I could notte telle.

At last amang the featherie ayre
I hearde like the uoices of mortalls thair;
Uoices quhilk did lauch and synge—
Makynge the haill empyrium rynge—
Fillynge wythe maruellouse melodie
Euery uapour that floated bye,
And makynge ane echo euery time
The soundis approachit ane cloude sublime:—
"And come, all my ouphante traine,"
Quo a uoice, as cleare as raine
Quhen it descendis uponne the sea,
"And see quho this lonelye man mai be,
Quho has come into the Uphe countrye."

And straucht ane uirgin bande thair stude,
Pure as rainbow owre the flude,
Oune euery wreathit cloude sae faire
That hunge uponne the sparklynge ayre.
Thousandis were thay to my sicht,
Radiant, lofety, defte, and bricht:
Euery ane hadde ane uirgin hue,
Euery ane hadde een of blue;
And as thay wanit thair lockis of gowd,
Thay held thair sidis and leuch aloude—
And aye the drift of their rippit and glee
Wals to gabber and mocke at me.

At lengthe uponne the rainbows breast
Walkit forth the Quene frae mang the rest;
"Quho art thou, mortall, that darest explore
The realme of the faeries, untrodden before
By ony foote of mortall byrth?
Speake, or I'll flynge thee down to yirth!"
I am ane puir wayworn man,"
Wythe terrified tongue I then beganne;

" But how I cam here, I canna telle,
Although ye flynge me down to helle."
And then the faeries rounde aboute
Set up anither clamorouse shoute
And leuch, and helde thair sidis wythe mirthe,
And sayd, " Before he sees the yirth,
Let's rin him ane rig through the fields of ayre,
And schewe him the kingdomes that flourische thair."
Then quho the Quene, " As sure as the sunne
Illuminis the skie, it schalle be done.
Ye're ane fule, but for the lofe we bear
To folly and frolic we'll tak ye thair,
Thair are realmis of yirth quhere ne mortalle hath beene
And climatis ynne heuen ne angel hath seene,
And bouiris of coral, beneathe the blue sea,
Quhere ne mermaide hath been, but quhere thou schalte be.

Then richt or wrang, through the regions of space
They bore me, withouten or feelynge or grace,
Mair quyche than the flyinge of deadlye easte winde!
Some pullit me before, some pushit me behinde,
Some grippit my limbis—quhile wythe shoutis of lauchter
They hurried me on, like ane lamb to the slauchter.
" And how do ye like this glorious funne?"
Quo sche, the Quene, quho it begunne.
" Ane curse on your funne, ye paiks" quo I—
But ane weirdlye lauch wals a' their replye.
The mair I sheuk wythe micht and maine,
The mair thay enjoyit my skaithe and my paine.
" Let go, ye randies—for if I be hurt,
Ynne your bluidye handis, ye schalle suffer for't.
I'm an honest man" " *We downa doubte*"—
Wals a' the replye of the senseless route.
I ettled to kick, but I micht as sune
Have tried my feete against the mune;—

I buffetted here, I buffetted thair,
But I only strack the gylded ayre.
At lengthe I fande my breathe departe—
Ane deep oppression cam oure my hearte—
My braine grew dizzy, my eyne grew dimme—
Ane sweat broke out onne euery limbe—
My bosomme heavit wythe deadlye dredde—
Uaporis floated around my hedde—
Then I thocht ilk faery did let me goe,
But still I felt ane heauy woe;
And fainter and fainter their uoices were,
As they vanishit in the ayre;
But still their mockerie seemit to synge
Wythe ane fearful murmurynge.
I held my breathe, and sheuk, for I
Fell slowlie frae the starrie skie;—
I reachit the yirth, I turnit my hedde,
And loe, beholde! I wals stretchit onne my bedde;
And insteade of ridynge the cloudis of the ayre,
I hadde onlie been ridynge the grimme Night-Mare!

In another strain, and perhaps still more felicitous, is the following little Chanson. It leads us also among the Elves, but their occupation here is more etherial and fitting their supposed natures.

SONG.

I.

When the pale moon is shining
From her blue vault of ether,
And fairies are twining
Their garlands beneath her—

When the heaven above is
Divine with her power,
On the pinions of love, I
Shall fly to her bower.

II.

The gift could I bear it
(And for thee alone)
To love like a spirit
Unseen and unknown—
In the shade of thy presence
I'd glory to be,
And pass my existence
Attendant on thee.

With the concluding months of this year, and the commencement of 1832, the health of Mr Macnish continued to improve, his body strengthened, his mind lightened up, he went through his professional duties with cheerful alacrity, and his inherent love for intellectual exertion again exhibited itself, in several pleasant as well as powerful compositions.

It was about the middle of January, that the Asiatic Cholera, which had been imported to Sunderland, made its progressive way from Berwick to Musselburgh, and there seemed to take up its head-quarters,—raging with pestilential violence, and prostrating alike the young and the old. So sudden and fearful was the mortality, that the burials, within three weeks, exceeded the average annual number of deaths, and this

out of a population approaching to nine thousand. I had formed no preconceived theory regarding the mode in which the disease was propagated—I knew that the great majority of the Indian practitioners reckoned it simply epidemic—but a week's narrow and scrupulous investigation of its mode of attack convinced me thoroughly of its purely contagious character. To this belief I adhere, as confidently as to my own existence; and until it is universally acted upon (which I never expect to see,) by the medical profession, Europe must from time to time be laid waste by the ravages of this horrible and soul-subduing pestilence.

From the numerous inquiries made at this period from all parts of the United Kingdom, regarding the nature and treatment of this new and fearful scourge of our race, I was induced, in my capacity of Medical Secretary to the Board of Health, at Musselburgh, to publish, on the spur of the moment, a pamphlet, entitled "Practical Observations on Malignant Cholera,"—of which, from the then absorbing nature of the subject, a second edition was demanded by the public in the course of a few days. These circumstances are mentioned here, in reference to several things shortly to be alluded to. After a thorough investigation of the subject, I was glad to find that Mr Macnish strongly entrenched himself on the side of

the Contagionists; and from a careful scrutiny of the disease, as it wandered apparently "at its own dire will" from place to place, he furnished me with a variety of facts and reasonings, undisputed and conclusive. In writing to him, at this time, I find the following passage: "The medical men here, and in Edinburgh, are all at loggerheads about Contagion and Non-contagion—but the success of my pamphlet has been a sore thorn in the side of the latter doctrinists. I do not know what may be its merits—but it ought not to have many, having been written within the week—and in the midst of scenes of misery—as I bustled from one death-bed to another—the like of which I never saw before, and trust will never see again. The eve after a battle-field may be a sad thing; but here all excitement was absent, and death was literally cold and repulsive. I am sure I am within the mark when I say, that the pamphlet never had a sitting of half an hour at a time, by day or by night. * * * I liked your paper in Frazer much. Burke and Hare were capitally managed—although I am convinced that some thick-stomached cormorants would digest the whole philosophy of the thing as gospel." The editor of Frazer's Magazine seems to have adopted exactly the same opinion, and thought it right and necessary to append to his quaint and curious article

"on the Philosophy of Burking," the note, which will be found in our reprint. The above extract should not, I find, have preceded the following letter, but my own note was without date.

"Glasgow, 15th February 1832.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Many thanks for your pamphlet. An extract from it appeared in the Glasgow Courier of yesterday, a copy of which I sent to you; and a review of it will appear in the same paper to-morrow. I have there given my opinion of the work, so that it is needless to recapitulate it here.

"Cholera has now fairly appeared among us. I saw a case yesterday, and one the day before, both of which proved fatal in a few hours. Every case hitherto has died. They were probably not seen till the stage of collapse had come on, and it is possible that the removal to the hospital has been injurious. The people have a dreadful antipathy to any person being sent to the hospitals. They stupidly imagine that they are murdered (burked!) by the doctors; and, last night, when they were conveying a patient there, they were attacked by the mob. It is truly a dreadful disease. I have been compelled to give over visiting any of the cases in consequence of the clamour of our own patients, who will not hear of it,—so great

is their terror of infection. Hitherto it has been confined to the lowest classes, and it will probably remain there. You must have had a terrible time of it at Musselburgh."

After entering on some medical details, not quite adapted for the general reader, Mr Macnish thus concludes:

"So much for Cholera. As soon as you are at leisure, I confidently look for a long epistle from you. Your dreadful and harassing occupations of late have afforded you too good an excuse for not writing, but when this is at an end, you must send me a letter.

"You have of course had no time to read Frazer. Besides the Philosophy of Burking, I have sent him a little poem called 'Address to Cupid,' which is to appear in next Number.

"Do you remark the curious effect, which Cholera has had upon the Reform Bill? We now hear nothing about it—so completely is it absorbed in that other more immediate and engrossing subject.

"By-the-bye the Sun Newspaper, in noticing my Burking paper, said, it was a servile plagiarism from De Quincey's 'Murder, one of the Fine Arts.' How foolish it is of——, from the circumstance of his being introduced, to allow himself to be fretted into such an unfounded and absurd assertion. I will be bound

to say, that there is not a particle of resemblance between the two,—and I will defy all the Suns and Moons in existence to shew it. Ever, my dear Sir, your's sincerely, R. M."

Toujours Perdrix! At this period the pestilence was the all-engrossing subject; and, in the following letter, written on the back of the former, he again returns to it, as a dog to his grass, or a cat to valerian. It is dated on the 21st of the same month, and, after some professional details, and information as to the progress and treatment of the disease in Glasgow,—with the expression of his own opinion, that it was a functional one, and probably of the nervous system—he then adds, " Delpech from Montpellier has been here, trying some very absurd experiments, such as injecting tartar emetic into the veins, and applying boiling water, and the actual cautery to the spine. The subjects of these experiments would doubtless have died at any rate, but it is not supposed that he prolonged their existence.*

* I remember having had the honour, shortly before this, of being introduced to this distinguished man, by Dr Coste of Montpellier, who had preceded him to this country; and who was investigating the proximate cause of the disease, which the professor believed to exist in the solar plexus. Near the end of the same year I think, Delpech met with a very melancholy fate,

"On the third day after attending the Cholera hospital, I was seized pretty smartly with the premonitory symptoms, and was ill for two days—being obliged from sheer debility and fever to go to bed for several hours each day. I am now, however, quite well,—having taken the proper remedies. Several others of the medical people have been similarly attacked. In attending the cases I am obliged to do so by stealth, so great is the fear of infection among our patients.

"Your pamphlet is much read here, and has been quoted extensively in the Courier, Herald, Chronicle, Paisley Advertiser, and in almost all the papers of the west. I see it spoken of, (in reference to your opinions on contagion,) in several of the English papers. Indeed it is looked upon as a great authority. I am glad you have written it on your own account, as a medical man.

"The weather here has been delightful. Three weeks ago, I was at Gourock seeing a patient. When there I went the length of the Isle of Bute, where I met with an ugly accident, a heavy stone having fallen

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having been assassinated by some fanatic or madman on the streets of that city, of whose university he was the principal ornament.

upon my foot, and crushed it severely over the great toe. I am now nearly well, but it was only yesterday I could put on my boot—having been obliged to go about until then in a shoe, having a large hole cut in it, out of which the wounded toe protruded at once to save it from pressure and to see the world. But accidents are nothing new to me—I am always meeting with them.

"Dr K—— of G—— seems to be a pretty considerable quack from all I can see about him. The fellow is a Member of the Temperance Society, and holds it an abomination to take a glass of spirits, while he will swig three or four bottles of strong ale or porter daily. I never saw him, but I understand he is as fat as Sir John Falstaff, of happy memory. Did you see L——'s letter about cholera? what a piece of humbug!

"Now don't forget to write me, and give me all your news. With kind compliments to Mrs M., I remain, my dear friend, your's very truly, R. M.

"P. S.—I had a dream about you last night, and thought you were dreadfully emaciated with your labours. Nay, what is a great deal worse, I imagined you had grown a little fellow about my own size, and I felt great surprise at the same—a proof that surprise, in opposition to what *Macnish* says in his *Philosophy*,

may be experienced in dreams. I hope, when I next see you, that you will be both long and stout—physically speaking, both a longitudinarian and a latitudinarian. As for myself I am neither the one nor the other, but, *in medias res*, a nondescript between the two. When you see Mr Ritchie, remember me kindly to him."

With reference to almost the same topics, but viewed in other lights, as circumstances permitted, the following letter holds on in continuation:—

"Glasgow, March 6, 9 P. M.

"My Dear Sir,—Many thanks for the quarto copy of your pamphlet. * The letter you wrote me on the subject of contagion has been inserted in the Glasgow Courier of to-day, a copy of which I herewith send you. It is an excellent letter, and will give the *coup-de-grace* to the fast decreasing body of non-contagionists of this place. The sentiments contained in your pamphlet have been a sore pill to these people, and have done much to *contagionize* the inhabitants of

* *Confiteatur*. The late Mr James Ballantyne took a great interest in this *brochure*, and *sua sponte* supported its views in the Weekly Journal. While passing through the press, he threw off ten copies in quarto, which he presented to me—well knowing that the thing, although *sub rosa*, would not be objected to.

Glasgow. Indeed here your opinions were received with great respect, as they certainly were entitled to be.—The great Anti—or rather *bit by bit* contagionist, (who admits that circumstances may render the disease so,) has latterly got into the back ground for his heterodox opinions. I agree with you in the absurdity of this medium system. The disease certainly is, or it is not contagious, and whoever tries to steer between these whirlpools shews himself to be an ass.

"Motherwell was glad to get your letter, and Samuel Hunter, with whom I dined to-day, is so much pleased with it, that he is going to copy it into his paper of Friday—thus it must have ample circulation—the Herald being the most extensively read paper in Glasgow, and one of the most respectable for character and talent in Scotland.

"I am truly happy to learn, were it only for your sake, that cholera has left Musselburgh. It must have been truly harassing to you, but it is to be hoped that you will never again have such a pestilence to contend against. Here, considering our immense population, it has hitherto been mild indeed.

"I was much pleased with your spirited paper in Frazer on Medical Education, addressed to the students. It hits hard, but justly, and will tell with good effect upon the shoulders of the sumphs. I am glad

you liked the article on Hare and his worthy colleague.

"I would advise you when you have leisure to publish a complete treatise on cholera, in which you might combine the whole of your present pamphlet with all the other facts you have since been able to accumulate. An account of the progress of the disease, in different quarters of the world, would be highly interesting.

"I always forgot to ask you how your health stood out in your late hard labours. You must be a strong fellow, for I am sure that such work would have killed me three times over. Any kind of muscular exertion I can endure as well as any man living, but want of sleep—toil by day and night—in short irregular hours, play the deuce with me.

"You must try if possible, and come our length this summer. You will be much the better of being away for a few days. You have no idea of the pleasure you would enjoy in a few excursions down the Clyde, and to Loch Lomond, the West Highlands, &c. There are three great inducements in travelling in the west country. First, the most splendid scenery in the world. Second, excellent steam-boats. Third, the cost a mere trifle. You can go to the Isle of Bute, 48 miles for two shillings—to Campbelton or Inverary, 100 miles for five shillings,—and every place in pro-

portion. In truth, you have no idea of the advantage we here enjoy by means of our noble river, and the surprising accommodation upon it—not less than 60 steamboats. So—early in summer, you must positively give up your weary professional routine, if only for a few days, and come westward. I can promise you several of the most happy days you ever spent. I intend going to Caithness early in May, to see my brother George, who is killing and curing there, *secundum artem*. If I do so, I shall of course have the pleasure of seeing you either on my way thither, or on my return—for I always go by one way, and return by the other.

"I see our friend the minister—Mr Forsyth,—has published some sermons. They will, I should think, be very good, as he is a clever man. How is Mr Ritchie? The Exhibition has opened, has it not? What sort of a thing is his Sir William Wallace? I should suppose excellent.

"I was a good deal amused to hear you spoken of the other night in company *as an old man*. One gentleman said he understood you to be between sixty and seventy, and short and fat. They were very much surprised, when I informed them that you were a young man, and tall and thin. I know not how this notion of your age and appearance prevails, but certain

it is, that I have more than once heard you described as a squat elderly gentleman. Remember me very kindly to Mrs Moir; and believe me, my dear Sir, your's sincerely, R. M."

Several letters followed at this time, but as they are taken up wholly by professional speculations, and details concerning the cholera, I have thought it better to pass them over. Mr Macnish took great pains in investigating the mode by which the disease spreads itself: and completely convinced himself, that it was simply and solely by human communication. I was indebted to him, for more than one curious *sorites* of cases, distinctly traceable to an infected person making his appearance in a hitherto uninfected district. In one of these epistles he says, "If you publish a separate pamphlet on the Contagion, send me copies of it for the Editors of the Herald and Chronicle. I think by all means, you ought to print a separate pamphlet."

The disease had, by the middle of March, assumed a formidable appearance in Glasgow,—and Dr Arthur, Inspector of Hospitals, was sent down by Government, to keep a kind of surveillance over the infected districts, and adopt whatever measures might be reckoned most consonant with the public safety. It chanced that, at this time, I was called upon to attend the funeral of a

relative in Ayrshire; and, on my return home, *via* Glasgow, I found a note from my excellent friend Sheriff Moir, stating Dr Arthur's wish to have a personal interview with me. Mr Macnish and self, accordingly proceeded to the Royal Hotel, and underwent our interrogatories. At the request of Sheriff Robinson, we also waited on that gentleman, who begged of me to make any suggestions, which might be publicly useful.

Dr Arthur found, of course, that my friend and I were strong contagionists; but he had not, at that time, made up his own mind on the subject, and promised an unprejudiced investigation. Several months after, when in London, on a visit to Mr Galt, the drawing-room door opening, the inspector entered, and we had an opportunity of renewing the subject. He, at once, confessed with frankness, that his observations had made him a decided contagionist,—and enunciated his belief, that the disease was carried from one person to another, and in no other way. *

* Two or three days after this, while proceeding to Cheltenham from Oxford, where I had been attending the meeting of the Scientific Association, which, with all deference to the opinion of many, appears to me, modelled as it is, to be a sadly inefficient affair, I found my travelling companion in the mail to be Dr Baron of Gloucester, the quondam partner, and the biographer of the immortal Jenner. Not having seen the new dis-

In a note of 29th March, Mr Macnish says, in reference to some MSS. which he had sent for my perusal and opinion,—" Be so good as return me the Tales soon, with your opinion of them." These I find, from the answer given, were " Death and the Fisherman," and " the Victims of Sensibility," both of which will be found reprinted in the present work. My remarks at the time were, " Of the two, I very much prefer ' Death and the Fisherman.'—Indeed it is one of the very best things you have ever done, and far superior to ' The Victims,' which, although exceedingly well written, is somewhat overstrained and unnatural."

The health of Mr Macnish was at this time nearly completely re-established, and his love for athletic exercises, which he carried to a degree of whimsicality, again returned with all its vigour. Some association was at this time formed in Glasgow, more I daresay

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ease, he was very anxious to glean from me, what observations I had been able to make; and we parted with a promise on his part, that, should circumstances unfortunately enable him to become personally acquainted with its character, he would write me the result. From reading, he confessed that he had imbibed the opinions of the Indian physicians, and had looked upon Malignant Cholera as epidemic. In December following, I had a long and kind letter from him, written from his bed of convalescence, after a severe personal attack. He confessed himself perfectly converted to the side of contagion

on the principles of fun and frolic, than of any thing else, by Macnish and his friends, under the title of the Chestic Club; and, in his correspondence with his deeply attached friend, Mr Leitch of Rothsay, we shall shortly give some of its grotesque details. It seems to have been something on the model of the Six Feet Club of Edinburgh; but latitude and not longitude was here the requisite,—the qualification of members being determined by a certain girth of chest, taken below the arm-pits. Nothing more absurd can be imagined; but the subject afforded our hero many and many an hour of unadulterated amusement. Boxiana, however, was not altogether forgotten, even amid the absorbing fascinations of this new science. It is thus that a letter of the 29th March concludes: "You will be amused to learn, that I am labouring under the blackguard stigma of a black eye, which I got last Wednesday from a friend, while sparring with the gloves. I am much annoyed at it, for it looks shockingly ill, and has continued too long to be considered as either pleasant or ornamental."

During the months of March and April, while preparing for the press my second pamphlet, entitled "Proofs of the Contagion of Malignant Cholera," *

* "Proofs of the Contagion of Malignant Cholera." 8vo. pp. 88. Four years and a-half have elapsed since the publication of

I received from Mr Macnish a series of professional letters, admirable in themselves, not only from their

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this tract; and now, when the disease, as it predicted, has again re-appeared on the continent, the dangers to which we are exposed, are as imminent as ever.

With these fears before our eyes, we cannot resist quoting the following passage from the introductory remarks :

" From an examination of the histories of Malignant Cholera before it reached these shores, and from an extensive observation of its phenomena since it appeared within them, the author thinks it plain, that all must be forced to come to one of two conclusions.

" 1mo. Malignant Cholera must be a disease propagated solely by communication of the sick with the healthy; or, in other words, by human contagion :—Or,

" 2do. Malignant Cholera must be an epidemic disease; or, in other words, one dependent either on atmospherical or terrestrial influences.

" Before considering the arguments and proofs for and against either of these conclusions, it seems necessary to allude to a circumstance, which applies equally to both—I mean the necessity of the admission of predisposing causes.

" It is constantly asked by those who deny the human communicability of Malignant Cholera, why *all* those who come in contact with the sick, and have washed, dressed, or rubbed them, do not take the disease, and why medical men escape? But does not the same objection—even were it well founded, which it is not—apply with ten times greater force to the admission of Malignant Cholera as a purely epidemic disease? Even in the streets of a large city, amid the throng of human intercourse, and during as severe an irruption of the disease as ever yet appeared, there might be some chance of escape, if the principle of contagion is alone admitted, without the safety valve of a predisposing cause. But under the same circumstances, were

sound sense, and logical argumentations, but from the enthusiasm in the cause of scientific truth, by which they are pervaded. As not accordant with the tenor and spirit of the present work, these are reluctantly passed over. The P. S. to one of them has the following characteristic paragraph. He is alluding to a new periodical work of the day. " Did you ever read more arrant trash than the No.? It is full of the merest twaddle, bombast, and self-conceit. The writers all tell us what mighty things they are going to accomplish. In fact, from their own account, they are all Sampsons together; and when they come to the

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the disease an epidemic one, not a single person could possibly escape. The objection is therefore worse than frivolous, and recoils upon the head of the proposer.

" The object of the following pages, therefore is, by a rigid examination of the facts which have come under the writer's personal observation, to show, in the first place *positively*, that Malignant Cholera is a disease produced by a contagious effluvium from the human body, and transmitted from one locality to another, solely by human intercourse; and in the second place, *negatively*, that it does not depend at all either on atmospherical or terrestrial influence, and is therefore neither an endemic nor an epidemic disease,—taking these terms as now generally used by medical writers.

" These pages are submitted to the public, on account of the deductions which must be drawn from the views here endeavoured to be established; and which intimately concern, not only the safety of individuals, but the welfare of the British nation."—P. 10—12.

scratch, they have scarcely nerve enough to make a dent in a pound of butter. I bless my stars, that I have not got enlisted in the awkward squad."

In the month of August, Mr Macnish made a short tour amid the southern provinces of Scotland, and after passing through parts of Northumberland and Yorkshire, returned home by the east coast. I remember distinctly receiving from him, immediately on his reaching home, a most graphic sketch of his excursion, and among other outlines and oddities, was a scene at Newcastle.

Our traveller had arrived at the great emporium of "Black Diamond," on the afternoon of Saturday, and found Mail and Highflyer off and away; so nothing remained, but supper and a bed, in preparation for a Sunday morning's departure—a proceeding which necessity prompted to, albeit against the precepts of worthy Sir Andrew Agnew. While taking an antecœnial stroll through the streets, Mr Macnish was jostled by two raffs, evidently on the look-out for a hustle, and in the rencounter his hat was thrown off. This he at once emphatically resisted, by repelling the nearest of the two with a blow, which laid him in the kennel. The *argumentum ad hominem* was instantly taken up by the other, a brawny coal-heaver, who assuming a pugilistic attitude, with oaths and voci-

ferations challenged our way-farer to the combat. The odds seemed fearfully against him, as to size and weight, but his science here stood him in good stead; and after two or three manifestations of it, on the body of his assailant, the ruffian began to suspect that he had caught a Tartar; and was, or allowed himself to be knocked down, in which act he also was unbeavered. Upon observing this, the first fellow, who had been rendered *hors-de-combat*, ignominiously took to flight; in which act he was imitated by his comrade the moment that he could recover hat and heels. Macnish now stood "alone in his glory"—the field was his own, and wondering at his own prowess, he at length thought of condescending to stoop down for his own hat. Whether intentional or not we take it not upon us to say; but the runaway was practically a disciple of the Free Trade System, and had bartered felt for beaver. The dilemma was an awkward one. It was, as we have said, Saturday night; the shops were shut up, and the morning mail's seat had been secured. In the letter referred to, he gave me a most laughable account. The hat being a horrible fit, he had been obliged to cut it open behind, and then fasten it on his head, by twisting a silk handkerchief round it by way of band. In this guise he was hurried home-

ward, keeping snug in the corner, at every approach to town or village.

It would appear that I had answered the letter containing the account of these journeyings and achievements on the 17th September. The following paragraph referred to the anecdote just given: "I was glad to learn from your communication, and of last week, that your were not only alive and kicking, but that you had still enough of the true stuff in you, to make you an over-match for the two bravos of Newcastle. You should send the hat, certes, to the Hunterian Museum, to be hung up among the war trophies of the South Sea Islanders. The slit behind must have given it a very knowing and picturesque appearance; and in future ages, it may become a subject of antiquarian controversy, whether the owner's knowledge-box had been split with a Hainault scythe or a tomahawk. I should above all things, like to have a picture of you by Cruickshank, sitting on the top of the mail, with the outlandish castor on your crown, and the hind rim bifurcated like the tail of a swallow."

From a letter of the same date written by Mr Macnish to Mr Leitch of Rothsay, the following passages are extracted. His attention seems at this time to

have been equally divided between the exercises of mind and body.

"My Dear Sir,—On coming home, I was agreeably surprised by the apparition of my excellent friend Robertson, who arrived in town to-day. He sets off for Fort William at 6 o'clock on Thursday morning. I am therefore particularly anxious, that you should if possible bring your *Chest* to Glasgow upon Wednesday. I shall make arrangements for having a *Soirée* upon that evening, when we shall have the Man with the Chest present; and, as a natural consequence, lots of absurdity and blarney. You can set off if you please with Mr R., and thus give him a convoy as far as Bute. This I hope will not interfere with your vocations. One day will do the business. Try and be at our house by six o'clock, or sooner if you like. If you come, I shall pay you the four shillings I borrowed from you, and lend you four if you please, if so be as how you run short, as I did when you remember plucking the long Apothecary on my account. If you don't come I shan't pay you a rap. Now, try and make it out; for it is a chance if we shall have it in our power to have such another set to, as Mr R. intends returning home, *via* Edinburgh, instead of Glasgow. I understand F—— set off to-day for Rothsay,

for the purpose, if possible, of rivalling your Antæan feats. Bring him with you. Your's very truly,

R. MACNISH.

"No apologies.—You must come."

What these Eleusinian mysteries were, which are here hinted at, being of the uninitiated, I have no means of saying. Probably they were very edifying—doubtless they were very amusing. We leave them, however, to Sir David Brewster, for his next treatise on Natural Magic.

The next quotation is liker Mr Macnish, *ipsissimus*; and on literature, *inter alia*. It is from a letter to Mr Leitch of the 18th October.

"Frazer sent me an article signed Potts Ginger, (evidently an Oxonian,) commenting smartly on some blunders I committed in the Victims,* relative to Oxford. It seems there is no such animal as a Brazen-Nose Wrangler; and the 'short streets,' and 'long streets' are it appears equally apocryphal. He requested me to send an answer to it for the Notices which I did, and took care to say that Greenock and not Oxford has the honour of the Nose; and that its proprietor was one Neil Miller, a barber in Hamilton

* Vide "Victims of Sensibility" in Volume Second.

Street. This will tickle the Greenockians a bit. * * * I have not yet got my copy of Forget-Me-Not, but the book is published, and I had yesterday an opportunity of reading in it Death and the Fisherman, in which you figure so heroically. Tom Atkinson tells me, that there is an edition of it published in Spanish, which he expects in a day or two.* It will be a treat for you to read of yourself in the language of Don Quixote.

"Mr Gunn was here from Caithness a few days ago. I gave him a letter to Mr Macallister, in which I spoke with huge respect of you—letting him know that you measured 46 inches round the chest, and weighed 18 stones; and that, moreover, you had got your head shaved, and wore a brown scratch. I let him also know, that you were accused of having entered into a compact with the devil, and were held in great terror on this account. In fact, the whole letter was a tissue of arrant nonsense.

"I should have liked exceedingly could you have come up to Glasgow on Saturday, and staid till Monday morning; but of course I cannot ask you to do so, as I suppose you are very busy. This to be sure

* Among his other varied accomplishments, bodily and mental, Mr Leitch is well known to his friends as an expert linguist.

would not interfere much with business, as there would be little time lost. I am exceedingly annoyed with rheumatism, but my mind luckily is as capable of exertion and amusement as ever."

This indisposition is also alluded to in a letter to Mr Aird, dated 16th of same month.—"I have been very unwell, indeed for the last three weeks, with a severe cold, accompanied with what I never experienced before, rheumatism. I was out to-day, and weighed myself, when I ascertained that I had, in the above short period, fallen off nine pounds,—a great deal for a light man like me. My mind, however, has been as active as my body the reverse, and I have done a number of *jeux-d'esprit* for Frazer, which he is very well pleased with."

To the same gentleman Mr Macnish thus writes on the 25th: "Your tale reached me yesterday, and I sent it off duly for London. It seems to me excellent, and I am almost certain will please very much. It is original and emphatically written, and quite in your own peculiar style. I see you have introduced a ventriloquist. Perhaps you are not aware that my friend Mr Leitch, who was with me, when I last saw you, is a ventriloquist and mimic of the very highest order. He afforded great astonishment and pleasure to Mr and Mrs Moir at Musselburgh; but to speak

the truth, you are such a grave, serious, mortal, that I did not like to ask you, if you would like to hear a specimen of this very singular talent, as I know you are a great enemy to any thing like absurdity. In my tale in new Forget-Me-Not, I have introduced him as one of the characters, and really without much exaggeration, he is a very clever and singular fellow."

On the 8th November, he thus concludes a note to Mr Leitch, "The dry weather has had a good effect on my complaints, and I feel a good deal better since it set in. Moisture plays the deuce with my limbs." And on the same day he thus writes me:

"My Dear Sir,—I received your's per Rev. Mr Forsyth, and am glad to learn that you all are well. The east of Scotland must surely be a very unhealthy place, seeing that there is constantly so much sickness there. In the west, with the single exception of Cholera, there has been little sickness of any kind. Indeed, I am persuaded that, in spite of its smoke and low-lying situation, Glasgow is a far more salubrious town than Edinburgh.* I have been sadly unwell for the last six weeks with cold, and—what I never had

* *Multum dubito.* Why are not regular bills of mortality for Edinburgh published? In Glasgow, thanks probably to Dr Cleland, all is above board.

before—rheumatism; occasioned I have no doubt by sleeping in damp beds while travelling about. To shew you how ill I was, I may mention, that I lost about ten pounds weight—no joke for a light weight like me. It weakened me most consumedly, but now I am pulling up. Frazer has brought out a double No.—and a capital one. All the ludicrous poetry at the end of the second part is by me, viz., 'Susan Sutton,' 'On a Pimple,'* 'Ye Ladies Fair,' 'Monsieur de

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* These "Nugæ Canoræ," adapted to a time, place, and purpose, are scarcely republishable here. We cannot say, however, that they are in the writer's happiest vein—for although he possessed humour in a large degree, his wit was not extraordinary. We like the following whimsicality best:

ON A PIMPLE.

I.

Should John Frazer
A sharp razor
On his chin ere chance to lay,
May he never
Be so simple
As to sever the huge pimple
That stands—a mountain in his way.

II.

I can't say, Sir,
How John Frazer
Got the pimple on his chin—
But he passes

Papillon,' 'Epitaphs from Lerwick', &c. and the 'Self-Laudatory Ode' in the last page. For the next No. I have sent a long poem, entitled 'The Spermaceti Candle,' consisting of twenty-six stanzas, of six lines each, with a ridiculous running commentary. I have put my signature to it,—whether wisely or not I can't say. I have also written a laughable Bacchanalian song to the tune of Paddy O'Carrol. An ar-

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Hours in draining
Quarts, pots, glasses,
All containing
Beer or brandy, ale or gin.

III.

Cut this mountain
And a fountain
Of red blood will straightway squirt,
Hugely spoiling
Chin of Frazer,
And thus soiling
Both the razor
And clean collar of his shirt.

IV.

Thus may mortals
Through the portals
Of imprudence never go.
Men from simples
Draw much sorrow;
And even pimples
May to-morrow
Convert our present joys to woe

ticle of mine, entitled 'The Book of Aphorisms,' will appear in next Number, with a running commentary attached to it by the Doctor.* The article is tolerably long, and consists of 142 maxims, after the manner of those by O'Doherty—though I believe they are all perfectly different. At least if they should resemble, it must be by pure chance, as I never read above a dozen of his, nor do I recollect one. If I can do so with spirit, I shall probably write another series. Some days ago I sent Frazer an excellent tale by Thomas Aird, entitled 'the Scarlet Witch.'

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* Perhaps I am here trenching on propriety. If so I say to the injured—*pardonnez moi!* as nothing is farther from my intention.

To a portion—and no inconsiderable one—of the literary world, Dr Maginn is known, *par excellence*, as *the Doctor*; in the same way as Professor Wilson is recognized as *the Professor*.

Nearly twenty years—*Eheu fugaces, Posthume, labuntur anni!*—have glided over, since the Doctor and I were *co-litterateurs*; and yet, strange to say, we have never chanced to meet; Will he here allow me, in a sentence, to convey to him my grateful feelings, for the friendly way in which he has ever alluded to my name, when circumstances chanced to throw it in his way. Those Sybilline words of kindness have not been all lost in air.

By every one capable of judging, the powers of Dr Maginn are acknowledged to be of the highest order. Has he given the world assurance of this, in the way he might have done? We doubt much. But from "the City of the Demons;" "the Man in the Bell;" "Colonel Pride;" "the Shakspeare Papers;" and many other things, posterity will be able to appreciate him. *Ex pede Herc.*

"If the story of Death and the Fisherman has defects, they are not mine; as it is merely a Dutch Legend, expanded into a tale, without a single alteration in the incidents. I saw it in the newspapers, of which it did not occupy above twenty lines, and I have spun it out as you see.

"I intended being in Edinburgh this winter, but find that I must delay my journey till June. I regret terribly that I see you so seldom, and for so short a period at a time. * * * * There is really nothing stirring here, save political nonsense. Motherwell is publishing a volume of poems, which I am sure will be a capital one. The Great Tom has again deluged me with MSS., and to get rid of the annoyance, I have changed my tactics, and abused them up hill and down dale. I assured him, that they were quite unworthy of his genius and reputation, and that he ought, by no means, to print the same. He has, however, in spite of me, resolved on publication, and is about to perpetrate a second series of the Chameleon. The chances are that my opinion is right after all.—My dear Sir, ever your's sincerely, R. MACNISH."

In a short letter of the 15th November, I find a passage in which I have alluded to his tale of Death and the Fisherman, of which I say, "I like it much.

Its sole defect lies in the winding up. The catastrophe goes out with a pluff, instead of dinning us with a crack. This is the general besetting sin of your stories, and might be easily obviated by the introduction of a short anecdote relating to the subject, the cream of which would form the concluding sentences."

We may here appositely enough introduce a description of Dr Maginn, as preserved in the fragment of a letter to Mr Leitch. The upper part of the sheet, containing the date, has unluckily been torn off.

"I dine to-day at the Salopian with Dr Maginn—he is a most remarkable fellow. His flow of ideas is incredibly quick, and his articulation so rapid that it is difficult to follow him. He is altogether a person of vast acuteness, celerity of apprehension, and indefatigable activity, both of body and mind. He is about my own height; but I could allow him an inch round the chest. His forehead is very finely developed—his organ of language and ideality large, and his reasoning faculties excellent. His hair is quite grey, although he does not look more than forty. I imagined he was much older looking, and that he wore a wig. While conversing, his eye is never a moment at rest: in fact his whole body is in motion, and he keeps scrawling grotesque figures upon the paper before him, and rubbing them out again as fast as he draws them.

He and Gifford are, as you know, joint editors of the Standard.

"I was in the House of Commons, and heard Cobbett, Stanley, O'Connell, Duncannon, Russell, Lushington, Hume, &c. Johnny Russell is a poor insignificant useless-looking creature without a chest, and his mind, I suspect, as paltry as his person. Stanley is a very superior person, eloquent, quick, and manly. O'Connell, I think, would alarm you considerably; his chest is far above average. He speaks capitally, but with a very strong Irish brogue. Hume is a better speaker than I expected. There is a vast deal of strong masculine sense in what he" * * * *

It would appear that Mr Macnish subsequently altered the plan of his homeward route, as will be seen by the following letter to the same friend written a few days after the preceding one.

Greenock.

"I wrote you from London, that I should return home by way of Edinburgh, which I expected to reach to-morrow or Tuesday evening. By the present letter you will observe, that I have changed my plans. I left London on Thursday for Bath, where I remained all night. Next day I started for Cheltenham; on the next for Liverpool, which I reached last

night before eight. It was my intention to have coached it from Liverpool to Carlisle, and from Carlisle to Edinburgh, there to have met you; but really I have had so much wet weather, that travelling on the top of the coach (I detest the inside) became excessively unpleasant. Every day I got wet to the skin, and was quite glad when, on my arrival at Liverpool, I found that the Vulcan and Manchester were just on the point of starting. Without a moment's delay, I pitched myself and luggage into a hackney coach, and succeeded in getting a berth in the latter as she was putting off from the dock. She is a very fine vessel, and our passage was most delightful. The above circumstances account for my change of plans, and I am sure you will find them to be sound ones.

"In travelling through England I was either smothered with dust, drowned with rain, or bespattered with mud. Owing to the chalky nature of the soil, the English roads are peculiarly bad in wet weather, and the outside passengers were all regularly dabbled over; the mud sparking up a dozen feet from the wheels. The scenery of that large portion of England through which I passed is rich beyond description; but beautiful and verdant as it is, it wants the striking, picturesque, and stern character of our own country,

which I verily believe is the finest in the world. Our Edinburgh jaunt we must then put off for a short time. I have been so terribly knocked about, and so inconceivably active ever since I saw you, that I am anxious to get a few days rest to sober myself down a little. Your prophecy has been fulfilled. I am back again in a fortnight. I fancied I should have been absent a couple of months.

"I had some queer chat with O'Doherty. I did not measure Maginn's chest, but I examined his head. He has a very fine development of the intellectual powers, especially ideality and wit, which are both unusually large. His language is also large, and he has much firmness and destructiveness, which latter accounts for the satirical bent of his genius. That beautiful tale, 'The City of the Demons,' he informed me, he wrote quite off-hand. He writes with vast rapidity, and can do so at any time. He speaks French, Italian, and German fluently; these, together with a first rate knowledge of Latin, Greek, and English, make him master of six languages—so that you can allow him *one*. He is altogether a very remarkable man. Indeed, I consider him quite equal to Swift, and had his genius, like Swift's, been concentrated in separate works, instead of being squandered with waste-

ful prodigality in newspapers, magazines, &c. I have no doubt it would have been considered equally original and wonderful. He was much tickled with the Apotheosis, which I recited to him. I told him you were master of seven languages. Had you been present, I would have confined your abilities to a smaller number, lest he had taken it into his head to try you with the others. The letter-press of the Gallery of Literary Portraits he hits off at a moment's notice, and in the course of a few minutes. The character in the new No. is Coleridge, and the account of him seems admirable."

There are only two other poetical effusions referable to this year, with which to enrich these pages: the one serious and the other comic. The former is from the March Number of Frazer; the latter from the July. There is more than our poet's average of feeling and fancy in the following

ADDRESS TO CUPID.

Why dip thy shafts in poison, God of Love?
Lo! twanging idly from thy sportive bow,
'Tis thine dread tumults in the heart to move,
And make it throb with unaccustom'd woe.
Small pleasure mingles with the cloud of pain
Which settles round the subjects of thy reign.

The poets feign thou art of heavenly birth—
  But this thy victims idle fiction deem ;
Can minds celestial agonize the earth,
  And needless anguish add to life's sad dream ?
Wert thou of heaven, thou had'st not left thy sphere
Of endless bliss to cause distraction here.

Why dip thy shafts in poison ? Why in smiles,
  Playful yet false, conceal thy dangerous art ?
To thee belong the scaly serpent's wiles,
  To cheat the eye and crush the trusting heart.
Alike is felt the anguish of thy power,
In peasant's cot or high-born beauty's bower.

Thou art not of the skies, as poets feign,
  Deceitful archer ! yet thy conquering bow
Hath sent its shafts into their bright domain,
  And made immortals taste of human woe.
Beloved of Venus ! thy presumptuous dart
Left not unscathed even her own beauteous heart.

And still thou roam'st, a harbinger of ill,
  Torturing with wicked pranks the maiden's brain ;
The bashful youth, obedient to thy will,
  Thou goadest on with strange delirious pain.
Time lessens not the arrows in thy quiver—
Like thine own freaks, they shall endure for ever.

Even age to thee a subject homage pays,
  Mischievous boy ! Not even can wrinkled years
Arrest thee on thy wild fantastic ways ;
  Thou shoot'st, and lo ! Antiquity appears,
In form of bachelor, or maiden hoary,
Writhing with pain—at once thy shame and glory.

All climates are thine own! with tyrant sway
Thou rul'st. Alike the icy polar sphere,
And the warm regions where the God of Day
Most loves to linger in his bright career.
In every land thy glittering altar starts—
Its offerings, idle vows and broken hearts.

The same to thee is day or starry night;
For rambling, like the borealis' beams,
Thou holdest on thy mad eccentric flight,
And cheat'st the slumberer's soul with idle dreams—
Raising delusive forms before his eyes,
And pleasures which he ne'er shall realize.

And monarchs too, thy matchless archery
Hath stricken, as the hunter strikes the doe;
The flames of Dido's pile were lit by thee;
And Troy, majestic sepulchre of woe—
Fell from her high estate, in evil hour,
A monument of thy stupendous power.

Conquerors have own'd thy sway—the sons of song,
And daughters too, have pined beneath its spell:
Immortal Tasso, Dante, Petrarch, long
Bowed at thy shrine; and Lesbian Sappho fell,
Victim of love's insufferable load,
Beneath thine arrows, all-subduing god.

Why dip thy shafts in poison? Why invade
With such dread arms, "the palace of the soul?"
Why veil the sunshine of the heart in shade?
Lo! steep'd in tears beneath thy fierce control,
Pale beauty like a phantom fades away,
And manhood's sterner spirit knows decay.

Dread are thy triumphs, Love! the maniac's cry—
The poison'd cup—the broken heart—are thine,
Alas! too often. Wherefore let us fly
From the false flowers that strew thy gilded shrine,
And on the icy wings of cold disdain
Escape at once thy snares and all their pain.

Now for the innocent, cunning, beautiful, elegant, magnificent, nimble-limbed, cruel-sweet, and adorable

MISS PIPSON.

The prettiest mouth that man could wish to lay his longing lips on,
Is that belonging to the sweet, and innocent Miss Pipson.
O when she goes along the street, the wink she often tips one,
Which makes me feel confounded queer,—the cunning wag Miss Pipson.
And when the snow-white French kid-glove her pretty hand she slips on,
She seems the very queen of love—the beautiful Miss Pipson.
She is the lawful daughter of her father's father's rib's son.
And thus you have the pedigree of elegant Miss Pipson.
She is so full behind, you'd swear that she had got false hips on,
And yet no *bustle* doth she wear,—magnificent Miss Pipson.
She sings and dances vastly well; and when the floor she skips on,
You see at once she doth excel,—the nimble-limb'd Miss Pipson.
'Tis dangerous to approach so near her fingers for she grips one,
And puts the soul in *bodily* fear,—the cruel minx Miss Pipson.
But yet you can't object, although in terror she so dips one,
You rather glory in each blow received from fair Miss Pipson.
Pain from her hands no more is pain; and even when she nips one,
You cannot for your soul complain,—the cruel, sweet Miss Pipson.

'Tis said she carries things so high, that sometimes even she whips one,
But that I guess is "all my eye,"—adorable Miss Pipson.
At all events she tips, and grips, and dips, and nips, and trips one,
And therefore I'll have nought to do with beautiful Miss Pipson.

Towards the end of the year, I received a letter, from which the following are extracts, along with a superbly bound quarto copy of the fourth edition of the Anatomy of Drunkenness. The work had now been brought to that state in which the author determined to leave it; nor do we well see how he could have improved his materials, except by addition to their quantity.

"I have now the pleasure of sending you two copies of the Anatomy. I ought to have done so earlier, but delayed till the quarto copies were ready I only got them last night, and the present is one of the number. Only six are in existence, so that if extreme rarity gives value (as some suppose) to a book, this ought to be valuable enough in all conscience. *

* "Anatomy of Drunkenness, Fifth Edition, 4to." A note on the fly leaf thus runs:

Of this edition only six copies are printed. They are in possession of the following gentlemen:—

Professor Wilson, Edinburgh,
David M. Moir, Esq. Musselburgh,

You must write me soon, and let me know how you like the alterations, which are very numerous, and, I trust, valuable.

"I was going to ask what you are about; but I suppose your answer will be, that you are very busy killing and curing the lieges. We were very busy till the end of November; since which our sick list has considerably diminished—rather a curious circumstance at this inclement season. It is remarkable, however, that when there is much rain in Glasgow there is comparatively little sickness. So you see we are an amphibious race of beings, and agree best with wet weather. There is, I believe, a good deal of fever among the lower orders, but we see none of it, as fortunately our business does not lie among that class.

"You will be amused that, on Friday night, I set off with Tom Atkinson in a carriage a distance of seven miles to hear him open by a lecture, or speech rather, the Mechanics' Institution, at Barrhead. Tom spoke vastly well for nearly an hour and a half, and very much to the purpose. I had a good deal of fun;

Robert A. Kidston, Esq. Glasgow,
William Robertson, Esq. Glasgow,
William Motherwell, Esq. Do.
The Author.

and Tom and I got home between eleven and twelve, with more than one tumbler of hot toddy under our belts. By-the-bye, he says that he sent you a copy of the Chameleon, and is very anxious to know how you like it. Be so good as say so when you write me.

"You will soon have the felicity of gazing upon my absurd phiz in stucco; Ritchie having taken my likeness, and produced a very striking one. At least every body says so, and if this is correct, I must be a very ugly fellow. I think it is very like, only the whiskers are too small; but this, I suppose, is classical. I am much pleased with Ritchie: he is a fine, innocent, pure-minded fellow, and possesses real genius. I hope he will succeed in his profession.

"I had a letter from Frazer the other day, asking me to send him something. Have you done anything lately for him? His last Number was capital. I was much pleased with Hogg's story, although the idea is plainly taken from the Metempsychosis.

"How were you pleased with the Professor's speech? I had a letter from him the other day. He said that he hoped I would be in Edinburgh upon Christmas. I should like this vastly well, but I don't think I shall go. The weather is most disagreeable for travelling, and Edinburgh in winter is the most detestable place in the world for cold and wind. What

is Ebony about? Have you seen him lately? I was hearing Collins the other night. He is a splendid performer, and I assure you no mean rival of Paganini. His execution is scarcely less wonderful. I intend going to hear him again."

With extracts from two letters to Mr Leitch,—full of fun and extravagance of a kind that Macnish delighted peculiarly to indulge in,—we now wind up the correspondence of the year 1832. They are the last regarding the extravaganza of the Chestic system, with which we shall trouble the reader. What in the name of all that is marvellous could induce one like him to allow such a "baseless fabric" to stand for one moment before the eye of his fancy, far less of his understanding. He considered it doubtless a piece of grotesque absurdity; but admitting this, in what did its fun, its wit, its humour, or its amusement consist. If it was intended to ridicule phrenology, it will shortly be seen that the quizzer fell into the trap of his own setting.

On second December Mr Macnish thus writes to Mr Leitch:—

"Professor Wilson was in town, and I spent two or three hours with him yesterday. He left by the four o'clock coach. He looks exceedingly well, and was very pleasant. The first thing I looked at was

his chest, which I should think is a 43 or 44 incher —so that you are perfectly safe on that score. I am much afraid, however, that your zeal for chestiology has abated of late. You make no mention whatever of the subject in your last letter. It is not surely possible that the 56-ish science is expelling from your mind, the far nobler theme which formerly so deeply occupied it. I assure you there is far greater merit in adding an inch to the circumference of your thorax, than in beating all the men in Bute in raising weights above your head. I really deplore your lukewarmness in the great cause. The reason, however, is quite obvious. The founder of the Chestic system has left the country, and gone to Oporto, for the purpose of *making allowances* to Don Pedro's troops. His inspiring genius, therefore, no longer breathes its benignant influence over the land, and the system must inevitably languish till his return. I always suspected, that at heart you were not sincere. There was too much bombast and pomp in the manner in which you proceeded, and it always occurred to me, that you had far less in view the glories of the science, than an idle wish to exhibit the greatness of your own particular chest. Only contrast your ostentatious demeanour with the philosophic modesty of the great Chestic Father—who conducted himself, as if quite unconscious of being the founder of a system. Indeed your misera-

ble inferiority is now palpably manifest; and I now look back with horror upon the base attempt made by you to rob the illustrious founder of his well earned laurels, by alleging that the system was perfectly well known to you before it was even thought of by him. I am grieved to state that, since the departure of our eminent friend, Chestiology is languishing in Glasgow—nay, when I attempted to revive it lately in our house, a most violent attack was made upon it by one, whose chest measures 43, and who ought, therefore, to have spoken more reverently thereof. The assailant in this case was, I am grieved to say, my father. I attempted a defence, but I found it perfectly impossible to inspire him with a due sense of the dignity and importance of the science. This from a 43-incher was terrible. Although I feel persuaded that, till the return of the founder, the system can do no good. A man with merely a large chest cannot maintain it in vigour. In addition to this there must be some secret only known to the illustrious Robertson. I suspect it must have been this which prevented him from experiencing jealousy when outchested. He had the proud consciousness, that, if beat in this point, he was invincible in some other only known to himself.

THE CHEST left Glasgow for Oporto, in charge of

a cargo of Don Pedroites about three weeks ago. He is expected in a month.

"I hope you will be able to get up about the New-Year. By-the-bye, I went after all to hear Bennet the Ventriloquist. He is far inferior to you in this art—indeed, not to be compared. Some of his imitations were tolerable, such as sawing, knife-grinding, frying an omelet; but altogether he is a very indifferent performer, and quite a third rate ventriloquist.

"Motherwell has produced a volume of beautiful poetry. You will be astonished to learn that T. Atkinson sets off to-morrow to canvass the Stirling Burghs. This is a fact; and I understand his expenses are guaranteed. How did you like the leading article of yesterday's Courier? It was written by a 5 feet 8 acquaintance of your's—who is supposed to have an antipathy to beans. I believe I told you I sent Frazer 'The Spermaceti Candle.' I also sent him a Bacchanalian song, and a ridiculous article, half prose, half verse, entitled 'The Ettrick Shepherd, and Stewart of Glenormiston.' They are all very absurd—but I think very likely to be popular. I should like to hear from you as soon as you like. Let me know how you like my things in the new No. and vindicate yourself, if you can, of the chestic charges brought against you.

"Your 84 lb. lift is certainly very great, but you are just the person from whom I should expect immense strength. You should try and raise two 56 lbs. over your head. I am certain you can do it, if your left arm is any thing like your right. It is considered a great brag for a man to do; and I question if there are four men in Rothsay who will do it—if so many. If you had been brought up like Hercules, I am certain you would have been little his inferior in strength."

The following dream may be considered the Apotheosis of the Chestic System. It abounds with mysteries, which we have no means of penetrating; although the names, we presume, are those of living people, all notable at least, for girth in the pectoral regions. The ghosts of Swift and Rabelais seem here footing it together, *pede alterno*.

"I had a glorious dream about you last night. I supposed you were Jupiter Tonans, and were seated with Dr Black's brown wig upon your head, on the top of Baronan hill, which I conceived to be Olympus. Behind you at a forge stood Fulton with an immense fore-hammer in his hand, forging thunderbolts. Beneath your feet, lay two Titans in the shape of Hicks and Michael O'Dwyer, upon whom you trampled with looks of infinite disdain. There was

an immortal wrath diffused over your visage; and giving a nod which shook the mountain, lo! Campbell, the barber, arose from your footstool, on which he was seated, and brought you a thunderbolt which you instantly discharged, and struck down Mr Dunoon, who was standing about a mile off, with his hands in his breeches pocket. Another nod, and Campbell straightway supplied you with a second bolt, which being discharged with an equally unerring aim, felled to the earth your acquaintance Ramsay, who expired with the most horrible curses and imprecations against the whole Olympic. A third brought down Fiscal Macfie; a fourth Mr Thom; a fifth Mr M'Corkindale; a sixth Macneil; a seventh Boag the tailor; an eighth wee Leech. Seeing the dreadful devastation occasioned by these celestial engines of wrath, Macdougal, the long apothecary, instantly donned his kilt, and arming himself with pistol, dirk, and claymore, he advanced to dethrone you from your pinnacle, when in a voice of thunder you exclaimed '—Ha, Campbell, beloved tonsor, bring me a bolt of double ponderosity, that I may crush the carcase of this redoubted Titan, and send his miserable soul a groaning into the depths of Erebus.' Campbell obeyed your behest, and forth went the bolt against poor Macdougal. By some strange mischance it missed him, and

struck a rock upon the opposite shore of Cowal, from whence, strange to say, it rebounded, and in its recoil came whack against his seat of honour, and laid him sprawling upon his face when halfway up the hill. This event enraged you beyond measure, and you swore by the river Styx, that you would immolate the whole town of Rothsay to your wrath. Whereupon a shower of thunderbolts were poured upon it from your mighty hand. Fulton could scarce forge a sufficiency, or Campbell convey them to you with speed enough. Then giving another nod, Neptune appeared in the sea, and instantly raised a storm, which swept away the quay, and the whole of Montague Street. Another nod, and infernal Pluto started from the mineral well, and laying hold of Dunoon and Ramsay hurried them away to the infernal pit. In short, all was confusion, terror, and destruction. By a stamp of your foot the earth opened, and swallowed up Hicks and O'Dwyer; and the whole town, with the exception of Mary M'Corkindale, perished unutterably;—while you, seated on your celestial throne looked down like an angry spirit without remorse on the destruction you had occasioned.

"I saw Tom Atkinson to-day. He recognized you at once in 'Death and the Fisherman.' So did my father.

"I wish you would send a letter from Greenock. You might mention as an excuse your writing it the ———— about Great Hamilton Street, and cram into it all things you can think of.

"I was weighed two days ago, and find that I have lost ten pounds, a great deal for a light weight like me. I was amused at Aird in his letter, where he says, that I have a strong tendency to corpulency. This is a specimen of the man's simplicity of character. Is it not?"

So with Mr Macnish passed 1832. It was variegated by the irruption of Cholera,—occasional ill health in his own person,—the succumbing of pugilistic fancies to those of the chestic system,—increased literary exertion—full employment in his professional pursuits,—and an evident satisfaction in his own mind, that public opinion was setting in, most favourably towards himself and his writings.

No wonder then that under these feelings his muse should have been joyous; and we usher in his career for 1833, with the following song, which we think capital,—full of Bacchanalian spirit and humour. Be the reader, however, reminded, that it was only on paper that our hero was so pot-valiant. Although naturally fond of society, for the amusement it brought him, he might be considered abstemious both in eat-

ing and drinking; and, although so often together on occasions that prompted the circulation of the bottle, I never once saw him in the slightest degree under the influence of wine.

BACCHANALIAN SONG.

I.

Who cares a potato for Solon or Plato,
Those dull philosophical pedants of yore?
A glass of good stingo is better, by jingo!
Than all their flash sayings, their wisdom, and lore.
What is gruff Aristotle to a well-plenished bottle,
With daffy can Socrates ever compare?
If grief should attack us we'll call upon Bacchus,
Renown'd for his hatred to sorrow and care.

II.

Let's all set a brewing strong ale, and blue ruin
In puncheonsful studiously let us distil,
For sound man or cripple, there's nought like a tipple,
Have it ye lush coves! and swig off your fill:
For who cares a potato for Solon or Plato,
Those dull philosophical ninnies of yore?
But Anacreon the jewel he took to his gruel,
Voting care an incumbrance, and wisdom a bore!

III.

Ye mealy-faced noodles, ye soft-livered doodles,
Ye tea-sipping quakers come answer us; pray,
What makes us pugnacious, good-humour'd, sagacious,
But tippling the jorum and soaking our clay?
Accursed by the muses is he who refuses
Each day to get muggy at Lushington's bar;
Or cheer with good toddy the soul of his body,
And wage with dull sense and sobriety war.

IV.

The soul needeth fuel, and drink is a jewel,
Which wise men and true can ne'er value enough;
Blue devils it scatters, tears sorrow to tatters,
And floors in a jiffy despair and such stuff:
If aught should perplex us, bamboozle or vex us,
Heavy-wet will assuredly give us relief;
Rum, brandy, and whisky, or Hollands so frisky,
Oh these are elixirs for banishing grief!

From the bard of Teios or from the bard of Erin such strain were in character. From the one, we could expect

Επι λοτίναις τι πώαις,
Στορέσας θέλω φροντιν.

and from the other

" Come send round the wine, and let points of belief;"

but who could have looked for such a ditty from the author, who has so forcibly and so fearfully anatomized the brutalizing influences of Drunkenness? *Nemo omni hora sapit.*

In writing to Mr Aird on 6th January 1833, Mr Macnish thus mentions the first section of his third distinct publication, " The Book of Aphorisms."

" I am anxious to know how you like my Aphorisms? You must speak out candidly. I have written two other books of them—being in all thirty-six dozen; so that forty-eight dozen will conclude the se-

ries. I have made an arrangement with Frazer for republishing the whole in a volume. I think it will make a curious little book. In the meantime I am to get ten guineas for each of the four books. I do them with astonishing ease. The first one hundred of the first book I did in one day; the whole of the second book I did in three evenings after tea; and the third I have got through with almost equal rapidity. It is curious how odd ideas strike one. After all, I may perhaps continue them to a greater length than I now intend. The two last books are, I think, better than the first; so that I am not falling off.

"What are you about just now? I hope still cultivating the Muses, and giving birth to splendid tales. If I had a slice of your genius, and you a little of my tact, it would be the better for both of us. What you do is far better than any thing of mine, but I think I could turn my hand to more uses than you.

"Have you seen Motherwell's volume of poems? Some of them strike me as very fine. Indeed he is a fellow of decided genius, and ought to be better known than he is."

The following letter, written a few days after, will be found to refer principally to the same subject. The ideas on marriage are amusing enough.

" Glasgow, 18th January 1833.

" My Dear Sir,—I send this by Mr Robert Blackwood, who I believe leaves Glasgow to-morrow. I see by the newspapers, that Dr Brown has retired, and that you have taken a new partner. Success to you, say I, in all your undertakings. I expected to have heard from you, but probably you are very busy. If you would not consider me a shocking beggar, could you favour me with a copy of the second edition of your pamphlet on Cholera? I am anxious to bind it along with your 'Proofs'—and the copy I got from you is now tattered to rags. Is it not very strange, that we have had no cholera here for some months—at least none worth speaking of? It was reported, indeed, that there were cases, but I knew not with what truth. The only authentic case I know of is one that Dr Wilson told me he had three weeks ago. It is reappearing in Ireland.

" You would see my 'Book of Aphorisms' in Frazer. I shall not publish any more in the Magazine, as M'Phun is anxious to print them all in a volume, and to buy the copyright from me. Fifty dozen will make a neat volume, about the size of the Anatomy, or rather less, and I expect to get something handsome for it. I have already done forty dozen, and have only ten dozen to do. They cost me hardly any

trouble, and those I have done since are better than the published ones. Would you consider fifty pounds a fair remuneration? The volume will not at any rate be published this winter. You would see a tale of Aird's, 'The Scarlet Witch,' in last Frazer. It is not exactly in his best style, though it is a very good story, and well told.

"What in the name of the Nine Muses is your Holiness about? I never now see a line of your's, either in prose or verse. You must bestir yourself, and do something to put us in mind that you are still in the land of the living.

"Glasgow has, for two months past, been unprecedentedly healthy; and all the medical tribe are down in the mouth, like ducks in dry weather. What a vile profession ours is, when we batten upon other people's miseries. We are only a degree removed in this respect from the grave-digger, whose forerunners, common report says, we too often are. I saw our excellent and apostolical friend Mr Forsyth lately. He is looking fat and fair, and told me he has now got a living for himself. By-the-bye, I had forgot that I sent you a letter by him. I must congratulate your brother on his marriage, which I saw announced lately. It will be long enough ere such an accident happens to so unmatrimonially disposed a man as I. *Cha-*

cuu d son gout; but I think single blessedness is the best state. When a man gets spliced, there is an end of all fun. He is obliged to keep very regular hours, go to kirk with his wife, and dandle the pickinninnies when she is tired. Marriages, I have no doubt, are made in Heaven, which at the birth of men, either inspires them with a *penchant* for matrimony or celibacy. The latter is my case. I could not tolerate the restraints of a married life. It is a shocking thing to be so horridly decorous, and on your P.'s and Q.'s; at least it would be so to me, although I know very well that there are many to whom it is no hardship whatever. This is sound gospel.

"Dr Lawrie is now a violent contagionist. There was a discussion lately at the Andersonian University about this point; when, on coming to the vote, the very large majority were in favour of contagion.

"My worthy friend, our sesquipedalian editor, Sam Hunter, has, I learn, had a paralytic attack. I hope it will not impair his faculties, or disable him from his duties—for he is an excellent man, of the most sterling honesty, and utterly above any thing like meanness. Indeed he is an honour to the newspaper press.

"Now, my dear Sir, remember me most kindly to Mrs Moir, and with many ardent wishes that you and she may see numerous happy New Years, I remain your's ever most truly, R. MACNISH."

The following lyric, which appeared in the September Number of Frazer for this year, is in Mr Macnish's favourite style of poetic composition, and forms a fitting companion for another little poem which we have already given, entitled the "The Harp of Salem."*

BABYLON IS FALLEN!

Fallen is stately Babylon!
Her mansions from the earth are gone.
For ever quench'd, no more her beam
Shall gem Euphrates' voiceless stream.
Her mirth is hush'd, her music fled—
All, save her very name, is dead;
And the lone river rolls his flood
Where once a thousand temples stood.

Queen of the golden east! afar
Thou shon'st, Assyria's morning star;
Till God, by righteous anger driven,
Expell'd thee from thy place in Heaven.
For false and treacherous was thy way,
Like swampy lights that lead astray;
And o'er the splendour of thy name
Roll'd many a cloud of sin and shame.

For ever fled thy princely shrines,
Rich with their wreaths of clustering vines;
Priest, censor, incense—all are gone
From the deserted altar-stone.
Belshazzar's halls are desolate,
And vanish'd their imperial state;
Even as the pageant of a dream
That floats unheard on memory's stream.

* Vide p. 25.

Fallen is Babylon! and o'er
The silence of her hidden shore,
Where the gaunt satyr shrieks and sings,
Hath mystery waved his awful wings,
Conceal'd from eyes of mortal men,
Or angels' more pervading ken,
The ruin'd city lies—unknown
Her site to all, but God alone.

The following little song is also much to our taste. Hundreds with less power of musical adaptation have become popular.

SONG.

The gems of midnight gaily hung
On heaven's deep tinctured dome,
And the revolving planets swung,
Around their starry home.
And moonlight hung her mantle o'er
The dark and boundless sea,
When wandering by the silent shore,
I came to meet with thee.

I left my father's stately tower,—
The warders I stole by;—
What will not maid in any hour,
When her true love is nigh?
Thou could'st not scale my castled steep,
Thy maiden's face to see;
But to the borders of the deep
She hath come down to thee.

Boast not what man for woman's sigh,
And woman's love will brave;

Lo! here I stand, and no one nigh,
Beside the pirate's cave.
I left our gates when twilight's weed
Was fit for words of love;
And thus hath woman done the deed
That man was wont to prove.

By the commencement of 1833 the dream of Chestiology,—a *science* quite as well substantiated as that of Animal Magnetism—was beginning to "pale its ineffectual fires;" and Macnish's mind, which could not exist without a hobby, saddled itself on Phreno-

the doctrines of which he studied with attention
iduity. That his original aim was mere amuse-
265 iere can be little doubt; but it is equally true
became a sincere and conscientious convert.
llowing is extracted from a letter bearing date
ow, 9th April.

"On the first week of May, Drs Hunter, Bryce, Craig, and myself, go to Edinburgh for the purpose of studying Phrenology. We shall not be there above three days, but I shall take a run out, and shake hands with you. Phrenology is exciting great interest here, and we four are determined to push the subject, and get if possible more practical knowledge of it than we possess.

"I had a letter from Mr Shoberl yesterday, asking me for something for next Forget-me-Not. He was

inquiring about you, and whether you [illegible] writing, as he had not seen your name for a long [illegible] in Blackwood or elsewhere. I do not think I will [illegible] also to give him a contribution this year.

"M'Phun has agreed to purchase the copyright of 'The Book of Aphorisms,' for which he is to give me L.100. This I suppose is a fair price. There are 700 of them, which will fill a volume of two [illegible] pages. I wrote them with very great ease in the evenings of a single month, so that I am not remunerated is not amiss. Next season a new edition of the Philosophy will be published, for which I am to receive L.20,—which makes L.30 in all for the work. A fifth edition of the Anatomy will also be required about the same time. The Philosophy I shall very much improve. All the cant of Presbyterianism must be eradicated, to say nothing more of [illegible] about the sleep of the soul. There are [illegible] which supply by valuable scientific matter, several additional cases. As the book stands I am somewhat ashamed of it, and must do my best to do its author more credit."

The same subjects are resumed, and others touched upon, in the following letter, written three days after this, to Mr Leitch.

" Glasgow, 12th April 1833.

" My Dear Sir,—You labour under a very serious mistake if you suppose that my silence originates in my whole time being occupied with feats of Herculean strength. I have not lately lifted 21 fifty-sixes —*à la Barclay*—or raised four of them overhead upon my little finger, *à la Topham*. No, my worthy friend, none of these feats have I lately amused myself with performing; nor am I so envious of your 56ish pre-eminence as to employ all the leisure I possess in the attempt to dethrone you. The truth is, my mind has been latterly in such a state of distress on account of the fallen state of the Chestic system, that I have had no heart to write a syllable to any one. This condition has been much aggravated by bad accounts from Caithness—my brother having written me that the science in that quarter is decidedly on the decline. In Glasgow it is going fast to the devil, even the redoubted Glassford having abandoned his tape, and not a human being saying a single word on the subject. Meanwhile, I understand that you are getting as fat as an Hippopotamus; but that your chest, instead of being expanded for the propagation of the science, is enlarging solely for the gratification of your own vanity. Good Heavens! only contrast your conduct with that of our great father.

He exhibited his thorax *pro bono publico, you* exhibit your's from a spirit of empty parade and bombastical selfishness. Your pretensions are truly empty, and so, I fear, is your chest.

"Phrenology is quite the go here. I was present at two discussions at the Andersonian. The last was extremely amusing, and the Antis were licked all to pieces. On the first week of May, Drs Hunter, Bryce, Craig, and myself, go to Edinburgh for two or three days, to get some instructions from Combe on various points. I wish much you would join the party. Hunter you know; and Craig and Bryce are very pleasant and intelligent fellows. I anticipate much pleasure from this trip. If you should think of joining us, I shall let you know the day when we start. Five jovial blades on the top of the Edinburgh coach will make a very pleasant party.

"I had a cast of my head taken and sent to Combe, without giving any hint of the individual. The character was drawn by Messrs Cox and Simpson, and their analyses, both moral and intellectual, are allowed by my friends to be wonderfully accurate. You shall see them the first time you are in town. People may argue as they please, but 'facts are stubborn chiels,' and phrenology must be true. I have been paying a good deal of attention to this subject lately,

in conjunction with the above gentlemen and some others. When I contrast the intelligence and information of these people with the slip-slop of your Rothsay Esculapians, what a set of poor devils do not the latter appear! A little town is the grave of talent; and mediocrity must in such a place inevitably sink to stupidity.

"That very beautiful and interesting boy, Giulio Regudi, is to be at our house to-night. He is a splendid creature, whether considered in reference to his exquisitely fine person, his intellect, or moral configuration. He came to town introduced to me by Mr Combe, and I have been very much with him. He plays inimitably on the guitar, and is altogether a noble specimen of human nature. Indeed I never saw any child, whether boy or girl, who came within a hundred leagues of him in any one respect. The prettiest little girl you can find appears quite common-place when put beside this beautiful and most intellectual boy. I wish much you had seen him. We must all endeavour to get to Heaven, which, if peopled with such noble creatures, must be a place worth doing our best to attain.

"*Entre nous*, M'Phun has agreed to purchase the copyright of my Aphorisms, for which he is to give me L. 100; so you see I have done well in not allow-

ing more of them to be published in the Magazine. This L. 100, so easily made, I intend to spend—every shilling of it—in a tour to France, Switzerland, and Italy. Bryce and Craig, who were both at Constantinople, advise me to go there in preference. This I should like above all things, but my aversion to so long a voyage is almost insuperable.

"I had nothing in the two last Frazers. I wish much you would send me something for the 'Frazer Papers.' He wrote me requesting a trifle or two, but I have not yet done any thing—my time has been so taken up.—Your's very truly, R. MACNISH."

The whole of the correspondence concerning the cast alluded to in the foregoing letter was published in the thirty-sixth Number of the Phrenological Journal, and the matter is not only so curious in itself, as bearing on the subject of my biography, but as also bringing out Mr Macnish's own opinions, with reference to his natural powers and propensities, that in justice to all parties, I have determined upon republishing it here.

It appears from the editorial statement in the Journal, that, on 13th February 1833, a gentleman, styling himself Mr B——, and residing at a distance from Edinburgh, transmitted to Mr Robert Cox, the Secretary to the Phrenological Society, a cast of a head

in which the lower part of the face did not appear;—the only particulars communicated being, that it was taken from the head of a well-educated gentleman aged thirty. Mr B——'s letter thus concluded—"I hope you will send me, at your earliest convenience, an analysis of the gentleman's character, as deduced from his head. He is a good subject for phrenological investigation, as his character is, in many particulars, a well-marked one. Perhaps Mr Simpson also would not object to try his hand, seeing he was so singularly successful in two former cases." Messrs Simpson and Cox went separately to work, and the following correspondence was the consequence.

Letter from Mr Cox to Mr B——

"Edinburgh, 23d February 1833.

"My Dear Sir,—I had the pleasure of receiving your letter of the 13th, with the cast. The shape of the head is peculiar enough; and I have not been in too great a hurry to communicate the ideas which I have formed with respect to the character indicated. This has arisen partly from the urgent nature of my other avocations, and partly because matters of this sort ought not to be hastily dealt with. The development I take to be as follows:—

1.	Amativeness, very large,	20	
2.	Philoprogenitiveness, ditto,	20	
3.	Concentrativeness, ra. large,	17	
4.	Adhesiveness, large,	18	
5.	Combativeness, enormous,	22	
6.	Destructiveness, very large,	20	
7.	Constructiveness, ra. large,	17	
8.	Acquisitiveness, large,	18	
9.	Secretiveness, ditto,	19	
10.	Self-Esteem, very large,	20	
11.	Love of Approbation, large,	18	
12.	Cautiousness, rather large,	17	
13.	Benevolence, large,	18	
14.	Veneration, rather full,	12	
15.	Hope, moderate,	10	
16.	Ideality, rather large,	16	
17.	Conscientiousness, large on one side, ra. large on other,	17	
18.	Firmness, very large,	20	
19.	Individuality, rather large,	16	
	Eventuality, large,	17	
20.	Form, rather large,	16	
21.	Size, full,	14	
22.	Weight, rather full,	12	
23.	Colouring, rather small,	8	
24.	Locality, rather large,	16	
25.	Order, moderate,	10	
26.	Time, rather full,	12	
27.	Number, ditto,	12	
28.	Tune, rather large on one side, full on other,	15	
29.	Language, full,	14	
30.	Comparison, large,	18	
31.	Causality, large,	17	
32.	Wit, rather large,	16	
33.	Imitation, full, or rather large,	15	
34.	Wonder, full on one side, moderate on other,	12	

"The size of this head is unusually great, and the mind of its owner must, in consequence, be one of great energy. He will manifest great strength of feeling, with intrepidity and decision of character. He possesses great influence over such of his acquaintances as have inclinations similar to his own, and naturally takes the lead amongst them. His general character is little apt to be moulded by external circumstances, or biassed by intercourse with society; he forms his own opinions, and acts upon them.

"His passions are exceedingly strong, and he finds self-government no easy task. He is remarkable for courage and inflexible perseverance, and for an indomitable spirit of independence. No ordinary danger can appal him; and he would perform a conspicuous part in circumstances requiring great presence of mind, and promptness and decision of action. He has the elements of patriotism in his character, and is likely

to take a deep interest in the history of such men as Sir William Wallace. He seems to have a strong liking for disputation and strife, and to be excessively fond of argument; in which he finds it difficult to keep his temper altogether cool. If he believes himself on the right side of a question, no power on earth will induce him to surrender his position. He is irritable, and perhaps even apt to be sometimes vindictive; and throws out many a bitter sarcastic remark on those who offend him. Of his rights he is extremely tenacious: *Nemo me impune lacesset* could be adopted as a motto by no one more fitly than by him. He seems to be a keen politician, and has that combination of faculties which should make him rank himself on the side of the Whigs, if interest, family connexions, or some such cause, have not otherwise biassed his mind. He takes great interest in war, and in deeds of enterprise in general, and probably had a strong inclination, at some period of his life, to embrace the martial profession. When he issues commands, his manner and voice are impressive, and such as to intimate that, unless his injunctions be promptly obeyed, disagreeable consequences may ensue to the offender. He is capable of being easily roused into anger, especially when contemptuously treated; and, if excited by intoxication, will be no very agree-

able companion. When a gust of passion is over, however, he will be anxious to make atonement for the injury he may have inflicted; and a soft answer is tolerably effectual in turning away his wrath. He has, moreover, the power of effectually concealing his thoughts and emotions, and is even able to assume a calm exterior at the very time when his passions are raging within.

"He is fond of female society, delights in the presence of children, and is capable of forming strong and lasting attachments. When not contradicted, he is kind and good-natured. He loves to hear his actions applauded, and is anxious to learn what is thought of him by others. At the same time, his own opinion of his qualifications is so high, that, when these are called in question by persons for whose judgment he has no great respect, he is likely enough to receive their disapprobation with indifference. Without being either a vain boaster or unduly self-satisfied, he is fully conscious of his merits, and is able to proclaim them boldly on all necessary occasions. He is not apt to paint futurity in gay colours, or to build castles in the air; but, on the contrary, is liable to fall sometimes into low spirits. He has a strong desire to accumulate property; but I fear his contending feelings are too numerous and powerful to allow him to be

very successful in laying up a store. It does not strike me that his religious emotions are strong. In general, he bestows his respect only on very eminent and admirable individuals; and he does not seem to be a blind worshipper of antiquity.

"Though, as already mentioned, his passions are very strong, he is by no means left to their unbridled sway: a constant warfare rages within him, between the lower and the higher faculties of his mind; and from this, as well as from the circumstance of his Hope being deficient, I infer that his life is not one of unbroken happiness. 'The flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh, so that he cannot do the things that he would.'—He will find it impossible to comply with the injunction, 'Resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.' Yet he is not apt to be a cool aggressor; for, while jealous of his own rights, he is thoroughly honest, and not less scrupulous in respecting the rights of others. He will, indeed, find in his strong sentiment of Conscientiousness a very efficient check upon his animal propensities; and as he has likewise a large development of Secretiveness, Benevolence, and Love of Approbation, and his education is stated to have been good, I have no doubt that, in refined society, he is

able to repress the more disagreeable manifestations of his propensities. Still, however, this will not be accomplished without an effort.

"There is a decided talent for construction, and he could display considerable ingenuity and manual dexterity in the prosecution of it. This, however, depends much on the training he has received. It is impossible to predicate in what direction his Constructiveness is employed; but I am apt to imagine that, although capable of learning to draw, he will not be peculiarly successful as a colourist, and that he has no decided genius for engineering and dynamics. He is deficient in the power of discriminating nicely and judging of the harmonies of colours; is rather disorderly and unsystematic in his habits; and has no distinguished talent for the mathematics, particularly arithmetic and algebra. His reflective intellect is excellent; but, being ignorant of his temperament, I cannot speak as to its activity. Presuming that his constitution is active in an ordinary and tolerable degree, I infer a very respectable share of acute judgment and logical power. He has a good deal of dry humour, and is sometimes severe in his jokes. He penetrates, with great shrewdness, into the motives and feelings of others, and would find in Phrenology

an interesting explanation of the apparent anomalies of his own mind.

"A great command of language, and quick verbal memory, are not among his characteristics. He is fond of taking the aid of analogy in his reasonings, and is able to conduct an argument in a relevant, forcible, and connected manner. He has very considerable powers of narrative and illustration, and, if an author, is likely to make frequent use of figurative language. A shrewd reasoner, he is a still better describer. His musical powers appear to be above an average, and he is probably fond of the picturesque and beautiful. Does not a full military band, followed by the regiment, excite a high degree of pleasure in his mind?

"I have thus delineated the character of this gentleman at some length, and perhaps with greater minuteness than was authorized by the cast alone, without a knowledge of the circumstances in which the individual is placed. You will recollect also that I am only a tyro in practical Phrenology, and that my errors cannot fairly be made to bring discredit on the science which I am studying and attempting to practise. Still I am not prepared to learn that there is a very material divergence from truth in what is above anticipated, with respect to the character of your friend.

"Before sending the cast to Mr Simpson, I had committed my views to paper, and he drew up his remarks in total ignorance of what had occurred to me. On comparing notes, we found that very nearly the same conclusions had been arrived at, as you will perceive on reading both papers. They were only slightly modified (and more on his side than on mine) after our conference.

"I shall expect to receive, in the course of eight or ten days, a full description of the gentleman's actual character.

"The head is not at all symmetrical. What is the effect of this?

"Is the gentleman addicted, or the reverse, to the pleasures of the table? Or is he indifferent?—I am, &c. ROB. COX."

Mr Simpson's Inference.

"THIS individual will manifest as much *power of character* as the large-headed uneducated man, whose cast was formerly under discussion; but what a difference in respectability! There is as large an animal endowment here as there; but how differently controlled! The flesh is strong, but the spirit is stronger, and will keep the flesh a powerful servant, but yet a servant. The individual is amative, but his con-

duct will be decent and delicate. He is passionate and irascible, but this will not always externally appear. He is combative and disputatious, but even that tendency he can regulate, and he will shew courage, activity, energy, and enterprise.

"He delights in praise, and is ambitious of distinction, but his estimate of his own powers and merits is so high that he will scorn the bad taste and deficient judgment of those who refuse their tribute of approbation. His firmness is not to be shaken, and would give him great fortitude under trial. Yielding is a grand moral impossibility in a good cause, and *victory*, even in a more doubtful one, is quite essential to his comfort. He is just and truthful, and pays his debts. The only occasion where his candour may be in danger is in rivalry. 'Aut Cæsar aut nullus' is his motto, and his charity is in risk towards his formidable opponents. He is kind and generous in his sentiments, though more charitable with his exertions than his money. *This* he likes to accumulate; but his passions may have made inroads on his means. He likes to be shewily hospitable. He will not be outdone in a *public* subscription. He is probably popular and liked. If he ever gives offence, it is with his self-esteem piquing that of others, for he is apt to despise adverse opinions and judgments.

He may, when off his guard, argue insolently and dogmatically; and, as he probably waxes vehement, and gets loud and harsh in voice, he becomes, as was said of Samuel Johnson, 'a tremendous adversary.' Nevertheless he is much respected, and has much weight in the circle in which he moves, and is a frequent referee in disputes. In him the domestic group of affections are very powerful; as lover, husband, father, friend, he can have few equals. As a father he is a perfect nursery-maid; and, if he has not children of his own, he must *borrow* those of others to pour out his affections upon. Children will come to him by instinct. He is secretive, and probably cautious and reserved, with much of *savoir faire* and tact about him. He will not rashly enter into speculations, and never into gambling ones. He has not bright future views, and is often subject to fits of despondency.

"His intellect is far above average. It is better in the reflecting than the knowing region. He would not top his class at Greek and Latin, and would *tail* it at arithmetic. At history, and all the objects of eventuality, he would make a better figure. His talents would have a later development than school, and belles lettres, metaphysics, political economy, legislation, and speculation on human affairs in general, would be

the pursuits in which he would be declared an able man. He has the talent for them ; I do not say which he has followed. He did not shine in the details of science and experimental philosophy, and had no great relish for mathematics, especially algebra. His compositions will exhibit sound thinking ; and although he can reason logically from necessary consequence, he prefers the reasoning of comparison, analogy, and illustration. His illustrations will be drawn from things that *happen*, more than from things that *are ;* from history more than from scientific stores of knowledge. Of these last he will be impatient, and will be eager to ascend into generalization. He loves the sublime as well as the beautiful ; and his style, although scarcely very fluent, will be ornate, and poetical, and eloquent. He is a readier writer than extemporaneous debater. He is not a musician, nor engineer, nor draughtsman, nor calculator, although he is an expert constructor, and *maker* with his hands. He is witty and loves the ludicrous, and often sets the table in a roar with well-told stories, and even with original unexpected resemblances. He is not a *punster*, and despises the accomplishment. His wit is often caustic and satirical, especially *ironical ;* and his humour is dry and grave. He has some *Uncle Adamism* about him ; he delights to make those about him happy, but

they must all be happy in the way he *dictates*. He cannot match nice shades of colour. On the whole, he is a person who will *take* the lead, and the lead will be given to him. He could manage the combinations of a large and complicated establishment. But for some minor defects, such as want of order, he could have commanded a large army ; and, often in his youth, when he read *Cæsar de Bello Gallico*, this was his ambitious dream. He is probably slovenly in his personal arrangements ; and I should like to know if he is not unpunctual to appointments, not only from want of arrangement, but from a weak perception of the lapse of time, so as not to know *when to look his watch*. Some persons can tell the hour before taking out their watches ; he cannot do this. He is a woeful bad dancer, and could never be brought to make a bow approaching to respectfulness, not to say grace. He is kinder in his manner than polite. Indeed, wherever he goes, were kings and dukes present, he would be easy and familiar. J. S."

To these joint inferences, certainly in several essential particulars not very compatible with each other, and from which, had I been called upon to guess, I most assuredly would never have hit on Mr Macnish as the person whose organization was under discus-

sion, my friend whose sympathies were at the time almost enthusiastically swayed towards a belief in the doctrines, thus somewhat strangely replies. No greater proof than the following letter can be adduced, that where the judgment is determined to be convinced, meat and milestones can be swallowed with equal ease.

Letter from Mr B—— to Mr Cox.

"13th March 1833.

"My Dear Sir,—I am much obliged to you and Mr Simpson for the trouble you have been at with the cast which I took the liberty of forwarding to you. You, I dare say, will be surprised when I tell you that it was taken from my own head. * So far as I know my character, the phrenological analyses are most admirable. Indeed, with one or two exceptions, they are surprisingly correct, and fill me with astonishment at

* "It seems necessary to remark, that neither Mr Simpson nor Mr Cox had the slightest knowledge of the personal character of Mr B——. The former had never even seen him, and the other had merely accompanied him and another gentleman, in the course of last summer, to the Museum of the Phrenological Society, where nothing was said or done to indicate, in any degree whatever, the peculiarities of Mr B——. Nor had either phrenologist the most distant suspicion, when the inferences were drawn, that the cast represented the head of Mr B—— himself. The temperament of that gentleman, it may be here stated, is nervous-bilious."

their strict accordance with nature. My friends also bear the fullest testimony to their extraordinary accuracy. The only points on which I think you have both erred, are in indicating the feeling of Amativeness as very powerful, and in representing me as disputatious. I am rather surprised at the first mistake; for it occurs to me that the development of Amativeness upon the cast is only moderate. I always considered this to be the case; and if you will look again you will find it is not so large as you have represented. Philoprogenitiveness being very large, and coming very low down, has, I suspect, led you into this error. Independently of this, the muscles at the back of my neck are very large and strong, and might thus mislead you by giving an appearance of unusual thickness. The feeling of Amativeness is certainly not more than moderate, certainly not at all excessive or troublesome.

"The feeling of Combativeness is, beyond all doubt, exceedingly active, but it does not manifest itself in disputation. I cannot, without a strong effort, keep my temper in argument, and, therefore, hate arguing. Independently of this, I am apt to dislike those who contradict or differ in opinion from me; and to avoid indulging in this feeling of dislike, I make a point of giving them little or no opportunity of differing. With regard to my combative propensities in other

matters, I could, if I were disposed, say enough; suffice it that I am immoderately fond of seeing fights, of sparring, and of perusing accounts of battles in the prize-ring. In fact, if I had not been well brought up, and possessed strong controlling faculties, as well as some prudence, there is no saying to what lengths the activity of the pugnacious faculty might have led.

"Secretiveness ought to be very largely developed, for few men with such strong passions to struggle against are more in the daily habit of controlling them: and I often take some credit for keeping, by its means, these passions under due restraint.

"Mr Simpson says, that the person writes with more ease than he speaks. This is a very shrewd remark, and singularly correct. No man writes with more ease, or speaks with less, than I do. You and Mr Simpson differ with regard to drawing: he says I am not a draughtsman. Your view is the more correct. I am not only capable of learning to draw, but I can do so very well. Colouring, however, I never cared about, nor do I believe I could ever excel in it. Mr S. says I cannot match colours. I cannot speak on this point, as I do not very clearly understand his meaning. If he means that I cannot accurately distinguish one shade of colour from another, I apprehend he is inaccurate; but I cannot speak decidedly,

having never paid attention to the subject. If, however, he means that I cannot harmoniously arrange colours I suspect he is right. I used to be remarked for the unskilful way in which I selected the colours of different parts of my dress; and, two years ago, a friend of mine, a portrait-painter, stopped me in the street, and advised me to pay more attention to this point, as there was an absurd want of harmony in the colour of coat, vest, trowsers, stockings, and neckcloth. He advised me what colours I ought to wear, and I have followed his advice, and am now something like other people. There must surely have been some defect or other, when people were taking notice of it so pointedly. Besides this, I care nothing about flowers. Their splendid hues do not strike me with any particular pleasure; and if I had a garden, I should not trouble myself with a single flower in it.

"Mr Simpson says I am a bad dancer. There never was a worse on the face of the globe. I never, in fact, could learn dancing, and have a natural dislike to it. But upon what data does he predicate this, seeing that Tune is rather full? Moreover, upon what data does he infer want of elegance of manners, seeing that Imitation and Ideality are both rather large? The inference is perfectly just, but I can seen no ground

for it in the estimate of the development. At making a bow, and other little conventional matters of politeness, no man could well be worse. I would make a shocking lord-in-waiting to his Majesty; and as for a master of ceremonies to a ball, the very idea would throw Beau Nash into convulsions.

"You say the religious feelings of the individual are not strong, and yet give him good Veneration. Your assertion is perfectly just, but upon what do you ground it? According to the estimate, he ought to be religious, which he most certainly is not.

"How do you reconcile his 'Language full' with the deficient command of words, which you rightly say is one of his characteristics? Your inferences are in themselves correct—strikingly so—but they appear to me as being sometimes inconsequential, and not deduced from what I would suppose the data.

"Locality, you say, is 'rather large.' I suspect you are mistaken in taking this development. Locality I take to be moderate, or rather small, in the cast; but of course you are a better judge than I. I wish you would look again, and satisfy yourself. I always considered the development as moderate. In one point of view, Locality with me is weak, in another strong. I am a very bad hand at finding out

places, and yet particularly fond of travelling. How do you reconcile these differences?

"I am a shocking arithmetician; a worse does not exist. I never could learn the multiplication-table, and have really no talent whatever for calculation. Mathematics I once attempted, but gave up the science in disgust, long before arriving at the *pons asinorum*. And yet you say Number is *full*. How is this?

"Mr Simpson is very acute when he says, that I would not *top* my class at Greek and Latin. I was uniformly *dolt*, and was a most wretched scholar. Indeed, in every school (except drawing,) I was considered extremely stupid, whether in the classics, arithmetic, French, or geography. He is also very accurate indeed, when he alleges that my mind would not be thoroughly developed till later than school. I never was good at any thing till I attained the age of sixteen, when I became a tremendously hard-working student in ——— and general literature, two subjects which I liked, and which I pursued with an intensity which I may safely say was never surpassed. In fact, I could do nothing till I became my own master. The trammels of school education were most insufferable, and I look back to the floggings, wranglings, fightings, and heart-burnings of my school-boy days with the greatest loathing. Whenever the tension of scholas-

tic bondage was removed, and I was left to do as I liked, I felt quite another being, and acquired the knowledge I was partial to with readiness and zeal. No boy at school was ever more flogged than I. My teachers I abhorred as insufferable tyrants; and, when I became a little older, was quite ungovernable, and constantly mutinying and forming conspiracies against them. Flogging, however, never did me any good, but rendered me much worse. Those only who treated me leniently could make any thing of so rebellious a subject.

"I should like to know Mr Simpson's data for inferring bad scholarship, and late mental development; also his reasons for inferring that I despise punning. This paltry accomplishment I have the most utter contempt for, but I cannot see how he infers such antipathy.

"With regard to deficient *Order*, he is also right. Want of arrangement in others never annoys me, unless when it produces inconvenience. For *order* in the abstract I have no *penchant* whatever, and rather feel it an annoyance than a pleasure. I am constantly mislaying pen-knives, umbrellas, &c. and since the first of November, have lost not fewer than eight pairs of gloves.

"He mentions also a want of punctuality of ap-

pointments, owing to a deficient perception of the lapse of time. This is another staggerer, for I have certainly an imperfect perception of time, and yet you admit *Time* to be rather full. Appointments I never on any occasion wilfully break, as I consider the thing dishonest; but I sometimes, or rather frequently, do so from forgetting them, or from forming a wrong estimate of time. I can make nothing of time, unless I have my watch. I have seen me, while it was at the mending, mistake three o'clock P. M. for noon, and *vice versa*.

"With regard to my love of the ludicrous, and turn for irony and grave humour, I shall say nothing myself, but leave others to form an opinion. I believe no man loves the ridiculous more than I do; the passion for it is most active, but whether such humour as I have be genuine, is of course another question. Nothing gives me so much delight as to get into the company of a self-sufficient blockhead, and bestow upon him the most fulsome and nauseous flattery. Stupid people, unless when doing business with them, never annoy me. I am rather partial to their society. They must, however, be immoderately stupid to suit my taste.

"I suspect I have no talent for music; but few people are fonder of it. I do not care for Scotch airs,

or pathetic pieces, at least not particularly; while, on the contrary, martial music, and the bold wild strains of Weber, make a most powerful impression on my mind. Sacred music I care little about.

"I must mention one curious fact. I have a most singular tendency to compare one thing with another. For instance, if I hear the piano played, every sound seems to resemble a particular colour; and so uniform is this, that I could almost make a gamut of colours. Some notes are yellow, others green, others blue, and so forth. Words also are associated in my mind with shapes, and shapes with words; a horse's mouth, for instance, I always associate with the word *smeer*. As instances of the similitude with words and forms, take the following examples:

Combe resembles

Cox resembles

Simpson resembles

This is certainly a very odd peculiarity, and I know not how to account for it, unless it be from a strange activity in the faculty of Comparison. It has existed since ever I recollect, and has puzzled myself as, I believe, it will do every other person. In writing and

reasoning, I feel at once that Comparison is the strongest faculty I have, and I believe there is no person makes a greater use of similes and illustrations. This was observed by others long before it occurred to myself. Indeed it never struck me till I was told it.

"You inquire about my addiction or non-addiction to the pleasures of the table. I am not at all given to this, and am moderate and temperate in the matter of eating—more so than most men,—but, somehow, what I do eat, must be cooked with peculiar care, or I cannot taste it. I mention this, as it is rather a strong point in my character. It is the only thing I am finical in, and I cannot account for it. With regard to drinking I am also moderate, although there are few men who are so little affected by excess. I impute this to the great self-command which I possess, as well as to good bodily stamina. These trifles I would not mention, unless you had drawn my attention to them.

"The head, as you observe, is not at all symmetrical, but I am not aware that this has any effect, one way or another.

"You mention the moderate development of hope, and justly remark upon the tendency of the individual to occasional low spirits, and the likelihood of

his being not apt to paint futurity in gay colours. Nothing can be more true than both statements. I am often causelessly flat, and never view the future with complacency. Indeed, so little do I expect any thing to turn out well, that I never was disappointed all my life, and am constantly meeting with agreeable surprises, at events turning out far better than I anticipated.

"Mr Simpson is wrong when he talks of my love of ostentation and show. I do not possess this quality at all; on the contrary, I despise it, and would despise myself were I to indulge in any thing of the kind. This is one of the few points where his estimate is at fault.

"I do not know whether I have a desire to accumulate property or not. I believe I am reckoned rather liberal in money matters—more so than I think I deserve to be. I am, however, fond of accumulating books, and extremely unfond of lending them.

"To what organ, or combination of organs, do you refer the fondness of ascending heights, and the capability of standing upon them without getting giddy? This feeling is exceedingly strong in me. I can go almost to any elevation, and even walk across the ridge of a high house without difficulty. When I resided in the north country I used to sit with my legs

hanging over precipices from one to three hundred feet high, and read there for an hour or two, or watch the sea boiling in the caverns below. The faculty of doing this is very perfect, and, with a little practice, I think, no man could excel me. As it is, I can do so as well as any mason or slater I ever saw.

"I forgot to say that my verbal memory is not particularly good, but that I have a very powerful recollection of events, whether such as I read, or such as pass under my own observation.

"I may also mention, that I am terribly bad at all games requiring calculation. Cards, draughts, &c. puzzle me exceedingly. I believe I could as soon fly in the air as become a third rate chess-player. Indeed, I hate all games whatever except the more athletic sort, such as quoits, single-stick, fencing, sparring, and so forth, in the whole of which I think I would be capable of excelling, were I to practise them.

"I am not the least speculative—quite the reverse. I was brought up in the strictest doctrine of Toryism, but fear much that I am a recreant from the old faith. Somehow I always side with the opposition in Parliament, whatever that may be. This is absurd, but I cannot help it.

"I have thus gone over the principal parts of your and Mr Simpson's analyses, and I hope you will not

think me a vain-glorious egotist in thus speaking so much of myself. I have done so honestly, at least; and if in any part I am wrong, perhaps my self-love may have misled me, and made me deny the truth of some of your statements, which, for all that, may be true enough.

"I am much obliged to both of you for the great trouble you must have been at. I shall not again ask you to do any thing of the kind; but should I meet with any remarkable heads, I shall try and get casts of them, which I shall send to you along with sketches of their characters. Your estimates of the heads which I have already sent, without giving you any cue of their owners' talents or dispositions, I look upon as very valuable, and as incontrovertible evidences of the truth of Phrenology."—I am, &c.

In a long and clever letter, Mr Cox then proceeds to lay down the data, from which some of his inferences were drawn, and to explain away the seeming contrarieties between Mr Simpson, Mr Macnish, and himself. Although at first, on several essential topics, all three are as wide asunder as the three points of a triangle, complacent bows are made and returned, a gradual approximation takes place, the angles of discrepancy are rubbed off, and to the tune of "We are

three," the party dance round in a circle of harmonious concord.

All this will be but too apparent from the following recantation by Mr Macnish, of his objections to many of the original inferences of Messrs Simpson and Cox. We have already given the praise of extreme ingenuity to Mr Cox's answer to these objections, although our limits unfortunately forbid the publication of his entire letter. Here then comes our friend in reply.

Letter from Mr B—— to Mr Cox.

"20th March 1833.

"My Dear Sir,—Many thanks for your excellent letter, and its accompaniments. I observe what you say concerning Amativeness, and believe that, after all, you are in the right. I have for many years been so actively employed both in body and mind, that I have no doubt this propensity and feeling must have been kept much in check. No one is less a woman hater than I am: On the contrary I am much attached to the society of females, especially when they are young and beautiful.

"With regard to what you say about disputation, your views are equally correct and ingenious. I have a curious *penchant* for praising a man whenever I hear

him depreciated, and depreciating him whenever I hear him praised. This, I suppose, proceeds from the same principle as argumentativeness. I hate to dispute upon any subject; for when I meet with an obstinate person, I am apt to lose temper with him, and to conceive—not a personal dislike, but a disrelish for his society. I believe no man living hates mulish self-sufficient people so much as I do. On the contrary, I am remarkably fond of modest persons, and I believe am as much liked by them, as disliked by the others. You thus see I can both praise and dispraise myself with one breath.

"You are quite correct as to low comedy. I am much fonder of it than of the genteel. Farces, extravaganzas, harlequinades, especially the latter, are my particular favourites. I like to see drunken squabbles, fights, &c. *on* the stage, and, I am sorry to say, *off* it also. Tragedies also I am very fond of.

"What you say with regard to the difficulty in finding places is probably true, for, when going anywhere, I am apt to be thinking on something else, and do not sufficiently direct the mind to the locality. Such at least is the case where the matter is not one of importance. This I suspect is the secret of my deficiency, as well as of frequently passing people in the

street without recognizing them, although my sight is remarkably good.

"Talking of language, I am very apt to forget the names of people, places, songs, &c. I rather imagine I am bad at recollecting dates—not worse, however, than most people; but on this point I cannot speak correctly. My own belief is, that I am not a good date-monger. Facts I recollect capitally.

"I am certain I ought to have good Concentrativeness. When determined to accomplish anything, nothing confuses me, and I have great power of keeping the mind to the subject on hand. There is no doubt that the faculty of Equilibrium must also be powerful. I do not get giddy or afraid on heights, and, had I been trained up to it, could have made a good tumbler or rope-dancer. I learned riding with remarkable facility. I have a strong attachment to places.

"I very much prefer bleak, barren, rugged scenery to that which is beautiful and highly cultivated. A tempest gratifies me tremendously; and such pictures as those of Martin or Salvator Rosa, please me far more highly than any others with which I am acquainted.

"Punning I abominate,—not, however, I should suppose, because I cannot make puns, for I never tried

it,—but because I despise the accomplishment, as in itself essentially paltry, and generally practised by very paltry creatures. I cannot conceive a manly intellect much given to such an amusement. For the same reason, I detest charades, conundrums, &c. They are the occupations of ninnies, and not of men. My friend A—— detests punning as much as myself. His head is large, and the organ of Language moderate.

"I observe what you say about suicide. I have no doubt that self-murder is a very horrible and stupid thing, but its atrocity does not strike me so very awfully as it does many a one. I cannot conceive how a man condemned to be hanged, and having the means of self-destruction within his reach, should refrain from using them, always supposing that his belief in future punishment for so doing does not stand in his way.

"What you say of Louis XI. I can easily comprehend. This is the kind of humour most congenial to my own mind, and I should have been more apt to have followed the king's example than that of Dunois.

"I have precisely the same feeling as L—— with regard to games of chance. I never dream of being a winner in such cases.

"I believe one cause of my being so bad a public speaker (indeed I cannot speak in public at all,) is

my extreme sense of the ridiculous. I cannot tolerate the idea of making myself absurd or being laughed at. Now, I always feel inclined to laugh inwardly at people who make these displays, and I always fancy others would do the same to me. Independently of this, however, I never could have made any thing of public speaking.

"Mr Simpson's inference, from the beginning of the third paragraph, is admirably accurate; but the previous part is by no means so good as your's.

"My gait is peculiar, and makes me known to my friends at a great distance, when it is impossible to recognize the face, or even the dress. I walk very straight, and keep the head stiff and high, slightly inclined backward, with the hat cocked high upon it. I detest slow walking, and get over the ground quickly, whether in a hurry or not. I don't move in the least from side to side, but preserve strictly the perpendicular. I state these things, because it is your desire I should do so. Were I to state them without being asked, it would be a piece of insufferable puppyism and affectation. I am, &c."

Still, however, Mr Macnish is not himself quite pleased with his own explanations and confessions; and the following comes as a finale. It is also to Mr Cox.

"26th March 1833.

"My Dear Sir,—My last letter to you was terribly stupid, from the hurried manner in which it was written; and I fear that some of the queries propounded in your long, truly able, and most interesting communication were not answered. If so, I have forgotten what they are; and it is now too late to remedy the oversight.

"Your remarks regarding my gait, I showed to some friends, and they all at once confirmed the accuracy of your conjecture. One of them remarked, 'It is perfectly true: you walk as if a poker were thrust down your back.'

"There can be no doubt that your first statement regarding *Number* is the more correct. This faculty is decidedly weak in my mind, calculation being the only matter on which I ever get confused.

"I fully agree with you, that my life has not been one calculated to foster the activity of the cerebellum; and this, combined with *Self-esteem* and *Caution*, have very probably kept the feeling in question within due restraint. These two faculties I look upon as my good angels, which are perpetually overawing the rebellious spirits in their desperate struggles to obtain ascendancy. For instance, I am passionately fond of rat-killing matches, cock-fighting, &c. and would be apt

to indulge in these pursuits were I not restrained by pride from associating with the doubtful characters who frequently patronize them; and by Caution, from addicting myself to practices which would lower me in the estimation of others.

"I suspect that I have forgotten to answer your query with regard to the books which I am fondest of reading. My favourite authors have always been those who indulge in broad humour and burlesque, such as Smollet, Swift, Butler, and Cervantes, especially the first, whose novels I have read at least a dozen times.

"I observe what you say with regard to Hope. I often wish I had a little more of this quality to clear more brightly the aspect of the future; and yet it is perhaps better not, for people in that case are perpetually disappointed; which is never the case with me.

"How do you account for the fact, that all men who have a keen perception of the ridiculous, and a lively talent for humour, are almost uniformly *sad* dogs? Such was the case with the above-mentioned authors, to say nothing of Carlin and Grimaldi. Nor do I doubt that the same rule holds with Yates, Matthews, Liston, Farren, &c. It occurs to me that there is a strong analogy between humour and pathos, and that they are merely opposite points of the same scale of sensibility.

"If you wish it, I have no objection that my name should be mentioned, nor have I any particular objection to the correspondence being published, of course *without* my name. I remain, &c."

During the whole spring of this year, Chestiology having been consigned to the tomb of all the Capulets, Phrenology reigned in the ascendant, and absorbed all his spare thoughts. These were at length broken in upon, by Mr Macnish determining to pay another visit to London. He thus writes Mr Leitch on the subject. His letter is dated 13th June.

"I leave this by the John Wood, which sails on Saturday at 10 o'clock, from the Broomielaw for Liverpool. If you have any business in Greenock upon that day, perhaps you could so arrange as to be there about the time, when the John Wood arrives. I should like to see you were it only for a few minutes, although of course you are not to put yourself in the least out of your way for this purpose. I go to London. What a fine thing it would be, were it in your power to accompany me the length of Liverpool. I am persuaded, could the thing be managed, that you would be perfectly delighted. The vessel reaches Liverpool on Sunday about one o'clock, and leaves on Monday, so

that, as far as time is concerned, you could be at no great loss. I merely suggest this for your consideration, without urging you one way or other; but I think you would be the better of seeing the other side of the border."

Exactly a month after this, Mr Macnish thus gives me a *precis* of his journey southwards.

"Glasgow, 12th July 1833.

"My Dear Sir,—Mrs M.'s kind note reached me two days ago, and as I can send you an answer by Mr Robert Blackwood, who is at present here, I avail myself of the opportunity.

"I went to London about four weeks ago, and intended to have remained a month, and even to have gone across the channel to France, when a letter from home obliged me to return, which I did on the Monday before last. I intended to have come home *via* Edinburgh; but, on arriving at Liverpool, I found the Manchester steam-boat just starting for Glasgow, which I thought too good an opportunity to let escape, more especially as the weather was so rainy, as to render travelling *per* coach very disagreeable. I intend going to Innerleithen to see the St Ronan's games, which take place on 1st of August, on which occasion I shall have the pleasure of seeing you.

"While dining with a gentleman, three days ago, I was much shocked by hearing that you were dead; but on making inquiry, as to when this event occurred, I was given to understand it was two months ago, which convinced me of the fallacy of the report. It is astonishing how stories arise. It must have been the death of some namesake of yours, which had deceived my informant.

"While in London I dined with Maginn. He is a queer fish—indeed one of the most singular fellows I ever met with. His rapidity of articulation is surprising, as well as his flow of ideas. I also met little Crofty Croker, who is a very fine wee chap, and uncommonly modest. Besides London I was at a variety of places—for instance, Liverpool, Manchester, Bath, Birmingham, and Cheltenham. I passed a day or two in each of these places, and was much gratified. However, when I see you, I will tell you more about my trip.

"I have sold my Book of Aphorisms to M'Phun for L. 100. They will be published early in winter, and will, I think, make a readable little volume.—With kind respects to Mrs M., I always am, my dear Sir, your's very truly, R. MACNISH."

After his return from London, Mr Macnish em-

ployed his leisure in writing one or two humorous papers and poems; and in preparing for the press a new edition of his Philosophy of Sleep, which he now re-modelled on the ground-work of the phrenological doctrines. It is thus that he writes Mr Leitch on the 4th of September.

"My Dear Sir,—I suppose you have latterly been inflated with imperial wrath, seeing that you have not opened wide your thunder-bolted jaws, and assailed me with an occidental grunt. It is so long since we have seen you, that we begin thinking that, like infinity, you have crept into your shell; but we have still some hopes, that, in imitation of nonentity, an everlasting phenix you'll arise. 'Ware of magniloquence.' * * * *

"Tom Atkinson left Glasgow for Barbadoes some time ago. I fear the poor fellow will hardly reach his destination. His health was wretched when he left this.*

"I am busy preparing for a second edition of the Philosophy of Sleep. We go to press on Monday. It will be in every respect greatly improved, and is so

* Mr Atkinson was at this time far gone in consumption, and I believe died at sea.

totally changed, both as regards arrangement and every thing else, that it will scarcely seem the same book. I am going to get six copies thrown off in large quarto,—one of which I will send to you. I am extremely glad of this second edition, as it will for ever prevent any body from saying my second work was not equal to my first. It will to a certainty be as good, and probably better,—which is saying a great deal; as sleep is an infinitely more difficult subject to handle than drunkenness. I think it will extend to 330 pages —a considerable increase. I have acknowledged openly the Phrenological Theory, and based every fact upon it—in fact the work will be in all respects more philosophical, and more pervaded by a leading principle running through it than formerly. * * * The number of repetitions in the first edition was incredible:—these I have entirely rooted out, and there is as little iteration as the desultory nature of the subject possibly admitted. In short, although I say it myself, the book will be a good one, and do me some little credit. The theory, of course, many will object to, but this I am quite prepared for.

"Write me when you have an opportunity.—Your's very truly, R. M."

On the 11th of the same month he thus briefly writes me, relative principally to the same subject.

"I remember your telling me that you had a letter from Lord Hailes' daughter, (Miss Dalrymple of Hailes,) mentioning that the anecdote concerning her father, published in the Philosophy of Sleep, was incorrect. * As I am just now preparing a second edition of that work for the press, may I request that you will have the goodness to write me as soon as you please the real facts of the case, as I should wish to give the anecdote accurately. Write it out, and I shall give it in your own words.

"I must congratulate you on the appearance of your likeness in Frazer. It is really very like, both as regards features, and the position in which you generally sit. It is perhaps rather thin, and a shade too old, but upon the whole it is a very accurate representation of yourself.

"This season has been to me one of disappointments. I have been able to get nowhere for two months, owing to the health of my father, which has been any thing but good. He is still far from well. This keeps me a close prisoner in Glasgow."

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* The purport of the case was to show, that somnolency might be conjoined constitutionally in some cases with mental activity and high intellectual power. From what had been reported to me, I imagined that, in the author of "The Annals of Scotland," I had found an illustration. As Miss Dalrymple's letter went far to destroy several of the strong points, I recommended the omission of the case altogether.

In the number of Frazer for the same month appeared one of Mr Macnish's lucubrations for this year, entitled the Philosophy of Sneering. It possesses some strong points; and he has adopted for his story his favourite locality of the University of Gottingen.

As may have readily been surmised, from the unrestrained correspondence between Mr Macnish and Mr Leitch of Rothsay, these friends were on the most intimate and cordial footing. During the autumn of this year, that gentleman had made up his mind to leave the north, and take up his residence in London; and the threatened loss of his society was an event that Mr Macnish could not contemplate without dismay. The following capital and characteristic letter may, we hope, be here given without impropriety. Mr Leitch himself will, I daresay, agree with me, that it were almost a sin to omit it.

"Glasgow, 25th October 1833.

"My Dear Sir,—

* * * * *

"Chestiology, Squeakology, Gruntology, Ventriloquology, 56-ology, Barkology, Crowology, Philology, Beeology, Brayingology, Bublijockology, Cack-

lingology, Planeology, Drawing of-Cork-ology, Holding-seventy-seven-pound-weight-above-the-head-or-little-finger-ology, &c. &c. &c. are at an end. You will astound the Cockneys in the Modern Babylon, and not less the fair sex, with your colossal powers of procreatingology. So my good fellow come if you can, and no mistake.

"We went yesterday to press, and I expect a proof in a day or two. I have not written a line of any description for some months, except the corrections to the Philosophy. I flatter myself you will admit that the work is immensely improved, and that it is superior by many degrees to any thing I have yet done. I have proceeded strictly upon 'general principles.'

"Fulton looked unutterable things when I told him of your stupendous feat. Some days ago he officiated as croupier at a class dinner, where he distinguished himself by one of the most sensible actions I ever heard of. One of the party was favouring the company with a speech, when, in the midst of one of the most touching passages, he seized him by the tail of the coat and pulled him down upon the chair. I hold this to be a most sapient method of stopping the mouth of a person. It was extremely Fultonic, and smelt strongly of the forge-hammer system. I think it ought to be

universally adopted. It is much better than hissing or putting out the lights. I have a great admiration of this strong-armed method of going to work. Had it been in practice since the beginning of the world, we should have had none of the palavers of Demosthenes, Cicero, Chatham, Tom Atkinson, Pericles, Marshall, Burke, Macdougal, Canning, or Holy Bob. No person but a man of sterling genius could have hit on such a plan.

"You are a huge favourite with the old ladies. Mrs Robertson asked me your height, and pronounced you a colossal man. Mrs B— also spoke in terms of profound admiration of your chest. I made a company the other night swallow ten languages. I increase the number in proportion to the stupidity of the audience. When you go to London you will have ample opportunity of improving your undoubted talent for the acquisition of languages. Along Regent Street every third man you meet is a Frenchman, and there are regular French coffee-houses, where nought but the language of the Grande Nation is spoken.

"Expecting confidently to see you without fail, on Wednesday, I am, my dear Sir, your's in the Holy Chestic faith, R. MACNISH."

It would appear that, on the 3d December, I wrote

him a letter of interrogatories regarding his health—his literary projects—and the chances of his soon being in the east of Scotland. It then proceeds. "You would observe poor Picken's death in the Newspapers last week! I had a letter from him a few weeks ago, in which he expressed his determination of visiting Scotland in the spring—a season which for him was never to come!* Mr Galt is a good deal better. I had a letter from him lately, along with his poems—(have you seen them?) in which he makes inquiries about a house in our neighbourhood, as he wishes to come and spend his latter days among us. He is really and truly a wonderful man—in point of exertion matchless—and in all respects how superior to the nest of hornets that for some years past have been vainly endeavouring to sting him to literary death. You would see three new volumes of his announced, since his autobiography, called the 'Tales of the Study.' The principal story, the Lutheran, I read in MS. It has many powerful as well as pictu-

* I had the pleasure of meeting this amiable and clever man at Mr Galt's house, at Brompton, in the preceding year; and subsequently had some correspondence with him. His "Dominie's Legacy," "Club Book," and "Traditionary Stories," are highly respectable memorials of his talents. His death was sudden and unexpected—arising from the rupture of a blood-vessel.

resque passages. Did you perceive in the Anthology, No. 5, in last Blackwood, three or four small things of mine? They were done one evening after nine o'clock lately. I found the letter requesting me to try my hand upon them, when I came home at night, and they were sent off by post next morning. So you see if they had midnight oil, it was really and truly for one night only; and lo! there they are with all their unshorn blemishes, hanging as thick as blackberries about them. * * * * * *

"We have had Cholera imported here again, and it was confined to one locality. The contagion was as clear as crystal; and after knowing all the concomitant circumstances, and balancing them with an unbiassed judgment, no man capable of discerning his right hand from his left could have maintained his scepticism. Of this more anon."

A short letter from Mr Macnish, partly in answer to the foregoing, concludes the correspondence for 1833.

"My Dear Sir,—Mr Ritchie since his arrival here has been expecting Wallace of Kelly, who promised to look at, and perhaps purchase the statue of his illustrious namesake. We are still in the iron age in

Scotland, so far as regards sculpture, and I fear will continue so till the end of the chapter.

"I was much pleased with your translations from the Greek. Rhodoclea I have already by heart; it is graceful and beautiful:

This garland of fair flowers, by me
Fondly wreathed, I send to thee,
Rhodoclea!
Lily and love-cup are there,
Anemone with dewy hair,
Freshest violets dark-blue,
And the moist narcissus too,
Rhodoclea! &c.

"I think were you to devote a little of your time to this study, you would excel eminently. I have been long on the look-out for an original poem of your's. Has Esculapius entirely frayed away the muses, or has the *domestic* muse so absorbed your love, that you have none left for the muse of *Fiction*?

"In the course of a fortnight I shall be able to send you a copy of the second edition of the Philosophy. M'Phun I believe puts the Aphorisms to press immediately after.

"At the present moment I am so terribly hurried that I am compelled to pause, but when I send you my book I shall accompany it with an epistle 'as long as a cow's tail,' as the Highlandman said, when

he threatened to pull the nose of the fellow who spoke ill of the Duke of Argyle.

"This is Christmas day, and I shall drink Mrs M.'s health in nine times nine, and your's in three times three. God bless you both, and believe me, your's very sincerely, R. MACNISH.

"29, West George Street, 25th December 1833."

We had almost overlooked a very good quiz on the universality of the genius of the Ettrick Shepherd, that appeared in the February Number of Frazer. The following newspaper paragraph suggested the effusion.

"Archery.—The St Ronan's bowmen of the Border met on the banks of the Tweed, in the neighbourhood of Innerleithen, on Friday last, to compete for a prize-bow given by the club. The competitors were rather numerous, and, after a very keen and anxious contest, the honour of the day was *declared in favour of the Ettrick Shepherd*, who beat Mr Stewart of Glenormiston by a single shot. A sweepstakes was afterwards shot for, *which was also gained in beautiful style by the old Shepherd.* At five o'clock the Bowmen, together with their friends, sat down to an excellent dinner in Cameron's Inn, Innerleithen. After the cloth was removed, and the usual toasts of the day were disposed of, the health of the Earl of

Traquair, the patron of the club, was neatly and feelingly proposed by Mr Hogg, *the president* of the meeting, which was drunk with the greatest enthusiasm. During the evening, many of Mr Hogg's beautiful songs were sung in *excellent style* both *by himself*, and his friend, Mr Macrone, from London. The meeting was kept up with much hilarity, until the ninth hour, when the vibrating notes of the musical band announced that the nymphs of the Tweed were assembled, and anxious for the dance; who hopped it lightly on the fantastic toe until the *wee short hour ayont the twall.*"

Though not exactly the *Small Known*, nor yet the great *Incog*,
I beg you'll lend me both your ears, while I speak of Jamie Hogg;
And of the mighty victory achieved by him, indeed,
Over Stewart of Glenormiston, and others, near the Tweed.

For writing of a ditty, it is perfectly well known,
That our beloved Shepherd he standeth quite alone,
Scott, Moore and Allan Cunningham, eke Burns and Byron too,
Have ne'er done aught like what he's done, and what he yet may do.
And as for prose, if you except Galt, Cobbett, Scott and such,
I'm certain there is not a scribe has written half so much,
But 'tis not of his famous prose, nor yet more famous verse,
That I the great renown just now am going to rehearse;
'Tis of the mighty victory achieved by him, indeed,
Over Stewart of Glenormiston, and others, near the Tweed.

Well then, upon a Friday morn St Ronan's bowmen came
To Innerleithen's neighbourhood—each archer's soul on flame.
'Twas not as in the times of old, to kill the fallow deer,
That all this gallant company was congregated here;
But for a prize-bow to compete, awarded by the club,
To those whose shafts *the bullock's eye* most frequently would drub.
Great Stewart of Glenormiston, and many many *mo'*,
Most famous archers, were at hand, each ready with his bow:
The Ettrick Shepherd, *aged sixty-two*, was also there,
To say *nothing* of his friend M'Crone, and less of Lord Traquair.

Right soon the shooting did commence, and noble sport there was—
It could not well be otherwise, and that you see, because
The bowmen were so excellent, and plied their work so well,
That for a long time who was best, 'twas difficult to tell.
At last the umpires all agreed, without a single nay,
That Hogg or stout Glenormiston must bear the prize away.
The shooting of both candidates was so extremely good,
'Twas like a match 'tween Friar Tuck and famous Robin Hood:
Or lion bold and unicorn, a-fighting for the crown;
Till at last the Shepherd's star went up, and Stewart's it came down;
Hogg by a single shot obtained the prize-bow of the club,
Far dearer to his pastoral heart than whisky punch or grub.
And thus a mighty victory was obtained by him, indeed,
Over Stewart of Glenormiston, and others, near the Tweed.

You'd naturally, I'm sure, suppose one victory quite enough;
But no! the Shepherd's soul was made of more ambitious stuff.
A sweepstakes—not a bow, but ready cash, there yet remain'd
To be contested for, and this he beautifully gained;
Thus gaining for the second time, a triumph great, indeed,
Over Stewart of Glenormiston, and others, near the Tweed.

The shooting over, all sojourn'd, without a noise or din,
And plied an excellent knife and fork at Cameron's good Inn,
The chair was filled extremely well as needs must be—by Hogg,
And the company amused themselves with quizzery and grog,
The Shepherd sang his own sweet lays, which are surpassed by none;
The same was done in pleasant style by his London friend M'Crone.
Each vanquished bowman soon forgot his own severe defeat,
Nor felt ashamed their conqueror the mighty Hogg to greet;
Although a mighty victory was gained by him, indeed,
Over them and stout Glenormiston, beside the river Tweed.

Mr Macnish could intend nothing severe or satirical in this pleasant doggrel; and no one either estimated the Shepherd's powers more generously than he, or bore that remarkable man a heartier good will. It was ever and anon, however, provoking to see the indiscretion of Hogg's friends, who insisted thrusting him forwards on many occasions only to shew his weakness. Peace to the *manes* of the Ettrick Shepherd. In whatever point of view we consider him, he was certainly a very remarkable person. The fame of his physical prowess may die with the recollection of his contemporaries, but the Queen's Wake and many of his ballads and songs are incorporated for ever with the wreath of British poetry. *

* In the fifth volume of Mr Lockhart's admirable Life of Sir Walter Scott, after alluding to the *eclat* conferred on Inner-

Towards the end of January 1834, the second edi-
n of the Philosophy of Sleep, nearly re-written and
irely remodelled, made its appearance. Mr Mac-
h thus writes me on the occasion :

" Glasgow, 3d February 1834.

'Y DEAR SIR,—I sent you a copy of the Philo-
which I presume you have got. At the time

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leithen, as St Ronan's, it is thus written. (Vol. v. p. 316–7.) —" Among other consequences of the revived fame of the place, a yearly festival was instituted for the celebration of 'the St Ronan's Border Games.' A club of 'Bowmen of the Border,' arrayed in doublets of Lincoln green, with broad blue bonnets, and having the Ettrick Shepherd for captain, assumed the principal management of the exhibition; and Sir Walter was well pleased to be enrolled among them, and during several years was a regular attendant, both on the meadow, where, (besides archery,) leaping, racing, wrestling, stone-heaving, and hammer throwing, went on opposite to the noble old Castle of Traquair, and at the subsequent banquet, where Hogg, in full costume, always presided as master of the ceremonies. In fact a gayer spectacle than that of the *St Ronan's Games*, in those days, could not well have been desired. The Shepherd, even when on the verge of threescore, exerted himself lustily in the field, and seldom failed to carry off some of the prizes, to the astonishment of his vanquished juniors; and the *bon-vivants* of Edinburgh mustered strong among the gentry and yeomanry of Tweeddale to see him afterwards in his glory, filling the president's chair with eminent success, and commonly supported on this—which was in fact the grandest night of his year—by Sir Walter Scott, Professor Wilson, Sir Adam Ferguson, and 'Peter Robertson.'"

of sending away, I was so much hurried, as not to be able to write you more than a few lines. You will observe a great change in the book; the poetical head-pieces I have thought it better to remove, as being out of place in a scientific work. I am very anxious to know how you now like it, and whether anything like justice has been done to the subject. You will probably not go in with the theory, as I suppose you are not a phrenologist; however, that will not prevent you from forming an impartial opinion of the work in other respects. The more I look at nature, the more perfectly I am satisfied of the wonderful truth of Gall's doctrines, and I believe every man who studies them must come to the same conclusion. I expect to be beautifully cut up on their account, but I care nothing about it. Nothing will prevent me from telling what I conceive to be the truth. If you do a notice of it anywhere, there is no need for your approving of the theory. This you may slur over, or attack if you please. I have little pecuniary interest in the success of the work, but for M'Phun's sake, and my own reputation, I should like it to succeed. You must write me, and let me know your candid opinion.

"The Book of Aphorisms goes to press immediately, and will to a certainty be out in a month. I shall send you an early copy.

"I forgot to say that I thought it better to take no notice of Lord Hailes' case. I have simply omitted it. This, I suppose, will satisfy Miss Dalrymple. I regret exceedingly that I had not a case from you; by which means I should have been able to grace the preface with your name. Don't you think the work highly creditable to the Glasgow press?

"I see in the new translation of Paulus Egineta,* you are mentioned as having represented the obstetric art as being much ruder among the ancients than it really was. I wonder you do not bring down your History of the Medical Sciences to a modern era; but I suppose your occupations prevent this.

"Did you ever see such horrible weather? It is enough to kill the devil. If I had not been tougher than his infernal majesty, I should have been killed nine times over. As for the last three months, my feet have never been dry. I hope to be in Edinburgh in a month, when I shall take a run out your length, and have an hour's chat with you.

"Best compliments to Mrs M., and love to your dear bairns,—I remain, your's most truly, R. M."

In the spring of this year, the Book of Aphorisms,

* By Mr Adams of Banchory Ternan. An able and very learned work.

Mr Macnish's third distinct publication, made its appearance.* In texture it is much slighter than either the Anatomy or the Philosophy, and must have cost him infinitely less pains, yet we doubt if it is less characteristic of the writer, and of his peculiar habits of thought than these are. A thing of shreds and patches, it is necessarily very unequal in its fabric, and glances from grave to gay, from lively to severe, with a celerity, which defies preparation. Some of the sayings are slight enough, and might have been spared without loss, either to the writer or reader, but others bear the stamp of shrewd observation of life and manners, and are not only distinguished by logical precision, but by a humour, which seems to veil, although it does not blunt their causticity. By his advertisement it would appear that the author did not set down his book as one of high pretensions. It runs thus:

"After the formidable examples of Solomon, Rochefoucault, Sterne, Sir Morgan O'Doherty, and other retailers of wise and pithy sayings, an apology is probably necessary for the appearance of these Aphorisms. I have none to offer, but the hope that they may afford some little amusement to the reader, and, perhaps, induce other writers to do something

* The Book of Aphorisms. By a Modern Pythagorean. Glasgow, M'Phun, 1834. Post 8vo Pp. 224.

better in the same walk. They were all written in the evenings of September 1832, for the purpose of whiling away a few idle hours; and are now printed at the suggestion of the publisher. Whether I have done right in consenting to the publication of such trifles, is another affair. If any of the ideas are taken from others, (as is very probably the case,) I can only say that I am perfectly unconscious of the appropriation, and that I have, in every case, endeavoured to be strictly original. It only remains to mention, that twelve dozen of the Aphorisms have already appeared in Frazer's Magazine: the rest are now published for the first time."

The number of Aphorisms in the collected volume amounts to 675. It was very well received by the public, and certainly did not detract from the already high and well-earned reputation of the author. It was inscribed to his old friend, Mr Gunn of Reisgill, Caithness.

This volume being off the irons, and Mr Macnish solicitous of a little summer leisure, he made up his mind once more to revisit the continent; and in the second volume of the present work, will be found some very pleasant and curious memorials of his journey. Besides these, we give an extract of a letter to Mr Leitch.

"Paris, July 1834.

"I leave Paris on Sunday the 13th for Lille, where I shall remain for a day. I then go to Brussels, and stop there three days, to give me an opportunity of seeing the curiosities, and visiting the field of Waterloo. From Brussels I go to Antwerp, where I shall remain two days. I shall sail from thence on Sunday morning, and be in London on Monday. I will drive directly to your lodgings.

"The Trois Jours will be celebrated in a short time with great splendour. Want of time prevents me from witnessing them. If I had stopped I must have returned by the most rapid route, in which case I should not have had an opportunity of seeing Belgium.

"I had a dreadful attack of influenza since I came here, followed by an affection of the nerves of the face resembling tic douloureux, for which I was obliged to take large doses of quinine, muriate of morphia, and iron. The pains returned periodically, and it required more than a fortnight to overcome them. This illness has relaxed me very much, and made me much thinner and weaker than usual.

"I am very sorry to quit this splendid and delightful place. Paris is the most charming of cities. Everything contributes to enchant the senses, and make you in love with all you see. When I see you I will give

you an account of every thing worth relating. Louis Philippe, in spite of all the Radicals and Whigs may say, is a very clever fellow, and perfectly popular with the wealth and intelligence of the country. The army and National Guard are, to a man, on his side; and it is admitted by every person who has a particle of judgment, that the strong measures he has taken against the press and political offences in general were necessary in the circumstances. France wants quiet. All sensible people are sick of internal disturbances, and determined to support the Government. See how hollow the elections have gone in his favour. Not a single oppositionist returned for Paris, which of itself returns twelve members."

In the month of August, Mr Macnish returned to Scotland, by the way of Stamford, York and Newcastle, and spent a day or two with me, before returning to Glasgow. I remember well his coming in upon us, unexpectedly about eight in the evening. Professor Wilson and some other friends had that day honoured me with their company at dinner; and, after his Gallican tour among strangers, our traveller was once more in the midst of "the old familiar faces."

A fifth edition of the Anatomy of Drunkenness being demanded by the public, our author immediately made the necessary revisals; and by the end of

September it made its appearance, with the following brief advertisement:

"In preparing the present edition of the Anatomy of Drunkenness for the press, I have spared no pains to render the work as complete as possible. Some parts have been re-written, some new facts added, and several inaccuracies, which had crept into the former editions, rectified. Altogether, I am in hopes that this impression will be considered an improvement upon its predecessors, and that no fact of any importance has been overlooked or treated more slightly than it deserves. R. M.

"20th September 1834."

On the 2d October, Mr Macnish thus writes me:

"My Dear Sir,—Along with this I send you a copy of the new edition of the work to which you stand godfather.

"You must write me, and let me know how you all are, and what you are about in the literary way. I suspect that like myself you are getting tired of writing, or rather lazy, for I never by any chance see a line of yours now in any publication whatever. * *

"I am to have an article in the next Number of the Phrenological Journal, in answer to some observations by Mr Carmichael of Dublin, on the Philo-

sophy of Sleep. I shall desire the editor to send you a copy of the number when published.

"The people here are all mad about the Durham Dinner, which takes place to-morrow. I have procured a ticket, merely to see the spectacle of 1700 people eating and drinking; for of all public men I look upon Lord Durham as the most dangerous. If to-morrow is a good day, there will be an immense turn out of people on the Green, where an address is to be presented to his Lordship.

"Is it yet ascertained who the author of Tom Cringle is? The people here cannot bring themselves to think it is Michael Scott. If it really be he, it is very odd, for he never was at all known as a literary man; and how a person could all at once start forth into public notice, without any previous practice or preparation in writing, puzzles me not a little. Is it not possible that he may be the person who negociates between the author and the publisher—the go-between as it were? What do you think of this mystery, for a mystery it certainly is.

"You will observe a poem of Hogg's in the last No. of Frazer. What does he mean by such conduct? He is abused like a pick-pocket in one No., and in the next he figures as a contributor. There is evidently a lamentable want of self-respect in the Shep-

herd. I believe, after all, that Frazer's estimate of his book on Scott was perfectly just, notwithstanding its truculent severity—it is evidently a tissue of absurdity and invention from beginning to end. Phrenology can alone account for such men as Hogg. Certain of his organs are splendidly developed, and others as miserably. This explains the fine imagination, and lamentable want of sense, which this strange compound of genius and imbecility—of strength and weakness—so oddly exhibits.

"Do you know anything about Aird? I often wonder what he is about.—Remember me most kindly to Mrs M., and with best wishes believe me, my dear Sir, your's ever faithfully, R. MACNISH."

To the Durham demonstration did our scrutinizer into the mysteries of guzzling next day accordingly proceed, and the following is his graphic bulletin, as excerpted from a letter to Mr Leitch.

"I had the curiosity to go to the Durham dinner. It was a most beastly exhibition—a scene of drunkenness, riot, and outrage. I saw one patriot carried out drunk at eight o'clock, and he had regular successors every five minutes afterwards. The police were employed carrying persons away in the same disgusting state. By eleven o'clock two-thirds of the

company were *mortal.* I never in my life beheld anything to match it. Glasses were flying about every where. Yelling, hissing, groaning, caterwauling, squeaking and fighting were incessant and universal. The last half of the evening all was dumb show. Nobody was listened to. Even Durham himself could not get a hearing. He was rudely interrupted twice during one of his speeches, and sat down exhausted, irritated, and evidently disgusted at the abominable conduct of his entertainers. Motherwell is rich upon the subject. His paper is the only one that gives a true account of the business. The others slur it over. In fact, they are heartily ashamed of it."

The literary career of Michael Scott—for he, and no one else, was the author of Tom Cringle—was really what Mr Macnish designates it, mysterious. If his appearance as an author was unexpected, not less so was his disappearance from among us. His works are unique in themselves; and are indicative of a power and mastery, of which this age exhibits few examples. Yet how strange it is, that even his fellow townsmen should to the last have remained sceptical; and that the world should have allowed this very singular man to pass away with scarcely even a paragraph of comment or regret. Lockhart, indeed, in a note in the Quarterly,* had

* Quarterly Review, No. C. p. 377.

taken occasion to designate the chapters of Tom Cringle as the most brilliant that had ever adorned the pages of a Magazine, and Coleridge in his Table Talk,* had designated them as "most excellent;" but although the reading public seemed unanimously to concur in these plaudits, he, from whose mind those grand imaginings emanated, was allowed to remain a mere name, without any local habitation. We hope that this stigma will be removed by some friend of the late Michael Scott; and that the justice may be paid to his memory, which has been denied to himself. We love Maryatt, and admire Cooper; but Michael Scott is the master spirit of the sea.

The following is an extract from a letter of Mr Macnish to Mr Leitch, dated 3d December. We make the quotation, to show the strength of his patriotic feelings. A Scotchman in heart, he seems to have adopted the national motto "*Nemo me impune lacessit.*" We know, however, that on other occasions he sufficiently estimated the literary merits of the gentleman here under the knout.

"I observe what you say about your meeting with the Frazerians. Your description of Mr Lockhart tallies precisely with my hitherto conceived ideas of that gentleman. I understand, however, that, notwith-

* Coleridge's Table Talk, Vol. ii. p. 297.

standing his apparent frigidity, he is a very fine fellow, and has a great many excellent qualities. Father Prout must be a queer fish. G——'s Autumn in the North, especially the latter part of it, has given me a contempt for the man. I never can esteem a person, who talks as he has done of his native country, and denationalizes himself so thoroughly as he has done, when speaking of the worthies of his native land. The way he writes of Wallace and Bruce is disgusting. In fact, his last paper is a vile calumny on the country of his birth. It is incorrect in fact, and doubly incorrect in reasoning. It might pass in a blear-eyed ignorant cockney; but in a Scotchman never. Contrast the noble and far different spirit of the paper on the Old Parliament of Scotland, in Blackwood's last No., with the paltry feeling, and wretchedly bad taste exhibited by this mongrel Scot,—this mixture of Presbyterianism and Episcopacy. I wonder Frazer admitted the article: it is most unworthy of his work, and he ought to have rejected it. He is himself half a Scotchman, and should not let his fatherland be libelled in this manner in his Magazine."

These be hard words—far harder we daresay than the occasion required, but we quote them, not with any view of hurting the feelings of the very able writer hinted at, but to show how keenly Mr Macnish could

enter into national sensibilities, when he felt these trampled upon. It is curious to see Mr Frazer also coming in for his share of the castigation.

In writing to my friend on the 21st December, I find that I have alluded to the Phrenological controversy on the Nature of Sleep, between himself and Mr Carmichael of Dublin. "At first glance," I have said, "his theory is striking, and is certainly throughout very ingenious; but it is beset with so many difficulties, most of which you so ably pointed out, that it is not tenable. I must say, however, that I think something more than the mere nervous energy is required—as there may be utter prostration without even inclination to somnolency—indeed with perfect wakefulness. First time we meet, we must chat over the matter." * * *

The letter thus concludes,—"Now, however, to the cream of this epistle. An old Indian serjeant, John Gordon, has a son in the Glasgow Infirmary,—by name Walter—who by his father's account, must, poor fellow, be in a very bad way from dropsical disease, probably originating in diseased chest. The old man called upon me last night in great distress—to ask me to write any friend in Glasgow to act the good Samaritan, so far as to call upon him, and advance him so much as will bring him down by the Canal. Do

this for me—I know you will on receipt—and advance him a few shillings, which is all that is required,—as he is allowed to remain merely by sufferance in the hospital, till his father's answer arrives."

Three days afterwards, I had the following answer. Mr Macnish did much more than is here by himself stated; and the poor old man, on the arrival of his son,—whom I attended till the period of his death shortly afterwards—came with tears in his eyes, to thank me for the kindness which my friend had shown him, on his hopeless sick-bed, surrounded by strangers.

"Glasgow, 24th December 1834.

"My Dear Sir,—I called at the Infirmary, and saw the poor lad Gordon, who seems to be in a very bad way. I have given him as much money as will take him home, together with a pair of drawers and flannel shirt; as the poor fellow was complaining of the insufficiency of his clothing, and expressing great fear of cold upon the passage. The canal boat is, however, a warm conveyance, and he will probably suffer less from it than he would do by the coach.

"I am glad to see your muse once more bestirring herself. Your last poem in Blackwood is a very beautiful and affecting production. I read it with great care, and under peculiarly favourable circumstances for

enjoying it. The night after the No. came out I was sent for to a case with which I sat up all night. The only book in the room was the December No. of the Magazine, which I greedily seized upon, and read your article by the fireside at one or two in the morning. The impressions which it produced on my mind at this still hour were most pleasing, and made me by ten years a younger man, such as I was when I had still some portion of enthusiasm for poetry left, and delighted to dwell over the charming pictures of imagination. Alas! much of this refined feeling has now become obliterated, as I presume is always the case, when a man gets beyond thirty. The poem is chaste, well-proportioned, pathetic, finely descriptive, and altogether finely written. I think it one of your best pieces.*

"Frazer sent me about a fortnight ago, the proofs of my Continental Tour, which I suppose will appear in his next Number. You must let me know how you like it. It is I think a very good paper, and one likely to be popular. I sent him lately a short article, entitled 'Adventure near Monte Video,' founded on a curious relation made to me by the late Captain Cochrane, cousin to the Earl of Dundonald. The Captain died of paralysis. I attended him; and almost every evening sat a couple of hours along with

* The sketch, here alluded to, was "The Bride of Lochleven."

him, listening to his strange adventures by sea and land, which were certainly most curious. The above story is the only attempt I have made to embody any of them, and I think I have been tolerably successful.

"The general election will now create a vast stir in the country. That the Duke and Peel will get a great accession of strength I have little doubt; but whether this accession will be sufficiently powerful to give them a decided majority is another question. I hope it will, for the Whigs are sad bunglers, and shocking business men.—Remember me very kindly to Mrs Moir, and believe me, my dear Sir, your's faithfully,

R. MACNISH."

"P.S. I shall write you again about New-Year's Day."

Without ostentation, without pretence, without charlatanry, the merits of Mr Macnish's writings were working their silent but sure way; and establishing for him a reputation, both on the continent of Europe, and of America. "I had a letter," he writes to Mr Leitch on 2d February 1835, "from a bookselling house in Boston, intimating that the second edition of the Philosophy of Sleep is about to be reprinted by them, and requesting me to send them a corrected copy. This I shall do with great pleasure, and the American second edition will have the curious

character of being greatly superior to the British one. I am not vain, but this appreciation of my works in the United States is very gratifying to me.

" Some weeks ago I had a letter from the Rev. Dr Sprague of Albany, New York, an eminent American divine and author, requesting my autograph.* He says he is making a collection of those of all the *distinguished* men, which he means to place in some national repository. This verifies the old proverb of a prophet in his own country. The term *distinguished* is absurd as applied to me, or even to big Leitch (his chest excepted,) but it shows at least the impression of the worthy Doctor."

A month or two after this, Mr Macnish received farther gratification, in learning that the Philosophy had been translated into the German, and was printing at Leipsic. The work is before me; and the prefatory remarks thus run, when *overgeret.*†

" We have very few intelligible works on one of the most important subjects, viz., Sleep; therefore, I presume that this work by R. Macnish, a highly es-

* Author of " Lectures to Young People," " Letters to a Daughter on Practical Subjects," and several other esteemed works, which have been reprinted in England.

† Der Schlaf in Allen Feinen Gestalten, ausdem Englishen des Robert Macnish Von * r. Leipsig, 1835, 8vo, pp. 234.

teemed physician in Glasgow, will meet with a warm reception. Two editions of the Philosophy of Sleep, Glasgow, 1834, p. 227, have already been published; and this translation is from the second. It will fully shew, that Macnish is a most erudite and observing man; it will also shew that Gall's system has been adopted to form the basis of the various phenomena of sleep. This must not surprise us. Gall, when scarcely known in his own country, acquired great celebrity both in England and France; and his system was there brought to much greater perfection, than it had been by Spurzheim. We have several excellent works of this kind; but I shall only call attention to two of them with which I am acquainted through the medium of translations,—Combe's System of Phrenolgy by Thirschfeld, 1833, and Gall's Organology, same year.

"There are still various opinions respecting this system, but dreams, insanity, mental delusions, and so forth, can scarcely be otherwise better accounted for. However much the system may therefore be opposed, still Gall's assertions are clear and comprehensible. I would not wish to be understood, as defending the doctrine of the brain being divided into so many different parts, but that decidedly it is the organ through which the mind manifests itself is agreed by all the

world; and also, that this organ is subdivided into several others, by means of which the different mental emotions are expressed. This must be allowed by every man who has examined the brain of others, and who possesses one himself."

In the beginning of the year Mr Macnish had written me, enclosing a poem composed when very young; which, on reperusal, had struck him as capable of amendment. He requested me to point out its faults unsparingly, and I did so—for which I received his thanks. This was the "Angel and Spirit"—of which more anon.

On 4th February he thus writes me: "I had the pleasure of receiving your kind letter accompanying my poem last night. Your alterations are highly judicious, and I have adopted them all.

"You ask me to come and meet the Professor, who you say is to be with you on Friday, I cannot—but I wish you a pleasant evening of it, for Wilson is a noble fellow, quite a man after my own heart, and one whom it is impossible not to admire and love. He is, I think, the most extraordinary instance on record of combined intellectual and physical energy. The prodigal wealth of his mind is utterly astounding. There seems to be no end of its stores, and, what is very extraordinary, there is not the slightest symp-

tom of flagging or mental exhaustion. His brain is one of vast energy, and must be fiercely stimulated by the circulation. If the Professor had been a man of feeble body and small chest, his intellectual manifestations would by no means have come up to their present standard. I look upon large lungs and an energetic circulation, by which the blood is well vivified and propelled forcibly to the brain, so as to excite it strongly, a great accessary to mental power. Some men have superb intellects; and yet, from the want of animal energy, they can do comparatively little. Wilson's intellect is great, and so is his physical power. This, combined with a sanguine temperament—which you are aware is the most active of all—accounts for what he has done, and will yet do. I think I could write a better and more original analysis of his mind than has yet been done. People who try these things treat of the mind as if it had no connection with physical structure, and thus commit absurd blunders. If I made the attempt, I would proceed on a very different principle."

After alluding to the application from Messrs Marsh, Capen, and Sym, of Boston, about the republication in America of the Philosophy of Sleep, he adds—"I must confess that this appreciation of my works in the United States, is highly gratifying to

my feelings, although I daresay you will admit that I am not a very vain person. If any thing I have written outlives myself, I am satisfied. I care nothing for present praise.

" * * * I have purchased a capital little horse, of fourteen hands, for which I paid L. 20—a great bargain for so fine an animal. On Sunday I rode her thirty miles, along with her former master, Mr Bennet of the Free Press. Early in April I shall ride her to Edinburgh, and shake hands with you and Mrs M. Riding is one of my ruling passions, although since I resided in the North Highlands, I have had little opportunity of indulging it, our business lying almost entirely in town. * * *

" I intend when I can bring myself to sit down to the task to attempt a work on some of the diseases of women. To say any thing new on such a subject is, I fear, out of the question; but as Johnson said of Oliver Goldsmith, when told he was writing the history of England,—' *I* will at all events make a readable book of it.' I find I must always have something on hand; it keeps a person delightfully employed."

Along with this letter Mr Macnish sent me his sketch entitled—" Adventures near Monte Video" for my opinion; and on returning it I find that I have

thus said—"I like this thing very much. It is all the vraisemblance of fact, and I think one of your most highly finished sketches. I am sure it will be liked wherever it appear, and that it will be talked of." The Angel and the Spirit is next alluded to.—"I am glad that M'Phun is to publish the Angel and the Spirit. My only fear is that it is too short. If twice the length, which it might have easily been made by the introduction of a Chorus or two, it would have assumed something more the form of a little book."

On 27th March, Mr Macnish for the first time apprises me of his intended work on Phrenology. "It is ready for the press," he says, "and is a catechism of the science about twice or three times the length of the one done by my brother, and in its way very complete, and, I think, very readable. Whether do you think I should publish it under the title of a Catechism, or as 'A Sketch of the Principles of Phrenology, in the form of question and answer.' I intend, if I adopt the latter title, to put my name to it. I suppose there would be no impropriety in this?

"It is very likely that I may this summer have an opportunity of visiting the Continent—two wealthy friends having offered to guarantee my expenses if I will accompany them. If I can possibly get away for six weeks, I shall accept willingly of their offer"

My advice regarding the book on Phrenology, was, I find, as follows: "I think it would be better to entitle it 'Elements of the Science, in the form of question and answer,' than merely as a catechism —which is rather a trite and common-place appellation. As to your affixing your name, if you are otherwise pleased with the execution of the work, that need now cause you little hesitation; your belief in Phrenology being already promulgated in the last edition of the Philosophy. I see that Mr Carmichael is to have an answer to your reply, and then of course you will have 'some more last words.'"

In answer to this Mr Macnish informed me that he had adopted my hint about the title for his book, and that he did not mean to reply to Mr Carmichael, whom he thought already sufficiently answered.

My suggestion about the Choruses to the "Angel and Spirit" was at once caught at; but my friend insisted at same time that I should supply them—which I accordingly did, along with two or three other parts of the poem, which, from difference in style, may probably be apparent to the reader. The following letter is dated

"Monday, 8th June 1835.

"My Dear Sir,—I send you at last, after a most

absurd delay for so small a matter, our joint production. Your share of it is beautiful; what my own is, I of course shall not venture to say, but that it is very inferior to your's I think there can be no doubt. I am keeping the thing a strict secret, so far as regards authorship. No person here, except the publisher, knows that I have anything to do with it, and even he is ignorant of your share of the transaction. Many thanks for what you have done.

"I leave Glasgow early to-morrow morning for the continent; going all the way by land to London. Our intention is to go to Belgium, and visit Antwerp and Brussels—then go to Paris, where we shall remain a week—then proceed to Lyons—then to Geneva, visiting the Vale of Chamouni, and Mount Blanc—then through the Alps to Berne and Basle—then into Germany, stopping at Carlsruhe and Manheim—then to Darmstadt and Frankfort—then to Mayence, where we enter the Rhine and go to Coblentz and Cologne—then to Rotterdam by the Rhine and Wesel—then back to England. This you see is a superb route. It will cost me nothing. I believe that the magnificent scenery I shall have an opportunity of witnessing must exercise a beneficial effect upon my mind, which for some years has gradually become sadly prosaic, and bring everything in the shape of poetic feeling

and enthusiasm, I wish I had such a companion as you. The gentleman who accompanies me is a very good fellow, but is ignorant of travelling, and still more so of French. I may thank my stars that I know a little of this useful language, otherwise I should have missed this rare opportunity of visiting gratuitously some of the finest scenery in Europe, or in the world.

"I shall keep a regular diary of all my ongoings, and write it up into a regular sketch for my own and my friends' amusement. It will be a very rapid tour, as I must be back in Glasgow again by the middle of July. After this trip, I have no expectation of being again out of the kingdom—nor shall I care much about it. With best compliments to Mrs Moir,—believe me, your's very faithfully,

R. MACNISH."

Next day, Mr Macnish accordingly again set out for the continent; and the following graphic and amusing letter to Mr Leitch contains some of the details of his peregrinations.

"Frankfort on the Maine, 11th July 1835.

"MY DEAR LEITCH,—The grinning system has totally failed in Germany. In France it promises the

most splendid results, and in those parts of Switzerland which speak French, and bear a resemblance to the French character, it will do; but in the land of Boss, Sweighausen, and Doctor Dedimus Dunderhead, the thing will not take root. Such being the case, the sooner you forswear Schiller and other Germanics the better—that country which cannot appreciate the merits of grinning must be totally destitute of genius, and all her *soidisant* men of talent must be pure humbugs.

"We have gone through a terrible deal of work since I saw you, and from the time of leaving Paris on the 22d ultimo, we have not—with the single exception of Geneva, where we remained a couple of days,—slept for two successive nights at the same place—all this too was under the heat of a broiling sun, and a great part of it through districts where the fog-bound system prevails to an incalculable extent. I have been, metaphysically speaking, a good deal oppressed with fog, more especially as my worthy fellow-traveller is rather an admirer of that obtuse system, and holds every other, saving and except the one Pound Note and the Adust, in great contempt. To speak seriously, my friend is one of the best men in the world, plain, honest, and unpretending; but he has taught me a lesson which I will not soon forget, and

it is this, that a man who has no imagination, and no perception of the sublime and beautiful in nature or art, is by no means capable of the same enjoyment of life, let his wealth be what it may, as one who has some small sprinkling of these qualities. My excellent fellow-traveller has seen in Paris the noblest works of genius in the form of architecture and painting, and in Switzerland the most sublime of God's works in the vision of mighty Alps, dreadful valleys, and innumerable cascades, astounding by their height and picturesqueness, and yet I feel perfectly persuaded, that not one of these things has in the least degree struck him, or gone home to his heart. People wonder at Switzerland not producing poets;—fools! the mind of the poet must be first given by nature; without that no degree of grandeur or beauty can have the least effect upon it. A rich common-place man may have no very keen feeling of misery from his defective sensibility, but from the same cause, it is perfectly clear that he can have as little of happiness in the elevated and intellectual sense of the term.

"Since leaving home I have had every thing my own way. Our honest friend does not know where I am taking him to; and, for any thing he knows to the contrary, he may be at this moment in Algiers or Babelmandel. I have told him that we are in Frank-

fort, and he believes it. There has been no drawback in the way but want of time. I have an unlimited supply of money to carry on the war with, and he makes no inquiry about its distribution.

"I am longing ardently to have a nonsensical set to. In fact, I am perfectly disgusted with sense, to the paralyzing influence of which I have been subjected ever since I saw you. You have really no idea what an awful thing sense is. It is worse than fog by many degrees, and would prove fatal to my constitution in a very short time. As it is, I am falling away in the flesh, and looking as like wee Leech, as it is possible for a man of my character and appearance to do.

"While in Switzerland I saw some very pretty girls. With the exception of those districts where that ugly swelling in the neck, denominated Goitre, prevails, the Swiss are a good-looking race, and a few of the country girls whom we saw were among the handsomest to be met with anywhere. The different costumes which meet the eye as we go from one canton to another is very striking, and almost ludicrous. The short dresses most to my taste were those where the peticoats existed.

"The German troops are good-looking fellows, but not such smart, pugnacious chaps as the French; and I

do not doubt but in a fair field the French would lick them. The French seem to look the soldier better, and to be more at home in military matters. In warfare, I am very doubtful if either the fog-bound, the idiot system, or even the one pound note (excepting in supplying the sinews) are of much use. I think decidedly that people that grin well must make the best troops; *ergo*, but I leave the inference to yourself.

"Since arriving on the continent, I have affected a huge zeal about pig iron, and while I have properly taken our friend out of the way of pig (for the purpose of taking shorter cuts) I am eternally talking about it. He desired me while in Chamouni to inquire if there was any pig manufactured in that valley. His whole conversation and thoughts are about pig, which in fact he left home principally to see on the continent; and yet he has only managed to see a couple of furnaces, one in France, and the other in Switzerland, while by taking the long road to Lyons he might have witnessed scores. I think Cox was right when he inferred that I had a large organ of conscientiousness. After all there is nothing like pig-iron for getting a gratuitous trip through the continent.

"We leave Frankfort to-day for Mayence, and by to-morrow evening we shall be at Cologne. On Monday

evening we shall be at Liege, next day at Brussels, and so on through Belgium. I think we shall certainly be in London in ten days at latest.—Your's very faithfully, R. MACNISH."

"I have composed a sublime poem, entitled Hymn written before Sunrise in the Valley of Chamouni, which I shall shew you on my return. I think it greatly superior to Coleridge's."

At the commencement of the theatrical season, Mr Macnish's tale of the Covenanters was dramatized at one of the minor houses in London, but with what success I have been unable to learn. Some years before a drama entitled "The Metempsychosis," and taken from his story of that name, was performed with considerable eclat at the Queen's Theatre, Tottenham Street.

At this time Mr Macnish also interested himself in the getting up of the Scottish Annual, which was edited by Mr Weir, Advocate, and for which I gave him one or two metrical trifles. On 9th December, he writes me, with a copy of the book, "I now send you the Scottish Annual, with Mr W.'s best thanks. The volume, I think, is highly creditable to Glasgow. The paper to which has been put the nom-me-de-guerre, *James Hogg*, is by me; also the Dal-

keith Gander,* which glories in the name of *John M'Diarmid.* I also wrote the paper called *Autographology.* * * *

"Dugald Moore sends you a copy of his new poem. I forget whether I sent you a copy of a quiz on Dugald's grandiloquent style, which was printed in the Glasgow Courier. He has no idea that I was the perpetrator;—but I daresay would only smile at it, although he did. Here it is,

THE TRIUMPHANT WHALE—A BOMBASTIAD.

'Twas night! Ten million ghosts
Rose from ten million graves.
The snoring sea's enormous hosts,
Groaned in their coral caves.
The scaly-snouted shark then drew
His blistered fins about him,
And clove the ocean's breast in two,
As on the crocodile he flew,
With muttering yell to rout him.

Then Etna glared on high,
A vast sepulchral urn!
Earth tossed her lank arms to the sky,
While, deep in ocean's churn,

* I remember well, a year or two before this, while Mr Macnish was residing with us at Musselburgh, telling him one evening after supper the story on which he founded this little narrative. It seemed to hit his fancy, and next forenoon he had written it out nearly as it now stands.

The waves were crushed, till, hard as stone,
They seemed like petrifactions;
And all the monsters, one by one,
Gave yell for yell, and groan for groan,
As they were torn in fractions.

Then, mightiest of them all,
Leviathan arose;
His tail, like monstrous funeral pall,
Lashing to dust his foes.
He stamped on Ocean with his hoof;
He shrieked with voice of thunder,—
Till Nature felt the stern reproof,
And madly grinned and stood aloof,
In pale galvanic wonder.

Hark to the glorious sound!
'Tis the Atlantic's dirge,
Hark to the mighty bellowing bound,
That booms along the surge!
Like comet from God's vengeful sling,
Through ether's empire whirled,
On, onward comes the Ocean King—
Around his path the tempests ring,
And all the waves are curled.

With teeth of ebon hue,
That wear a ghastly smile,
He moves along, and biteth through
The snoring crocodile.
To him the turtle hath no charms;
All nature seems distortion,—
With craunching jaws and open arms
He thunders on, and spreads alarms
O'er Ocean's fairest portion.

The monsters of the deep
  Have wildly disappeared:
There is no bristly shark to sweep
  The Baltic with its beard,—
No fin to leap, no snout to snore,
  In frolic mood diurnal.
From wave to wave, from shore to shore,
The finny tribes have ceased their roar,—
  Their silence is eternal.

The moon is singed in heaven,
  While the fierce sun distils
Hot lava, like the burning levin,
  Down on earth's sultry hills.
But thou, stupendous form,
  Hast for thy cooling potion,
The mighty streams that madly storm
From dark Glencoe and black Cairngorm,
  To swell the enormous ocean.

Through the kindly interference of Dr Sprague of Albany, whom we have before mentioned, and who was a great admirer of my friend's writings, the degree of Doctor of Laws was sent him from America. Mr Macnish informs me of this in a postscript to a letter of 8th October. Thus,—

"I have been dubbed an LL. D. by Hamilton College, United States, America, and am in daily expectation of my degree. I forget whether I mentioned this or not. Probably not, as I only got the intelligence a short time since. So you see you must

hereafter treat me with profound respect, and never venture in my presence to indulge in any kind of nonsense or folly. Do you think I should adopt the degree in my title-pages. The college which has paid me this compliment will think I am holding them cheap if I dont; and yet there seems to be something unusual in a medical man, not an M. D., sticking LL. D. after his name."

In a very amusing letter to Mr Leitch, dated "Johnny Reid's shop, 6th September," I find the following passages. "I have been conducting the Courier for this week,—at least writing all the Leading Articles,—a mighty easy job. To conduct a Provincial newspaper requires no sort of talent and little time. I think my Couriers, though deficient in general principles, are as good papers as any which have appeared during the week in Glasgow. I have been horribly scurrilous, out-Motherwelling Motherwell.

"Did you see Motherwell while he was in London? I presume you must have done so, and had some fun with the little chap. I wish I had been along with him. What fun we should have had! * * * Since my Editorial functions commenced the fog has disappeared to a considerable extent. I only engaged to wear the crown for one week, but I have been requested by the clerks and reporter to retain it

till the legitimate monarch makes his appearance. Like other monarchs I am getting tired, trifling as the duties are, with my eminent situation, and anxious to retire into the obscurity out of which I have been so suddenly lifted, by the fortuitous circumstance of King Moth being summoned to attend the congress of sovereigns at London."

Exactly one month from this time, we find Mr Macnish thus writing to the same friend:—"You would hear of poor Motherwell's death. I dined at Bennet's along with him last Saturday. He left at ten with a friend, and died next morning at four. He complained of nothing but a bad cold. He was in high spirits,—indeed I never saw him in better. He was very abstemious on the occasion. Rest his soul. He was every inch of him a man of genius, and a fine fellow. Hogg too is gone, and Michael Scott, the author of Tom Cringle, all in the month of November. What a fatal month for genius!"

The Forget-Me-Not for 1836, contained Mr Macnish's admirable narrative of an "Adventure near Monte Video." It is at once full of poetry and power, excites an eager interest in the reader's mind, and possesses all the charms of, what it really appears to have been, a tale of actual occurrence. From the epigraph it will be seen, that it was written out at the

request of the gentleman to whom the circumstances occurred.

"The Angel and the Spirit," although for some time printed, was not given to the world, till near the termination of the year. With Mr M'Phun's kind acquiescence, it is here republished. The authorship has been hitherto quite a secret; and I daresay, few or none have ever laid the imputation on Mr Macnish. I have noted the portions contributed by myself, by putting them within inverted commas. These lines may amount to about a third of the whole; and will be seen to be only adjuncts to the original design.

THE ANGEL AND THE SPIRIT.

A MYSTERY.

ANGEL.

I come from Heaven's immortal sanctuary
To visit thee, freed spirit, whom I oft
Have hovered o'er in dreams, while yet thou wert
Imprisoned in thy tenement of clay.
Come, chosen one, companion of the blest,
And wing thy way to yonder happy gate
That opens to receive thee: follow me,
Ethereal being, through the elements!
Beloved of thy Maker! follow me
To regions brighter than the noontide sun,
More beautiful than Paradise, when Eve
Bloomed in the garden as its fairest flower;—
Harmonious more than when the nightingale,
Which ever chaunted there, called forth at even

His choir of singers, and poured out a strain
Of music, all but heavenly;—" more divine
" With odour than the rose of Lebanon,
" Or than the lily, shedding its perfume
" On Carmel's wreath-girt side—what time the morn
" Awakens from the flowers ambrosial balm."
More fair than all dominions of the Earth,
Or all the palaces of sceptred kings.
Bright spirit! to this mansion, follow me.

SPIRIT.

" Awakened from the poppied sleep of death,
" Which sealed mine eyelids, and threw over me
" The veil of blank forgetfulness, I now,
" From the dark sepulchre, have just arisen
" To fresh existence and immortal light.
" I feel as if I dwelt in the creation
" Of a mysterious dream—all seems enchantment,
" And to my fancy I am but a dreamer!
" Where is the Earth I once inhabited,
" Its mountains, vales, and streams, and populous cities,
" O! gentle guardian angel, where are they?

ANGEL.

" Think not of them, for they are of the past—
" The perishable; and the grave its gates
" Hath placed 'twixt thee and them. Let them away
" From memory, vanish, like a summer cloud."
Thy home shall be in Heaven, that happy land,
Whose meanest subject is more glorious far
Than all the titled monarchs of the Earth;
Whose weakest can control the elements,
And ride upon the whirlwind as a steed;
Whose most imperfect is too full of purity
For man to set his dazzled eyes upon.

In snow-white robes, around the throne of God,
All sorrow banished from their sinless hearts,
The emerald vales of heaven, and shining hills,
They fill with echo of their Maker's name.
Love, Faith, Hope, Charity, each has its place,
In this most blessed land, and shall reward
All such as have, like thee, looked up to them,
And been, as thou wert, when they dwelt on Earth.

SPIRIT.

" Yet difficult it is to draw the thoughts,
" Erst bounded by the transitory views
" And passing things of earth, at once away
" Entirely from them. Whatsoe'er was known,
" Was hoped for, or was doated on, abode
" There—and beyond it, only in the eye
" Of Faith, was pictured out the blessed scenes
" Which now, with new-born ecstacy and awe,
" I gaze on, marvelling. Therefore 'tis that I,
" With momentary longing would revert
" To what hath been within the realms of Time,
" Ere entering on Eternity.

ANGEL.

" One glimpse,
" —And not for such do I upbraid thee now,
" Take of the map whereon thy pilgrimage
" Of mortal life was journeyed—but one glimpse—
" Nor with the haze which rises up from earth
" Bedim the crystal atmosphere of Heaven.
" Gaze downward through yon gates of chrysolite,
" Fire-circled, and the distance dissipates,—
" All intervening darkness melts away,—
" The shade of moons, and stars, and devious orbs—
" And Space has no remoteness. Through that vista

" Gaze downwards, and, in yonder line of blue,
" Behold the stream, upon whose flowery banks
" Thine years of childhood glided like its waters,—
" Seest thou it not?

SPIRIT.

" My cottage home I see
" 'Mid the bright beauty of its garden flowers;—
" The circling trees, beneath whose summer boughs
" It was so sweet to saunter, when the sea
" Sang to the fanning west-wind, or the star
" Of evening glorified the gorgeous west:
" The lake across whose mirror oft the pinnace
" Passed like a passing dream,—I see it all.
" O! still-loved scenes of my nativity,
" Hail and farewell! Yet for a moment longer
" Permit a thought to things more dear than those:
" My kindred let me see; my widowed wife,
" And orphaned little one; and let me send
" A blessing on earth's weary sojourners.

ANGEL.

" Then be it for a moment only. Lo!
" Around our path the Hallelujah rings;
" And when the skies are clear why cause a cloud?

SPIRIT.

" Gloomy, and drear, and dull, I see it all;
" The very room in which my soul forsook
" Its worn and frail clay tenement! Yet burns
" The sickly taper, as for weeks it burned,
" While waking from my unrefreshful sleep,
" I gazed on its lack-lustre, whose pale ray
" Made even the darkness desolater far.
" There sits my—she who was my wife, the loved

" And lovely, fond and faithful ever proved!
" On one side is the cradle of my babe,
" Heedless, around his mouth a dreamy smile;
" And on the other the repulsive shell
" Of clay this soul inhabited.

ANGEL.

" No more—
" O! look no more. Behold the gates are shut
" For ever on that vista. Things of Earth,
" So evanescent in their nature are,
" That, measured by infinitude, they seem
" Dwarfed into nothingness; and ocean's self
" Is like a drop of rain,—what then the woes
" That for the tiny term of month or year
" Seem poison in the cup of human life!

SPIRIT.

" Farewell, Farewell! O! may the dews of Heaven
" Restorative, be shed upon your hearts,
" And form a healing balm! O! may ye know
" How worthless are the things most prized by men;
" How poor and paltry are the gems and gauds;
" How miserable and mean the aims and ends
" Which lure the multitude; and may ye feel,
" Amid the sunshine of terrestrial pride
" And power, which throw deceptive halos round,
" That all is vanity, save moral worth,
" Sublimed by pure religion. In this faith,
" And by this faith upheld, the storms of life
" Shall round you rave unheeded, and your feet
" Shall through the fiery furnace tread unscathed,
" Nor on the day of reckoning, from the flock
" One be found wanting. Weep ye not for me;
" Knew ye my blessedness, ye would not weep.

" The tears that flow were well shed for yourselves.
" Blessings be ever on you! Fare ye well!

ANGEL.

" 'Tis past: all earthward thoughts are swept away,
" As dew drops by the sun-illumined east;
" Doubts are engulphed in blessed certainty,
" And hope is now possession. Pass we on
" Through chambers brighter than the morning far,
" When rose tints on the glaciers seem to make
" Of earth an Eden. Pass we on and on."

SPIRIT.

O! Angel bright! while we are sojourning
Above the starry regions of the skies,
And when the sun and moon, scarce visible,
Hold their mysterious course beneath our feet;
Tell unto me thy name, and whom of all
The Heavenly hosts, God's goodness hath appointed
To be my leader to His blest abode!

ANGEL.

Whom, welcome, stranger, thinkest thou I am?

SPIRIT.

That thou art not the Prince of Angels, Michael,
Well I opine; for he, 'tis said, doth bear
A something in his carriage so commanding—
A dignity divine—an awful grandeur,
And a celestial majesty of aspect,
Which check familiarity's approach.
Thou art not he, fair angel, but thou art
Gabriel, the king of harps, perchance, or Raphael,
That condescending spirit, whose bland words
Adam was glad to hear; or thou may'st be

Abdiel, famous for fidelity,
Who erst the host of rebel angels left,
Returning to the bosom of his God.
Thou sure art one of these, celestial guide!
For such immortal brightness, such divine
Unutterable expression, and such love
Within inferior natures never dwelt.
Celestial spirit! Son of God! thou art
Amongst the highest!

ANGEL.

Say rather, 'mong the lowest, for the thrones
Of Gabriel, Raphael, and Abdiel, are
More lofty, in their grandeur, far than mine—
A thousand and ten thousand angels sit
Above me; and my harp, that fills so sweet
Thine untuned ear, is, among other harps,
As slight as is the sound that follows after
The dancing sunbeam, in comparison
With the immortal music of the spheres.
My splendour, which thou sayest bedims thy sight,
To other higher splendours is as darkness—
No brighter in their presence, than the star
Of dewy eve before the noontide sun.
O! chosen one! thou hast a glorious feast
Before thee, when even I, one of the meanest
Of the angelic hosts to thee appear—
So clad with glory, so invested with
The light of immortality. But now
We are approaching fast—two seraphim
In shining robes before the portal wait,
To give thee welcome. Them dost thou behold!

SPIRIT.

I see a mighty entrance afar off,

Its gates of glittering adamant open stand,
Its golden columns tower in middle air
Beyond the reach of sight; before it glide
Two glorious figures, girded like the sun—
I cannot gaze upon them.

ANGEL.

I shall anoint thine eyeballs, that their strength
May look on angels. Canst thou see now?

SPIRIT.

O! glorious work of the Almighty's hand,
That can invest, with such high attributes,
His willing servants, and throw over them
The vestiture of immortality!
These spirits might be Gods, and might reign o'er
Dominions of their own: how beautiful
The expression of each holy countenance!
The very spirit of their Maker breathes
Through all their being. What, compared with these—
What are the loveliest featured of the Earth,
But dew drops to the living diamond!
O! Spirit, tell me now the names of those
That welcome such unworthy guest as I.

ANGEL.

Raphael and Abdiel! two of the brightest
Of Heaven's bright sons—archangels, whose high harps
Are ever hymning to Emmanuel's praise.

SPIRIT.

Raphael and Abdiel! blessed God!
That I unworthy, vile and grovelling,
Should so inherit thy beneficence!
Great is the Lord! gracious is God to man,

When even the most exalted of His sons—
His own archangels, wait upon the spirit
Lowly—released from its clay tenement,
And give it welcome at the gates of Heaven.

ANGEL.

No honour is too lofty for the just!

SPIRIT.

No punishment too great for those whose hearts
Can mock God's mercy.

ANGEL.

Listen awhile, and ye shall hear the lay
Of Raphael and Abdiel: save alone
Gabriel, the peerless potentate of song,
Beloved of God, there is not one of all
The Heavenly host can touch the lyre so well;—
When Adam fell, they raised so sweet a strain,
Of soft melodious wo, as to draw tears
From every angel's eyes; and when the Son
Of the Most High yielded Himself to death,
They were the leaders of the Heavenly band,
And filled the whole empyrean with the sound
Of matchless Hallelujahs. Listen awhile.

RAPHAEL AND ABDIEL.

O! disembodied spirit of the just!
Chosen of God, to dwell in His high places
Among the elect—approach the sacred gate,
For thou art one found worthy to inherit
The Heaven of Heavens, and to stand before
The face of the Eternal. Gentle spirit,
Thy days of grief are over, and thine hours
Shall not, as on the Earth, be numbered all,
And every one that passes bring thee nearer

To death's domain. No! when a million years
Have rolled away over thy happy head,
Thou shalt be but beginning to exist;
And when another million passes by,
Thy life shall not be nearer to its close.
Chosen of God! thy being and thy bliss
Are measured only by Eternity.
The mountains of the Earth shall melt away,
The sun shall be extinguished, and the moon
Shadow her silver face in endless night:
But, changeless, thou shalt never know decay.
There is no sun in Heaven to give thee light,
For Heaven itself is sunshine, and the God
Who sitteth in the midst, illumineth
With glory all His kingdom, limitless.
There is no moon to cheer the silent night,
For on the fields of Paradise, ne'er hung
The solemn veil of darkness.
Spirit, come!
The harps of thousand angels welcome thee!
The immortal gates are open to receive thee?
The glory of thy Maker is upon thee!
For thou wert of a lowly temperament,
Dishonoured by the sons of men, because
Thy longing eyes were ever raised to Heaven.
The rich man passed thee by contemptuously—
The prison was thy mansion for long years,
The cold Earth thy inhospitable bed;
And thou wert nicknamed wretch and hypocrite;
But thou didst not repine at thy distress,
Nor curse the envious malice of thy foes,
Nor charge high Heaven with thy calamities!
Wherefore, immortal Spirit, enter in,
And take that promised seat among the blest,
Appointed for all those who triumph o'er
The weapons of temptation and of sin.

CHORUS AROUND.

" Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
" From the coils of human birth,
" Rescued from the realms of Earth,
" A brother comes ! !
" When Sorrow lay
" Cloud-like o'er thee day by day ;
" When the bloom was turned to blight,
" And thy hopes were dark as night,—
" Save the Faith, whose guiding beam
" Was thy pilot down the stream .
" We were near thee—we beheld
" Thy meek heart, in which were quelled,
" Murmurings for thy mournful lot.
" And by thee was ne'er forgot
" He who made thee, and to whom
" Thou hast come from realms of gloom !
" Glory to the Lord on high !
" Welcome, brother to the sky !

FIRST ANGEL.

" When in sorrow's tempest blast,
" All thy hopes were overcast ;
" When beneath the church-yard stone,
" Went thy kindred, one by one,
" Till forlorn was thy estate,
" And thy home was desolate,
" And thy heart, oppressed with care,
" Almost sunk in its despair,—
" I was near thee, and I shed,
" From my wings, around thy head,
" Pleasant dreams, that so the night
" On the day might shed a light.

SECOND ANGEL.

" Glory, Fame, and Honour thou,

" Never soughtest for thy brow;
" Riches and ambition lay
" Far removed from thy way;
" And with an averted eye,
" Thee the son of pride passed by.
" Other Faith was thine—the Faith
" Which hath triumphed over death.
" Hope that, in the dark midnight,
" Still beheld a guiding light;
" And charity, which ne'er refused
" —Whenever called, howe'er abused—
" To wretchedness to lend relief,
" And shed a balm o'er human grief.

THIRD ANGEL.

" Strongly thou the course hast run—
" Swiftly thou the goal hast won—
" Brightly o'er thee glows the light
" Of the Lamb for ever bright;
" And around thee is the shade
" Of the Palm which ne'er shall fade.
" Death and Doubt have passed away
" Thou shalt walk in endless day.
" Envy, Rage, and Hatred ne'er
" Enter in this blessed sphere;
" Welcome from the shores of pain
" To thy Heavenly home again:
" From that home no more to sever—
" Blest for ever and for ever!"

SPIRIT.

Where is thy sting, O Death, and where, O Grave,
Thy Victory! Triumphant here I stand
The conqueror of both: but not to me
The merit of this mighty enterprize:

The triumph, Christ, is thine—'tis thine alone.
Thou hast exalted me: hast from the dust
Raised up to immortality the worm;
The worthless hast made worthy through thy blood,
Hast made me see Thy Father face to face,
And hear Thine accents, rich with Heavenly love.
Glory unto the Lamb, and endless praise,
O Praise His name ever, and for ever.

CHORUS AROUND.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Glory to the Lamb for ever.

At the commencement of 1836, we find Mr Macnish employing his leisure in annotating an edition of Dr Brigham's clever little treatise "On the influence of Mental Cultivation and Mental Excitement upon Health."* To this he also affixed an ingenious preliminary notice, in which he defends the doctrines of Gall, and advocates the views embraced by the American author.

In reference to one of the main objects of this little

* Dr Brigham afterwards published another treatise,—a presentation copy of which from the author to Mr Macnish is now before me,—entitled Observations on the Influence of Religion on Health. In my humble opinion, the Doctor might have spared the world this *brochure*, without detriment either to himself or it. The object is ostensibly good; but the mode in which the subject is here treated must I fear have a very opposite effect on the general reader. Cui bono? to doubt the divine origin either of the Sabbath or of the last supper? Or to compare modern revivals of religion to the effects of Animal Magnetism?

essay, I must say that I have been always sceptical as to the ultimate beneficial results of too early an application of the mental powers; and infant prodigies—from causes which Dr Brigham has satisfactorily explained—have but too frequently turned out boobies in maturer life. Without entering into the merits of phrenology as referable to this question, it is quite evident, that the connection between mind and body is so intimate that they mutually influence each other. The body of a child cannot do a man's work uninjured, how then should a child's mind? Until the bodily frame is matured, the expansion of the mental faculties cannot be at their fullest—as is demonstrable from every-day observation—and over-exertion of them can only be the product of bodily disease. The notes which Mr Macnish annexed to the two editions, which he brought out, are full of his usual sagacity and observation, and form a very valuable addition to the reflections of the American author.

In a short letter to Mr Leitch of 19th February 1836, he thus alludes to this and other literary undertakings: "A new edition of Brigham on Mental Cultivation has just been published by Johnny Reid, and edited by me. It is a capital little work, and will I think take very well. I have written a phrenological catechism, which is at present at press. When

out I shall send you a copy of it. A third edition of the Philosophy is out. If M. Caillet is still inclined to translate the work, it should be from this edition. I shall send you a copy when I have another opportunity." And on 8th April he thus adds :—" I shall send you soon my new work on Phrenology. We printed 2000 copies, and about 900 have been sold in ten days, and there is no doubt whatever of the whole selling rapidly. The first edition I sold to Reid. Brigham's work edited by me is now out of print, 1000 copies having been sold in six weeks. We are now at press with a second edition. The copyright of the book is my own,—I mean of the work with my notes. It is a curious thing that our two shillings edition of the book has done a great deal better than a one shilling edition published at the same time in Edinburgh,—so that you see my name goes for something on the title-page.

" Mr Combe is at present lecturing here on Phrenology with extraordinary success to an audience of five hundred. The science is making very great strides, and I believe in twenty years the man who ventures to open his mouth against it will be voted an ass."

From a long and admirable letter, from my dear friend, which I received on the 23d June, I make the

following extracts, regretting that I cannot give it entire. Some of the topics, as will be seen, are calculated to awaken very melancholy reminiscences.

"I am very anxious," he says, "to hear from you, and I write in the hope that it may provoke an answer. Since the period of our first acquaintanceship, I believe such a long interval of silence on both sides has not occurred, and we must now break it, lest we forget each other altogether.

"Yesterday there was a dinner given to Thomas Campbell, at which Professor Wilson was expected to be present, but whether he appeared or not I am ignorant. I met Campbell a few days ago at dinner in the house of Mr Samuel Hunter. He is a pleasant, amiable, and gentlemanly person, but there is little philosophy about his mind and no wit. We must, however, judge of him by his writings, which certainly give tokens of a very fine intellect. In my phrenological zeal, I requested him to allow me to take a cast of his head, which he readily consented to do.*

* I find among Mr Macnish's papers the following note from the author of the Pleasures of Hope, relative to this subject. I know not whether the cast was ever taken.

"Blairbeth, Monday, June 1836.

"My Dear Sir,—I thank you very much for transmitting to me the paragraphs from Mr Combe's book, which you had

" Talking of Phrenology, I wonder much that you do not pay some attention to that science. It is a noble study for a mind like yours. The treatment it has met with is disgraceful to the intelligence of the age, but it is fast triumphing over all opposition, and I believe that in a few years any man who ventures to write or speak against it will be looked upon as a huge ignoramus. Mr Combe lectured here with immense eclat, and has made many converts. He is a man of a high order of mind,—very original and logical, and armed at all points in such a manner as to render him invincible in reasoning. The controversy between Jeffrey and him was ludicrous from the absurd disproportion in logical power and knowledge which was displayed in the discussion. I had the curiosity to read over Jeffrey's Edinburgh Review article lately, and a lamer piece of writing I never

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the goodness to copy out. You may depend on my keeping strictly my promise, with regard to giving you a cast of my poor head; but at this moment I cannot fix any particular day, —as I am still an invalid, and the unsettled weather confines me for the most part to the house. I shall be, however, in Glasgow for several months,—and in a very short time I look forward to better weather and freedom from the lumbago enabling me to be every other day in town. I will fix on the first day I can for the process. Begging my best remembrance to your father, I remain, my Dear Sir, your's faithfully,

THOMAS CAMPBELL."

perused; and yet this flimsy display of philosophical ignorance was lauded as something superhuman!

"I saw a very flattering notice of my Introduction to Phrenology in ——, and presume I am indebted to your friendly kindness for that too partial notice of my little work. It is succeeding admirably. Of more than 2000 copies which were printed, upwards of 1700 have been disposed of already, during the short space of three months. Another edition will I suppose be put to press in September, and this shall be very much enlarged and improved. We shall print in 12mo, and I am in hopes that the edition will really be something worth reading,—at least I shall endeavour to render it so.

"A new edition of Brigham is now out, and I send you a copy. It is an improvement upon the first edition. I also send a copy of the third edition of the Philosophy of Sleep. This work has been translated into German; and I understand a Monsieur Caillet is doing it the same honour in French.

"I was in Edinburgh for a day and a-half lately, but chanced to be so pressed for time, that I could not get your length. I will probably be again in Auld Reekie before the summer is past, when I shall assuredly do myself the gratification of visiting you, and passing a night in Musselburgh. Pray how is

Mrs M. and her young ones? They must,—some of them I mean,—be now fine grown children, and doubtless are a source of great happiness to you both. You have had a long start of me in the race of matrimony, and the distance between us is likely to widen incalculably, as I have never yet thought of entering on that holy state; but on the contrary am growing old in single blessedness. I see you still write poetry, as well as when a bachelor like myself. It is well for you, and shows a flexibility, and freshness, and simplicity of mind, which I greatly envy. My hard labours for three or four years in physiology have tended to extinguish both the little talent and little taste, which I flatter myself I once had for the *belles lettres*. I can write nothing now into which imagination or humour enters as an element; so completely have both been obliterated by pursuits into which nothing but dry facts, and drier reasoning find an avenue.

"There is a friend of mine an artist, whom I have requested to go to Musselburgh, the first time he is in Edinburgh, to take a pencil or crayon sketch of you for myself. If he should call upon you at any time you must sit to him. Mr Macnee, an eminent portrait painter here, has asked me to let him paint my portrait for the exhibition of the Dilettanti So-

ciety, which opens in August. He has produced a capital likeness, admirably painted. I am very well pleased he has done it, as I shall thus have the means of knowing at the age of sixty,—*supposing I live so long*,—what sort of shaver I was at thirty-four, my present age.

" My American degree of LL. D. reached me two months ago, but you will observe I have never used the title. If ever I become an M. D. I will assume it, but not till then ; as it would appear odd affixed to a surgeon's name, without the more professional doctorship of M. D. accompanying it. This I suppose is a sound view of the case.

" You should try your hand again at some medical work. Such another treatise as that of Dr Combe's on Health would suit you well, and you could do the subject great justice. To be sure, writings of this sort require time, and this probably you have not to spare.

" How is Mr Ritchie getting on ? I hope well, for he is a very modest and talented man, with the real enthusiasm of his art about him, and deserves every success. I was in Hamilton Palace the other day, and saw busts of the Marquis of Douglas and Lady Lincoln, the one by Laurence Macdonald, the other by Ritchie. Macnee and Maculloch, the painters, were

along with me, and they both spoke very highly of Ritchie's production, placing it as a work of art decidedly above Macdonald's. You may mention this to R., as the opinions of these able artists are worth something.

"Has any thing of consequence been collected for Hogg's family? I hope so—for it is painful to think on the widow and children of such a man being left in necessitous circumstances."

In the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, a negative argument against the truth of Phrenology having been set up on the assumption, that few or none of the leading names in literature or science had declared themselves converts to the doctrine, Mr Macnish devoted the greater part of his dissertation prefixed to his Introduction, to prove that a host of learned names, from Hoppe and Otto of Copenhagen, Ucelli of Florence, and Berzelius of Stockholm, to Andral, Broussais, and Cloquet of Paris, were now professed Phrenologists. Anxious to add the illustrious Cuvier to the number, it would appear that something which had occurred in conversation with Mr Campbell had led him to the hopes of being able to do so. He could not, however, conceive the following note to be very satisfactory.

"Blairbeth, Monday, 11th July 1836.

"My Dear Sir,—I am sorry that I cannot recollect what Cuvier said about Phrenology, as it is six years ago I had last the honour of being in his company. All that I recollect is, that he spoke of a murderer's skull, which he had seen having some projection, I forget what,—which the Phrenologists say is usually well pronounced in murderers. I inferred from thence that he was himself a Phrenologist. I remain, my dear Sir, your's truly,

Thomas Campbell."

Having never paid that attention to the Phrenological doctrines, which could render either my acquiescence in, or my disapproval of them of the slightest consequence, I do not intend making a single remark on the subject—farther than that I have personally a sincere respect for some of their professors. The following observations in a letter written to Mr Macnish on 24th July, can therefore only be regarded in a literary point of view. "Your notes to Brigham are exceedingly good; but I consider the Introduction to Phrenology as the most logically reasoned, and as the best written of all your works. It is in my humble opinion by far the best and most agreeable Manual on the subject of which it treats, that has yet been given

to the world. I am glad that your Philosophy of Sleep has been so highly honoured, both by Mynheer and Monsieur."

In a letter towards the end of this year, Mr Leitch had stated to his friend some of Dr Arnott of London's objections to the admission of Phrenology. Mr Macnish's reply is certainly well reasoned.

" November 1836

" My Dear Sir,—R——O—— was to have left this for London some days ago, but having overstaid his time, I send you a few additional lines with him, and these shall merely refer to Dr Arnott's objection to phrenology, alluded to by you in your last.

" Dr Arnott is a man whom I have long admired. His book on Natural Philosophy appears to me the best which we have for popular readers; and if I mistake not, Sir John Herschell somewhere expresses the same opinion. Dr A. has some excellent remarks on the absurdity of persisting in cultivating musical talent in ladies who have almost none to be cultivated. In this he is quite phrenological. I have no doubt that were he to study the evidences of phrenology, he would become satisfied of its truth. Indeed, from what you say he is a phrenologist already. There is originality in his comparison of the brain to the

arm, by which he attempts to prove that the whole brain works, while each faculty is active—although one part of it may be more especially brought into play; just, as in beating gold, all the muscles of the arm are brought into action, although the one called the gold-beater's is chiefly exerted. It seems to me that the cases of the brain and arm are quite dissimilar. The motion of the arm in gold-beating is not the result of a single muscular force, but of a combination of forces acting in different directions. The gold-beater's muscle can act alone, (at least we can suppose it to do so, if unconnected with the other muscles,) but then it would not produce the necessary motion, and, therefore, its action is modified by that of other muscles, each performing its own specific modifying duty. The case of the organs in the brain is very different. When the organ of combativeness acts, the emotion of courage is produced, without the intervention of any modifying cause: it is a simple and not a compound result. Take away from the arm all but the gold-beater's muscle, and you totally unfit it for the action necessary for beating-gold, even though that muscle be supposed to be left able to perform its healthy functions:—but subtract from the brain as much as you please, if the organ of combativeness be left entire, courage will continue un-

impaired. This is sufficiently evident from cases where the forehead and top of the head are naturally very defective. Combativeness is not on that account the weaker. Dr Arnott's analogy is as applicable to the organ of the external senses as to any other organs. You would think the argument strange that as the whole arm helps the gold-beater's muscle, so the ear and tongue with the auditory and gustatory nerves help the eyes and optic nerves. Does any one suppose that blindness tends to deaden the sense of hearing? Again, although the diaphragm and intercostal muscles are joint agents in respiration, it is plain that we could lift the ribs as well without as with the diaphragm. In fine, there seems to be more ingenuity than solidity in Dr A.'s argument, and it will not stand a close scrutiny.

"You shoud read Hewitt Watson's reply to Scott's attack on Combe. It is most cuttingly severe.

"I have been very busy for the last fortnight. There is much sickness.—I am, my dear Sir, faithfully your's, R. MACNISH."

In another letter the subject is again thus alluded to:

"The remark Dr Arnott made to you about the gold-beater's muscle is based on a false analogy, which

I shall point out to you, when I send you Sidney Smith's paper, which I shall do in a few days. What he says about Form and Locality being identical, is absurd. The shape of an object, and its position in relation to other objects, are two different things. A man with a powerful Form and a weak Locality, if he has once looked attentively at St Paul's, will remember accurately its shape, but may have great difficulty in recollecting its situation. Another with an opposite configuration will remember perfectly in what quarter it stands, and will find his way to it accurately through a multitude of different streets, in which he has perhaps never been but once in his lifetime, while he may at the same time have the feeblest possible recollection of the shape of the fabric. The one will take out his pencil, and sketch it well from recollection; the other can no more do this than he can fly, but then with *his* pencil he could probably draw a ground plan of the streets leading to it. Of Dr Arnott's objections more anon."

Mr Macnish then adds—"I dined with Robert Chambers a few days ago at the house of Professor Nicholl. We had an immensity of fun. He is inexhaustible on the subject of your visit to him. He is a fine fellow Chambers, and I am inclined to think highly of his talents, and his *nous* in applying them.

There is a delightful still life about his mind, which is very pleasing and captivating."

On returning from my medical visits, on the evening of Friday, the 1st of October, I had the gratification of finding, that Mr Macnish, accompanied by Mr Leitch, had come to pay me a visit. Our mutual friend Mr Ritchie, the sculptor, shortly after joined us. Never do I remember to have seen the Modern Pythagorean in greater apparent vigour, either of body or mind; and all the passing events, that might be conceived to be interesting to any of us, were freely talked over; while Mr Leitch enlivened the whole with occasional displays of his peculiar powers of imitation and mimicry—certainly possessed by few in any thing like a comparable degree. After a deep dip into our seemingly inexhaustible budget of amusement, which had been amassing during a separation of several months, we parted for the night.

By happy chance, there was a still farther "meeting of the waters" of friendship, in the arrival of Mr Thomas Aird, at breakfast, next morning;—shortly after which I received an unexpected summons to pay a professional visit in Peebles-shire. Our socialities were thus abruptly broken in upon,—how little did I think at the time, never more in this world to be renewed with one of the party, so justly dear to me!

The chaise drove to the door; my friends,—Macnish in the midst,—shook hands with me. I was never to press his hand again!

My last note to Mr Macnish was the following hurried and laconic one, dated from Edinburgh.

"Monday, 5th December 1836.

"My Dear Sir,—I have just a moment to write you three lines to inquire (for a particular purpose) if you know who are the authors of the two pamphlets, 'The Science of Etiquette,' published by Reid, and 'The True Science,' published by Stewart. Very likely you know; but, if not, please ferret out, and write me *quam primum*.—All well—hope you are the same—and believe me, my dear Sir, ever your's most truly, D. M. M."

On the day after, I received the following answer; the termination of our correspondence on the part of Mr Macnish.

"Glasgow, 6th December 1836.

"My Dear Sir,—The Science of Etiquette is the handiwork of Mr J. R., bookseller. It is almost entirely copied from other works, and contains little or nothing original. Longman and Co. have applied to

the Court of Chancery for an interdict against it, on the ground of its being a piracy from a work of theirs entitled 'Hints on Etiquette.' The greater portion of it is, however, a wholesale plagiarism from a book on the same subject, published at Philadelphia, although I daresay he has also poached on the manor of the Lords of the Row.

"'The True Science of Etiquette' is by —— —— at least universal report gives it to him, and I believe there is not the slightest doubt upon the subject. Whoever be the writer, it is '*ver' bad.*'"

"I have been exceedingly busy for the last four weeks. There is much disease,—chiefly catarrh and measles,—the latter very severe, and the former unusually obstinate, although generally quite curable.

"Your poems in last Blackwood are exquisite—although that is a very high word—especially the first and the last. I do not think you have ever surpassed them. The Lament of David is to me extremely fine.

"We are at press just now with a new edition of my Book on Phrenology. It will be immensely improved, and altogether I think the best of my books. The first edition of two thousand copies was entirely exhausted in six months.—I am, my dear Sir, your's very truly, R. MACNISH."

The last letter I have been able to lay hands on is dated ten days after the preceding; and is addressed to Mr Leitch. The following extracts form the larger portion of it.

"My Dear Sir,—James leaves Glasgow this day for London, and I send you a few lines along with him.

"I hope you are now quite recovered. For the last week I have been on the sick list with a shocking cold. Indeed the weather has been so wretched that it would require the constitution of a horse to escape its effects.

"Sidney Smith is lecturing here to a very crowded audience. He is a strong-headed fellow, and his lectures, although not very fine in texture, contain a vast fund of shrewd sense and sagacity. With regard to yourself he says, that you would make a first-rate phrenologist, from the remarkable quickness you possess in detecting the nicest shades of character. He is immensely taken with your old Highlandman—which, he says, throws every imitation he ever saw into the shade.

"Johnny Reid is married to a girl of seventeen! Your brother was in our house a few days ago. He looks well. He has received a ticket for the Peel banquet. This will be a superb affair—the party consisting of 3000 persons—the largest dinner I suppose

ever given in this country. I really think there is a considerable re-action, and that this will be seen at the result of every new election.

"I send you copies of the papers reprinted from the Phrenological Journal. You might give a set to Dr Arnott if you like. Mr N. in one of the papers is the late Sir Robert Liston, like yourself a great linguist. In the other, Academicus is Dr Alison, Professor of the Institutes of Medicine in the University of Edinburgh; and Consiliarius, Dr Neill, one of the Members of Town-Council of that city.—I am, my dear Sir, your's truly, R. MACNISH.

"Glasgow, 17th December 1836."

Having thus concluded the correspondence of Mr Macnish, with those who cherished his friendship through a series of happy years, let us now weave a last chaplet of his poetry. None of the following pieces will be found unworthy of his genius. Only the first and the last, as far as I know, have been hitherto published.

NIGHT. A FRAGMENT.*

* * * * *

Night, on thy face of beauty I have gazed
But 'tis not always thus—would that it were.

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* Vide Fraser's Magazine, Vol. vi. p. 575.

Thou hast thy terrors also. When thine eyes
Of starry light are closed, and from thy throne,
In the black womb of space, thou frownest grim—
No beam upon thy forehead—then thou art
An awful Deity. The very calm,
In which thy darkness floats, is terrible.
Rocks, mountains, temples, whose bold outlines stood
In huge relief against the azure sky,
Are hidden in thy gulf, and cast no shade.
Columns and towers like fallen angels frown
Amid the gloom. The palaces of Kings
Dissolve from sight, as if they never were;
Earth's ruins are more ruinous; and Heaven,
With all her lights, seems to have fled away
Affrighted, from the universal chaos.

* * * * * *

——— Such art thou O Night!—
A changeful spirit, veering in thy course
From sad to beautiful. When thou putt'st on,
King-like, thy bridal garments, spangled o'er
With stars for jewels, and upon thy brow
Wearest the silvery Moon, 'tis then thou art
Adored of nature, and thy placid reign
Gladdens the sons of men. But when with wrath
Thy front is clouded, and thy lustrous gems
Are laid aside—a fearful monarch thou.
Day is but thy creation—from thy womb
He rises up to scatter o'er the world
His gaudy beams. His empire is but short;
Like all things beautiful he shall decay,
While thou shalt last for ever. The last trump
Is his, and nature's dirge, when into nought
All things, save thy dark empire, shall dissolve.

In these lines there is a lofty tone, loftily sustain-

ed; nor inferior either in attempt or execution is the following sketch, entitled

JERUSALEM FALLEN.

The palaces, O! high Jerusalem,
That hung divinely on thy mountain sides
And crowned thee "Queen of Cities," are no more.
O! though art desolate, yet beautiful
'Mid desolation; and through all thy sadness
The music of antiquity springs up,
Filling thy ruined mansions with the tones
Of harps angelic. City of the Lord,
Imperial Mistress of the Universe,
(For such of old thou wert,) thou hast not lost
Thine ancient splendour, though its soul hath gone.
Hast thou not Lebanon, th' imperial mount,
Whose airy summits heard the voice of God
Shaking his groves of cedar? Hast thou not
Bright Carmel, blushing like a youthful bride
Beside her bridegroom, and upon her head
Wearing the garland and the marriage plume?
Thou hast them still, and hadst thou only them
Thy claim through every land had still been good
To wear recorded on thy lofty front
The title "Queen of Nations," but alas!
A curse hangs over thee. The fatal mount
Of Calvary is side by side with them,
And from its hated presence flings a shade
Across their glories—blending desolation
With Beauty's bright-eyed soul, and rendering all
Their loveliness in vain.
O! once along
Thy crowded streets the voice of mirth was heard
To murmur wildly; and the silver tones

Of passionate love hung delicately on
The choral lips of beauty! Piety
Waved her celestial pinions o'er each shrine
Of pure Religion; and amidst the pomp
Of sacrificial offering the soul
Of Inspiration deeply murmured there.
And then thy temple proudly that arose
As by enchantment from the wondering earth!
Not heart of man had e'er before conceived
So fair a structure. Its celestial domes,
Bright with the gold of Ophir, seemed to hang
Like thrones of angels in the sky. But who,
Though gifted with a seraph's tongue, could tell
The mysteries within the holy place—
Holy of Holies—where the light of God
Shone forth in unimaginable splendour.
No vestige now remains; the spectacle
Rose like a vision, and as such departed.
Dream-like it passed away, and with it passed
Thy glory and thy pride, Jerusalem.

Pitched on a different key, is the following beautiful little lyric. In versification, there is a resemblance to the olden times of Surrey, Sidney, and Drummond; but, although subdued to an under-tone, we find all the passionate aspiration of Byron. Many a fortunate poetical reputation has been founded on a much more questionable substratum than

THE LOVER'S SECRET.

I.

Thou walk'st in tender light, by thine own beauty made,
And all thou passest by are hidden in the shade;

Forms fair to other eyes appear not so to me,
So fully glows my heart with thoughts alone of thee.

II.

I dream of thee by night—I think of thee by day—
Thy form, where'er I go, o'ertakes me on my way;
It haunts my waking thoughts—it fills mine hours of sleep,
And yet it glads me not, but only makes me weep:—

III.

It only makes me weep—for though my spirit's shrine
Is filled with thee, I know that thou can'st ne'er be mine:
"Unconquerable bars," raised up by Fate's decree,
Stand and will ever stand, between my soul and thee!

IV.

Hope long hath passed away; and nothing now remains
For me but bootless love—its sorrows, and its pains;
And to increase each pang, I dare not breathe thy name,
Or, in thy gentle ear, confess my secret flame.

V.

Hope long hath passed away, and still thou art enshrined
A spirit fair—within the temple of my mind:
If I had loved thee less, the secret thou had'st known
Which strong affection binds, and binds to me alone.

VI.

The secret thou had'st known—but terror, lest thy heart
In feelings such as mine should bear no kindred part,
Enchains my soul, and locks within its silent urn
Love which, perchance from thee, durst meet with no return.

To our feelings these lines, so simple in construc-

tion, and so unaffected in utterance, breathe a pathos, which goes to the heart, and shews that they must have come from it. That a mind formed like that of my friend never formed any strong feminine attachments, I cannot believe; but when, I know not; and with whom, not even *stant nominum umbræ.*

The following composition is of a different character; and is imbued, not a little, with the *fantasia* spirit of that remarkable being, S. T. Coleridge.* A vein of quiet beauty and serene observation runs

* In the summer of 1832, I paid a visit to Mr Coleridge, then resident at Hampstead with Mr Gillman. Notwithstanding the very delicate state of his health, which confined him to bed, my reception by the poet-philosopher was at once kind and flattering. During two hours of divine monologue, Mr C. gave me, in his own glowing language, the history of much of his early years, and recited some of his juvenile compositions, in a manner which was very characteristic and very striking. Unfortunately—I say unfortunately—for the subject was perhaps much above my unsophisticated comprehension, I put some question to him relative to his peculiar speculations in philosophy, and shortly found myself lost in intricacies, which, although sprinkled with the honey of Hybla, were not more easily threaded than those of the Cretan labyrinth.

In one of his conversations, I see, that Mr Coleridge imputes some imitations of his more remarkable compositions (to which I plead guilty) to Dr Maginn, a much abler man. They were dashed off, twenty years ago, in no unkind spirit; and it is pleasing to know, that the author of Kubla Khan and the Ancient Mariner felt this.

throughout the piece, which, altogether, is quite worthy the pen of its accomplished author.

THE NUN OF LINDISFERNE.*

Young Linda sprang from a lofty line;
But though come of such high degree,
The meanest that knelt at St Cuthbert's shrine
Was not so humble of heart as she—
Her soul was meek exceedingly.
She told her beads by the midnight lamp;
Forlorn she sat in the cloister damp;
The world and its vanities all forsaken:
For the veil and vows of a nun she had taken.
Soft were the visions from on high,
That passed before her saintly eye;
Sweetly on her ravished ear
Fell the soul of music near—
Music more lovely than vesper hymn,
Or the strains of starry cherubim,
Or the witching tones of melody sent
From sweetest earthly instrument.
Her thoughts were radiant and sublime,
And ever arose to the heavenly clime;
Her aspirations sought the sky
Upon the wings of Piety.
For more divinely pure were they
Than morning of a summer day,
Or the snow-white cloud that sleeps upon
The palm-crowned top of Lebanon.

To visit this maiden of mortal birth,
An angel of Heaven came down to earth.

* Vide Fraser's Magazine, Vol. x. pp. 49–50.

He left the bright celestial dome,
His sweet and everlasting home,
Where choral cherubs on the wing
Of love are ever wandering:
But the glorious regions of the sky
He floated, all unheeded, by;
Their splendours!—What were they to him
Who shone among the seraphim,
And saw the throne of God arise
Unveiled before his mystic eyes?

He sought the spot where the holy maid
In vestal snow-white was arrayed—
'Twas in the chapel dim and cold
Of Lindisfern's black convent old.
Meek, and solemn, and demure,
Was her saintly look—and pure
As the fountains of eternity
The glance of Heaven in her eye.
At the sacred altar kneeling,
Her aspect turned up to the ceiling,
She seemed, so pallid and so lone,
A form of monumental stone.

Each nun hath heard the convent-bell—
Each nun hath hied her to her cell;
And the Ladye-Abbess hath forsaken
Heavenly thoughts till she awaken:
Linda alone, with her glimmering lamp,
Will not forsake the chapel damp.
Rapt in delicious ectasy,
Visions come athwart her eye;
Music on her ear doth fall
With a tone celestial;

And a thousand forms, by fancy bred,
Like halos, hover round her head.
But what doth Linda now behold
From that chapel, damp and cold?
She sees—she sees the angel bright
Descending through the fields of light;
For, although dark before, the sky,
Was now lit up with a golden dye,
And wore a hue right heavenlye.

"Do I slumber?" quoth the maid,
Of this vision half afraid—
"Do I slumber, do I dream?
Or art thou what thou dost seem—
One of that glorious choir who dwell
Round the throne of the Invisible,
Listening with heart-stricken awe
To the thunders of his law—
And now, in the light of loveliness,
Come down the sons of men to bless?"

"Daughter of Earth!" the angel said,
"I am a spirit—thou a maid.
I dwell within a land divine;
But my thoughts are not more pure than thine,
Whilome, by the command of Heaven,
To me thy guardianship was given;
And if on earth thou could'st remain
Twice nine years without a stain,
Free from sin or sinful thought,
With a saint-like fervour fraught,
Thy inheritance should be
In the bowers of sanctitie,
Side by side, for ever with me.

Thou hast been pure as the morning air,
Pure as the downy gossamer—
Sinful thought had never part
In the chambers of thy heart—
Then—thy mansion-house of clay,
Linda, quit, and come away!"

Morning heard the convent-bell,
And each nun hath left her cell;
And to chapel all repair,
To say the holy matins there.
At the marble altar kneeling,
Eyes upraised unto the ceiling,
With the cross her hands between
Saintly Linda's form was seen.
Death had left his pallid trace,
On the fair lines of her face;
And her eye that wont to shine,
With a ray of light divine,
At the chant of matin hymn,
Now was curtained o'er and dim.
Pale as alabaster stone—
"Where hath sister Linda gone?"

Quoth the Ladye-Abbess, in solemn mood,
"She hath passed away to the land of the good;
For, though a child of mortal birth,
She was too holy, far, for earth."

Before we leave Mr Macnish's poetry, and wind up the story of his life, it is necessary to allude to a circumstance that in no small degree influenced both, and which we have happened to pass over in its proper place as to time. The exquisite verses "To a

Child," which are printed in a preceding part of this volume were not the offspring of poetic fancy, but written to commemorate an event, which had dimned the light of his family hearth, and clothed the household in mourning.

On the 16th September 1827, his youngest sister, Christian, an interesting and intelligent child of ten, to whom he was most tenderly attached, lost her life by falling into a pool, on the margin of the Clyde. With a companion of her own age, it being Saturday, and consequently a half-holiday from school, she was amusing herself a little way down the river. The quay upon the south side was undergoing some repairs; and a plank was from thence laid across part of the stream, which had been enclosed by means of a bank of sand. In crossing this plank, she lost her balance, and was precipitated into the pool below. Although many work-people were in the neighbourhood, the poor child was suffered to perish. Her father chanced to be visiting professionally at the time in the immediate vicinity; and as he was retracing his steps homewards, he met his son, Dr George Macnish, now of Demerara, running in breathless haste across the bridge. It was not till fully half an hour after their arrival at the fatal spot, that the body was found and the usual means for restoring suspended animation

were resorted to in vain. Robert does not appear to have been present on this very melancholy occasion, and perhaps this absence was no alleviation to his after sufferings. To a mind constituted like his, how heart-sickening—how staggering—how prostrating must have been such a dispensation! The following beautiful verses evidently allude to this affecting event.

VERSES TO ——

How low thou art, and yet how blest,
Reposing on thy bed of rest!
No more on thee shall nature pour
Her vials in the torturing hour,
No more around thy youthful head
The agony of death be spread:
For thou art gone to fairer lands,
And thou art blest by other hands;
And lovelier sounds shall greet thine ear
Than ever breathed upon it here;
And from thy lips shall angel sighs
Dispel a parent's agonies;
And in thy sainted bosom flows
The stream that quencheth earthly woes.
No longer shall thy holy lip
The bitter draught of sorrow sip,
Nor from thine eyelids flow the tears
That stain our first and latest years.

Fair spirit, in thy blest abode,
Beloved of angels and of God—
With beamy crown of glory shining,
With Beauty round thy temples twining,

Can'st thou, from thine abode of bliss,
Regard a world so vile as this?
Can'st thou, from Zion's holy place,
Look down on man's degraded race?
Yes, spirit bright, though glorious be
The radiance that encircleth thee;
Though richer than the golden dye
That hangs upon the evening sky;
Though fairer than the virgin snow
That crowns our mountain peaks below;
Though purer than the crystal tide
That flows from Carmel's palmy side;
Although more beautiful than Earth
When she rejoiced in Eden's birth—
Yet, with a kind and pitying eye
Thou lookest from thy native sky,
And showerest on each sorrowing head
Such tears as angel forms may shed.

Beloved one! even thou must know
The height and depth of mortal woe—
The tears affliction shed for thee
In the first burst of misery—
The agonizing throbs that tore
The heart-strings from their very core.—
This thou must know; and while thine eye
Is turned upon Eternity,
Wilt thou implore? Ah, yes thy care
Will beg a balm for our despair—
A balm to make our sorrows cease,
And the worn heart repose in peace,
And bid fond Memory's spirit wave
Her wings, less sadly o'er thy sainted grave.

When a year had passed away, one morning, in

coming to the breakfast table, Robert observed his eldest sister in tears,—and needed not to be told, that they were drawn forth by the anniversary of a day, too fatally marked in their family annals. The grief was one, which, for the time, "knew not consolation's name;" and, again retiring to the solitude of his chamber, he poured out his spirit in the following sweet and tender lines. These he left, on the same day, on the work-table of his sister Frances,—who, from the period that her mother died,—leaving Christian an infant only eight months old,—had, although a mere girl at the time, undertaken the management of the household, fulfilling all the duties which such a responsibility attached to her, with a prudence and decision, worthy of maturer life.

"DO NOT WEEP FOR ME!"

We do not weep, but rather we rejoice
That thou art dead, and that thy rich young voice,
Which bore impassioned music on its wings,
Is hushed in death with all its murmurings.
A better land is thine of heavenly birth,
Than ever beamed around thee while on earth.
Few were thy days, and innocent as few;
Their narrow span nor vice nor sorrow knew.
To thee short sojourn on the earth was given—
Thou early-destined to a place in heaven;
And knowing thou art bright and happy there,
Will soothe our griefs and banish our despair.

We do not weep:—in the soft light of dreams
Thou comest before us, like the morning beams,
More beautiful than ever,—and thy voice
Tells us in joyful accents to rejoice;
Methinks even now we hear its seraph calls,
Like echo of the distant waterfalls,
Or faery music on the silent sea,
For ever whispering "Do not weep for me!"

Again and again did the brother's muse revert to this favourite subject for melancholy meditation; and the following pathetic "Stanzas" are also distinctly referable to it.

STANZAS.

I think of thee, beloved form, by day,
And in the silent watches of the night—
Unmindful that the hand of fell decay,
Within the tomb, hath quenched the silent light
Of those young eyes, whose vanished glance appears
More bright than ever through the cloud of years.

Oh! beautiful wert thou, and fresh and fair
As the first blush of opal morn to me,
Methinks the ringlets of thine auburn hair—
The magic of thy placid smile I see!
Thy voice, most musical, I hear—thy tread,
And even thy sigh as if thou wert not dead.

I cannot deem thee dead. Like the perfumes
Arising from Judea's vanished shrines,
Thy voice still floats around me—nor can tombs
A thousand—from my memory hide the lines

Of beauty on thine aspect, which abode
Like streaks of sunshine, pictured there by God.

Sweet vision of the past! immortal bloom
Invests thee with its radiance: and for ever,
Even from the silence of thine early tomb,
Thy memory shall glide past me like a river
(That hath no stain upon its limpid stream,)
A form of light—an everlasting dream.

We have said that the success of Mr Macnish's Introduction to Phrenology was commensurate with his most sanguine expectations; the whole edition was in a few months sold off; and, in noticing it, the editor of the Phrenological Journal, takes occasion to pay its author the following handsome compliment: "On the whole, we are proud of the addition of Mr Macnish to the list of phrenological authors, and regard the present work in point of interest and utility, as quite equal to those by which he has already established a well-founded literary and philosophical reputation in Britain and America."

By the termination of 1836, Mr Macnish had prepared and arranged his materials for a new and greatly improved edition of this his last literary effort,—when it pleased Providence to remove him from the scene of earthly exertion.

The first intimation of illness, made by Mr Macnish to his friends, was early in the evening of the

second day of January;—although it was afterwards learned, that, for two or three weeks previous to this, he had complained with astonishment, to more than one of his friends, of the great debility he felt—and which he could not account for. Notwithstanding these feelings, he continued to go about in his usual way, although the weather was, at the time, particularly inclement.

Shortly after dinner on the day mentioned, he had accompanied his father to visit some particular case of sickness; and, on his return, complained of slight pains in his chest, which, in the opinion of both, seemed merely muscular or rheumatic. On the following morning, he was unable to leave his bed; and his symptoms had assumed the usual characteristics of Influenza—the epidemic then raging. Although feverish, there was nothing about his case to create any particular uneasiness; and, in this state, he continued without much distress of any kind, and with scarcely any local pain. The pulse now became unusually rapid; and, having remained so for two or three days, gradually sank into a feebleness, which indicated extreme debility. Coma supervened; he spoke not, except when roused; and even then, it was merely to answer the questions put to him. Within five mi-

nutes of his death he twice feebly called upon his father!—and life passed away without a struggle.

This event took place on the evening of Monday the 16th January 1837; and so perished, in the prime of life—for Mr Macnish was only in his thirty-fifth year,—and in the bloom of his fame, as well as of his professional usefulness, a man who could not be known without being beloved, and whom Scotland may well be proud to number among her gifted children.

While the wounds of affection are yet bleeding freshly, it would be a painful task for me to enter, with minute circumstantiality, into the lights and shades of Mr Macnish's character. To none beyond the circle of his own hearth could his death be a greater bereavement than to me; for, from the day of our introduction together, we had continued to pour our hearts into each other, and I loved him, as Saul loved Jonathan, with almost more than a brother's love.—The void, which he has left in my affections, can never be filled up; and it is a melancholy consolation to hang this garland of reminiscences on his honoured tomb—albeit only to wither there. But the name of Robert Macnish is embalmed in his own writings.

The remains of Dr Macnish were consigned to the earth in the burial-ground of St Andrew's Episcopal Chapel. No tablet yet marks the spot; his relatives

being hitherto prevented from doing this, from the circumstance of a subscription having been opened by his friends and admirers, in Glasgow, shortly after his death, for the erection of a monument to his memory. The accomplishment of this worthy object requires only a little active management; and we have no doubt that time will not progress much farther without this deserved tribute of respect being paid.

The literary history of the West of Scotland has been brilliantly illustrated during the last fifteen years. Paisley rejoices in Wilson, and Irvine in Galt; and surely Glasgow has ample reason to be proud of Lockhart and Macnish. Let its citizens show this.

We have now come to the conclusion of the mournful, but pleasant task, which we had prescribed ourselves; and if the literary, as well as the moral character of the subject of our biography, has not been sufficiently brought out in the foregoing pages, any elaborate analysis of either could not but be unsuccessful in our hands. Circumstances rather than events tended to develope the career of Dr Macnish; and it is only by glancing at these through a sequence of years, and noting their consequences, that any proper estimate could rationally be formed of the character of his intellectual and moral feelings.

Several months after his death, the second edition

of his Introduction to Phrenology made its appearance—on which occasion, his reviewer in the Journal* thus beautifully and appositely says, 'This work appears breathing with life, spirit, and observation, as if its author were himself ushering it into the world. There is no indication within it, or announcement about it, that would lead the reader to believe that the mind which had conceived it had fled, and that the hand which had written it was cold in death; yet such are the facts! The work was just completed, and the last sheets of the Appendix prepared for the press, when, in the beginning of January 1837, the gifted author was seized with influenza, which speedily degenerated into typhus fever, and on the fourteenth day after the attack he died. One of the distinguishing characteristics of Mr Macnish's mind was vivacity. Whether he gave way to ridicule and sarcasm, of which he was a master; or to fancy, with which he was brilliantly endowed; or to tenderness and affection, which he felt strongly, and could touchingly express, there was always a spring of life about him that vivified his pages, and animated and delighted his readers. This quality abounds in every page of the present work, and invests it with a new and extraordinary interest, when

* Phrenological Journal, Vol. x. p. 552.

we regard it as the last words of a talented intellect now in the grave."*

A day or two after the death of Dr Macnish, a short character of him, drawn up by his accomplished friend, Mr M'George, appeared in the Glasgow Courier. We quote the following passages, which are quite as accurate, as they are eloquent.

" At an early age, Dr Macnish evinced an ardent passion for literature, and long ere other men have acquired fixed modes either of thinking or of writing he became a popular author, under the signature of ' A Modern Pythagorean.' The productions of a youth of twenty are not, in general, remarkable for a happy adaptation of the powers of criticism to the business

* Before entering on an examination of the Phrenological principles in this, his last work, Dr Macnish takes care to fence himself against the charge of materialism, which has been brought against these; and he quotes as his own sentiments, those of Whately Archbishop of Dublin, who says " that the religious and moral objections against the phrenological theory are utterly futile, I have from the first been fully convinced."

" Nothing" adds Mr Macnish, " is more common than to hear modern geology denounced as at variance with the word of God, and its cultivators held up as a conclave of infidels; nor has Phrenology escaped the same absurd charge, in the face of the notorious truth, that it is openly advocated by some of the most intelligent and pious of our clergy; and that the parent society, was founded by the Rev. Dr Welsh, Professor of Church History in the University of Edinburgh." Introduction, ed. 2d, p. 10.

of life; but his habits of observation were, even at that early age, so perfectly established, that his first essays in Blackwood's Magazine are still remembered with delight, not so much as the precocious attempts of a very young man, as admirable specimens of grotesque humour, and as original delineations of a very peculiar style of human character. In the richness and ease of the language—in the perfect integrity of its dramatic mechanism—in the felicity with which the incidents are evolved and made to bear upon one point, and that a point of laughable embarrassment—Ensign O'Shaughnessy at Waterloo may, in our apprehension, be compared, not disadvantageously, to some of the best descriptive efforts of Goldsmith.

"Dr Macnish's style was rich and exuberant, and betrayed not only a perfect command over his native tongue, but a thorough appreciation of the unapproachable beauties of those great masters who have left to posterity the humble task of imitation, with the more grateful privilege of reverend admiration. He wrote with great ease, sometimes carelessly—as most men of genius do—but never obscurely. His legitimate walk was humour—the conception of ludicrous incidents, and the grouping together of events leading to these; and most probably without being himself conscious of it, he often dipped deeper into the philoso-

phy of action than if he had attempted to write a treatise expressly on the subject. He both loved and cultivated poetry. His verses were sweet, tender, and in general elegiac; nor could the analyst of human character fail to remark it as a peculiarity worthy of notice, that the same mind which could evolve a tale of infinite amusement out of a leading thought, a Wig, a Nose, or a Mouth, could also breathe notes of the softest melody over the suddenly obscured virtues of an infant sister. Such a man, with the aid of time, experience, and varied reading, was destined for high things; but his career has been cut short, and as the tree falls, so must it lie. To his native city he was an honour—to humanity at large his death is a loss, for he loved its harmless eccentricities, and was no stranger in principle or practice to its broader virtues."

In person, Dr Macnish was rather below than above the middle stature; but powerfully and athletically built, broad chested, and capable of great muscular exertion. His head was finely formed, and indicative alike of decision and intelligence; the nose long and rather fleshy, yet well defined; and at the angles of the mouth lurked a restless humour, which was ever and anon showing itself in a half-formed smile. But the eye was what gave its character to the whole face; and beaming out, with mild penetration, from dark eye-

lashes of unusual length, bespoke in the same glance a shrewd insight into the ongoings of the world, and the gentlest spirit of humanity.

Though born and trained up in a commercial city, and educated to habits of business, no mind ever kept itself more free from grovelling or selfish feelings; and Dr Macnish carried with him into the daily occupations of the world, all that buoyancy of fancy and harmless eccentricity of thought, which rendered him so interesting and so delightful a companion,—from their combining as it were the austere duties of mature life, with the simple and romantic association of boyhood. Pleasing and interesting, however, as were his manners, and sincere and fervent as were the friendships which his admirable qualities attached to him, it is of course by his writings only that he can be generally known to the world, and in these he has piled up a monument honourable to his reputation. Perhaps in no works of the day has science been more successfully wedded to amusement as in the treatises on Sleep and Drunkenness. It might be said of him, as of Addison, *quicquid tetigit ornavit;* over every subject he took in hand, he threw that luminousness and vivacity, which can only flow from the inspiration of genius. His sketches, and essays, and aphorisms form also a class by themselves. They are more

strongly indicative, perhaps, of the peculiarities of his mind, and are more imbued with its essential qualities, than any thing else that he has given to the world.—They belong to Dr Macnish, and could have belonged to no other writer. We hope, therefore, that their collection now, for the first time, may not prove unacceptable to the general reader.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

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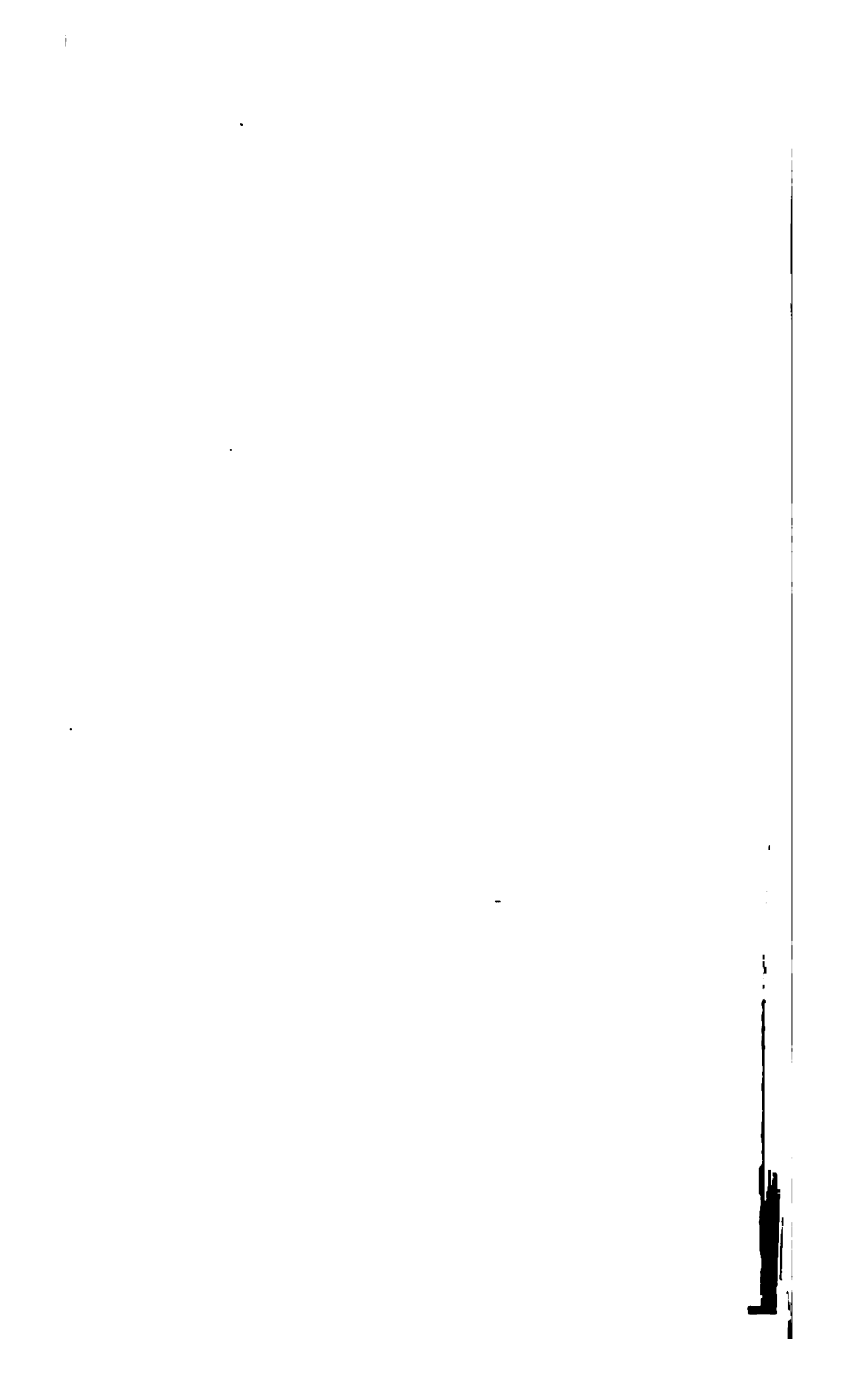

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